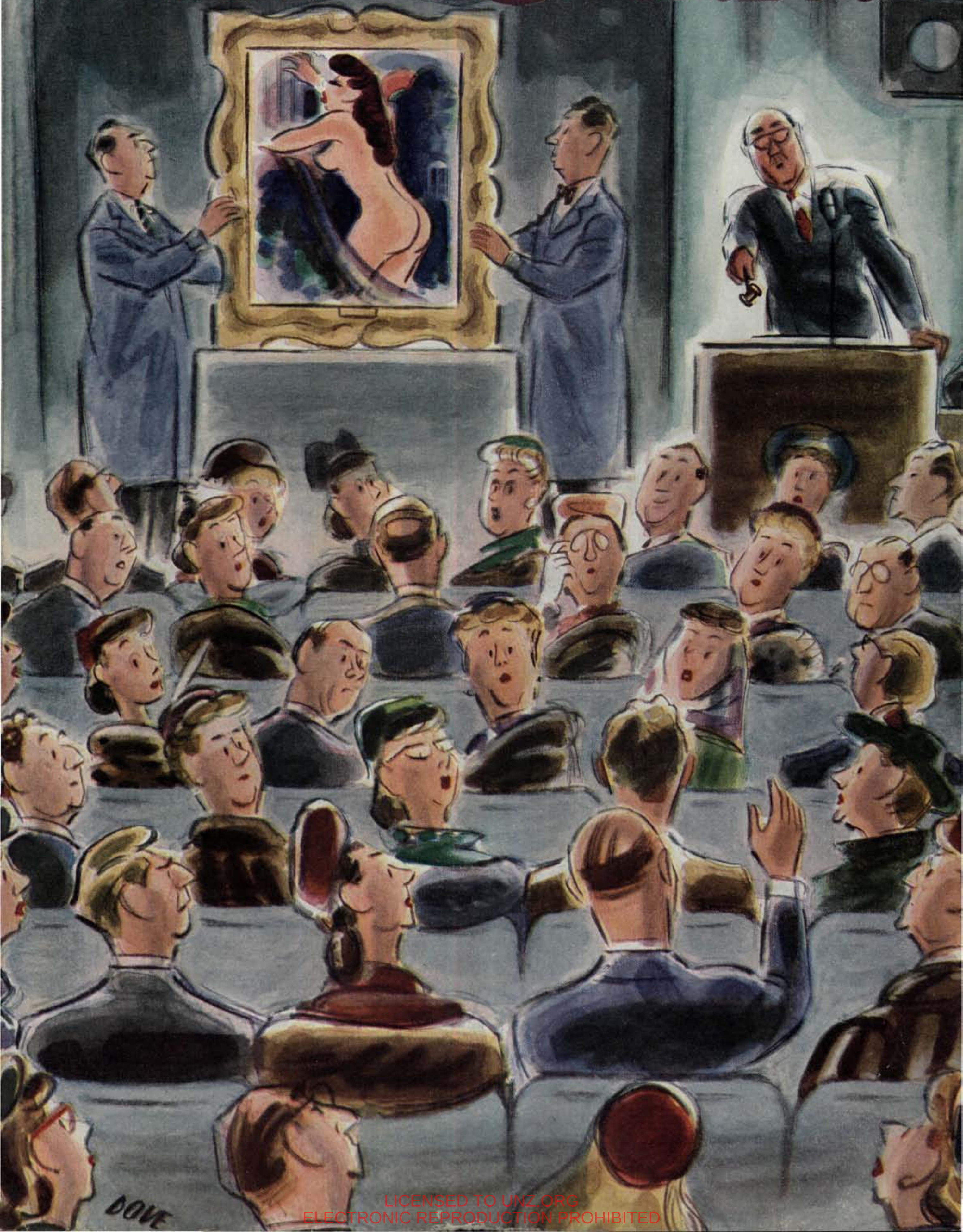
★ Jan. 6, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



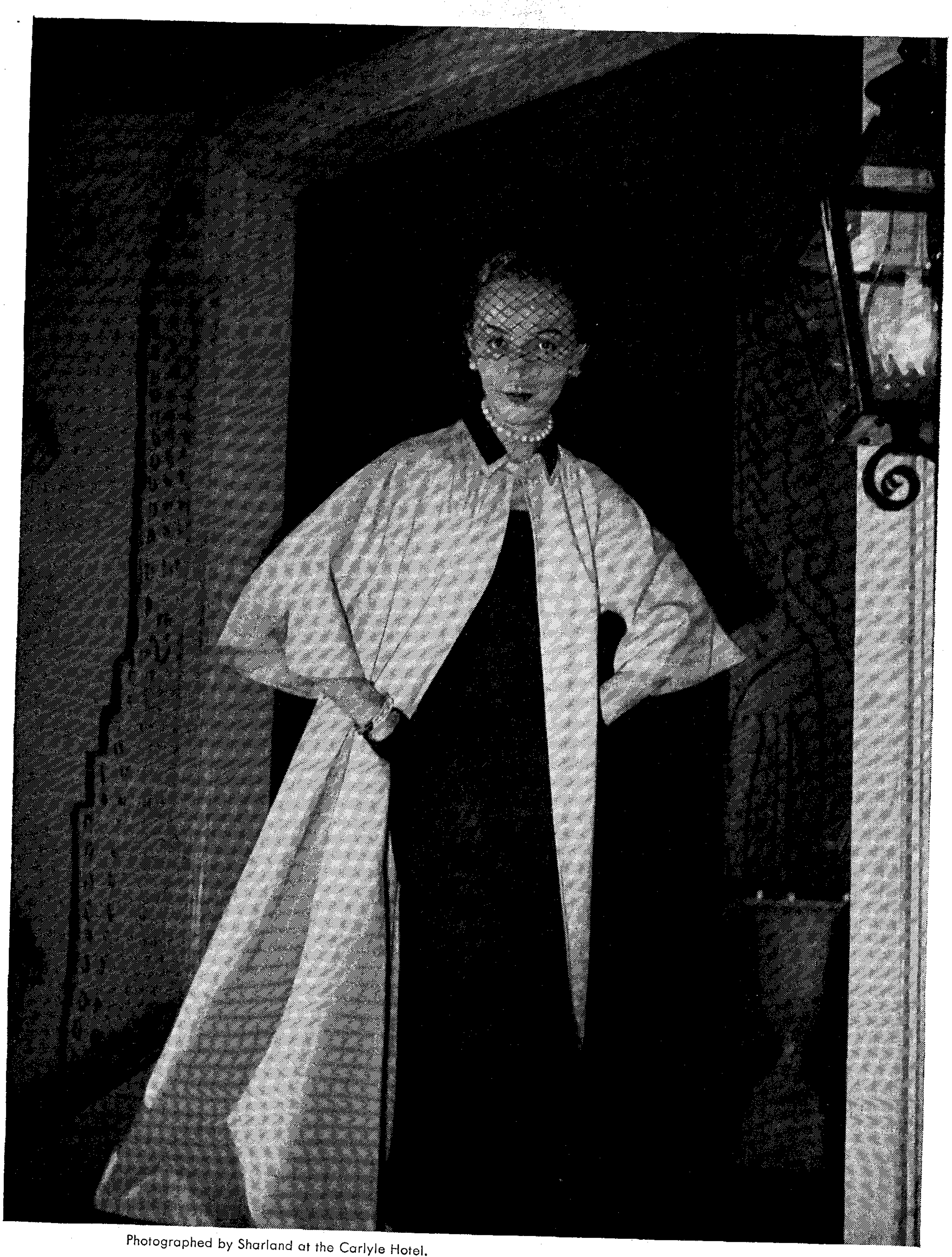
MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON

. . . The day you open the door to Johnnie Walker, you've found a friend for life. For this top-quality Scotch is as steadfast as it is smooth. Always the same mellow flavour, the same rich, full body . . . Johnnie Walker takes first place from Sun Valley to St. Moritz.

JOHNNIE WALKER Blended Scotch Whisky . . . distilled and bottled in Scotland . . . the same high quality the world over. *Red Label, Black Label, both 86.8 proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.*

Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Johnnie Walker
Red Label

Born 1820 . . . still going strong



Photographed by Sharland at the Carlyle Hotel.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

Exclusive Southbound Linen $125

Black or sulphur green sheath under its own night-and-day duster of abalone beige.
Costume complete in sizes 10 to 16. Sportsclothes, Third Floor.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 7.)

Bell, Book and Candle—John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, but it is still a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes an enchanting sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very good, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—An English hit that causes one to wonder if acting is all London wants. The acting is fine. Flora Robson, Anthony Ireland, Richard Gale, and others. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 13.)

The Country Girl—Clifford Odets' play about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments. Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are splendid in the leading roles. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King Lear—Louis Calhern in a handsome and elaborate production of one of Shakespeare's most difficult tragedies. Among those surrounding the mad monarch are Arnold Moss, Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, and Nina Foch. John Houseman handled the direction, Ralph Alswang designed the scenery, and there is some incidental music by Marc Blitzstein. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, in Christopher Fry's interesting, if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. Among the others are Eliot Makeham, George Howe, Penelope Munday, and Richard Burton. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," with Edna Best and John Archer, is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "The Royal Family" by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, with Ruth Hussey, J. Edward Bromberg, Ethel Griffies, Peggy Ann Garner, and John Emery, will open on Wednesday, Jan. 10, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 21. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some arresting incidental music. A first-rate job, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ring Round the Moon—Gilbert Miller has given a superlative production to this slight but very attractive comedy, which was translated from Jean Anouilh's French original by Christopher Fry. Lucile Watson, Stella Andrew, Oscar Karlweis, and Denholm Elliott play important parts in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings-on on the Limited has been brilliantly revived by A.N.T.A. in a subscription engagement, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Moves on Monday, Jan. 8, to the Fulton, 46th St., W., CI 6-6380, for a nonsubscription run. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** T. S. Eliot's play dealing with an unorthodox psychiatrist and some bothersome patients. Now with Henry Daniell. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE HAPPY TIME:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. With Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda in the lead. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 6.)

Page
BOOKS 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA 59
MUSICAL EVENTS:
  POPULAR RECORDS 69
OF ALL THINGS 58
TELEVISION 64
THE THEATRE 54

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

An Enemy of the People—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Arthur Miller's adaptation of the Ibsen play. Produced by Lars Nordenson and directed by Robert Lewis. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—A play completed by Philip Barry just before his death, and revised by Robert E. Sherwood. The cast is headed by Clive Brook and Margaret Phillips. Staged and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bless You All—Mary McCarty, Pearl Bailey, and Jules Munshin in a revue that is funny about half the time, which is probably par for the course. Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, Helen Tamiris handled the choreography, and John C. Wilson is the director. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally disappointing book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

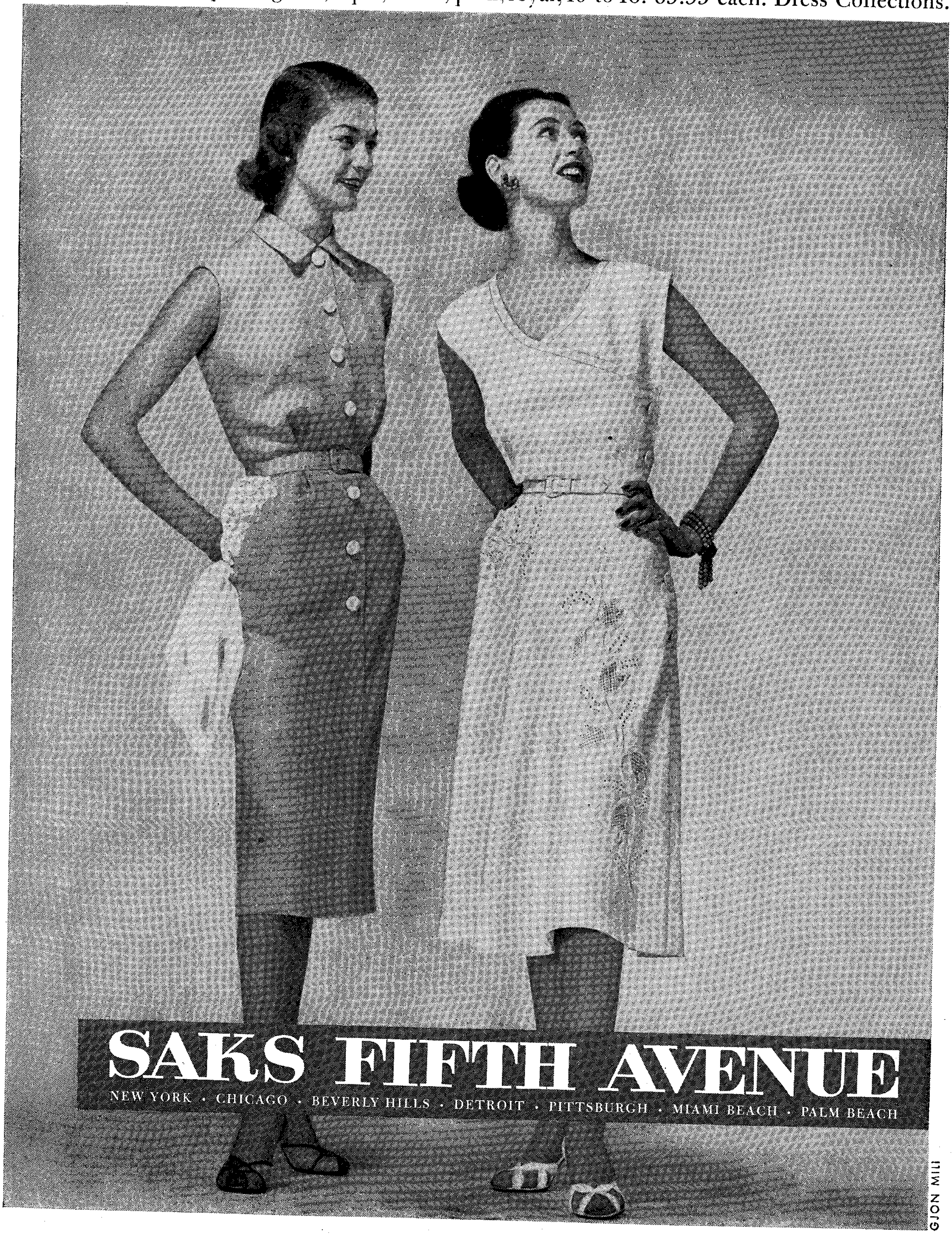
Guys and Dolls—This triumphant comedy, adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories, at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, George S. Kaufman is the director, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and Lina Romay is in the cast. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this variation of the Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't as funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Other participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances; Agnes de Mille, who staged the production; and Charlotte Greenwood, who, with David Burns, provides most of what comedy there is. (Century,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 46, Jan. 6, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

LINEN SIGNED WITH EMBROIDERY: Elfreda's feminizing embroidery (mark of '51) on the freshness of linen. Left: crusted pocket, chiffon scarf. All black; grey or aqua with white, 10 to 18. Right: tulips on green, aqua, white, pink, royal, 10 to 16. 69.95 each. Dress Collections.


SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · BEVERLY HILLS · DETROIT · PITTSBURGH · MIAMI BEACH · PALM BEACH

GJON MILI

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The House of Bernarda Alba—A play by Federico García Lorca, with an all-female cast, headed by Katina Paxinou. *The fourth of a series of* subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. Opens Sunday, Jan. 7, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 20. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:45; *opening-night* curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

Darkness at Noon—Claude Rains in a play by Sidney Kingsley, *adapted from the novel* by Arthur Koestler. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Mr. Kingsley. Opens Saturday, Jan. 13. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Theatre—One performance only: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Pearl Primus—With her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Arms and the Man—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the soothing ministrations of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra (to be replaced by Mischa Raginsky's on Monday, Jan. 8) appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, at cocktail time "under the clock." No dancing anywhere.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—One of the hanging gardens of Babylon, now in the hands of Gogi, *an expert* at life-after-dark, and Ted Straeter, an expert at luxurious dance music. Gogi's faithful band of dreamy violinists is also on tap. Monday nights are recess; Friday nights are black tie, s.v.p.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band drown out most of the chitchat, which is probably a good idea.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a mannerly and sedate ice show at dinner and supper. Alice Farrar, a fine figure of a skater, will arrest the average male attention. Carol Lynne's maneuvers are pretty agile, too. Dance music by Ray Robbins' orchestra. Peter Kent's band helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

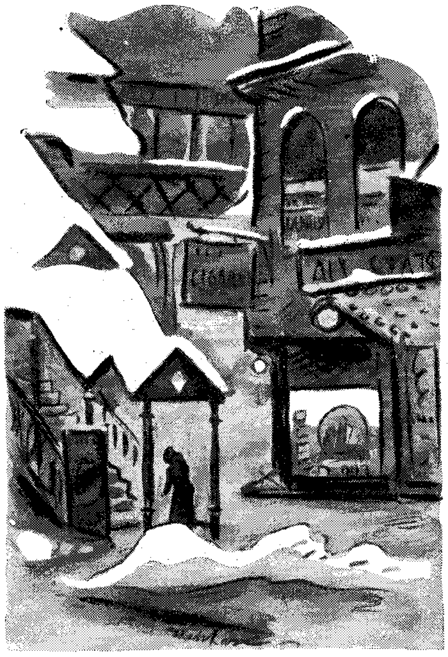
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Tony and Sally De Marco do their well-bred nipups at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show), and Robert Maxwell coaxes splendid sounds—some brash, some lyric—from his harp. The scene is the Cotillion Room. On Tuesday, Jan. 9, a new show, topped by Denise Darcel, a celebrated exponent of *vive la différence.* Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails *through* supper in the Café Pierre. Page Morton plays piano and sings, too.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, there's a standard Persian Room production: Kyle MacDonnell, pretty as an A picture, singing, and the Beatrice Kraft dancers slithering Orientally. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands turn out jolly dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and sumptuous bower, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music *during the cocktail hour. No dancing.*

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner, in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors. . . . ¶ Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court, from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo, now its oldest inhabitant, holds court at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Jane Morgan, a blond Circe lately returned from Paris, rambles through her bilingual repertory of songs, some of them old, some of them thought up for her by a tongue-in-cheek ballad-maker called Bud Redding. She operates in the Maisonette, which also has dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. On Tuesday, Jan. 9, Julie Wilson, a well-upholstered nightingale, will take over from Miss Morgan. Closed Sundays.



Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, has dinner and supper dance music by a detail of Lester Lanin's musicians and a clutch of Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing to Frankie Carle's orchestra in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A tinselly copy of the television show of the same name. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing and Suzy Mulligan pipes a few chanteys.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Florence Desmond, perhaps the most adept mockingbird of our time, rips off her parodies, and Teresa Brewer sings gustily. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band dish up the dance music.

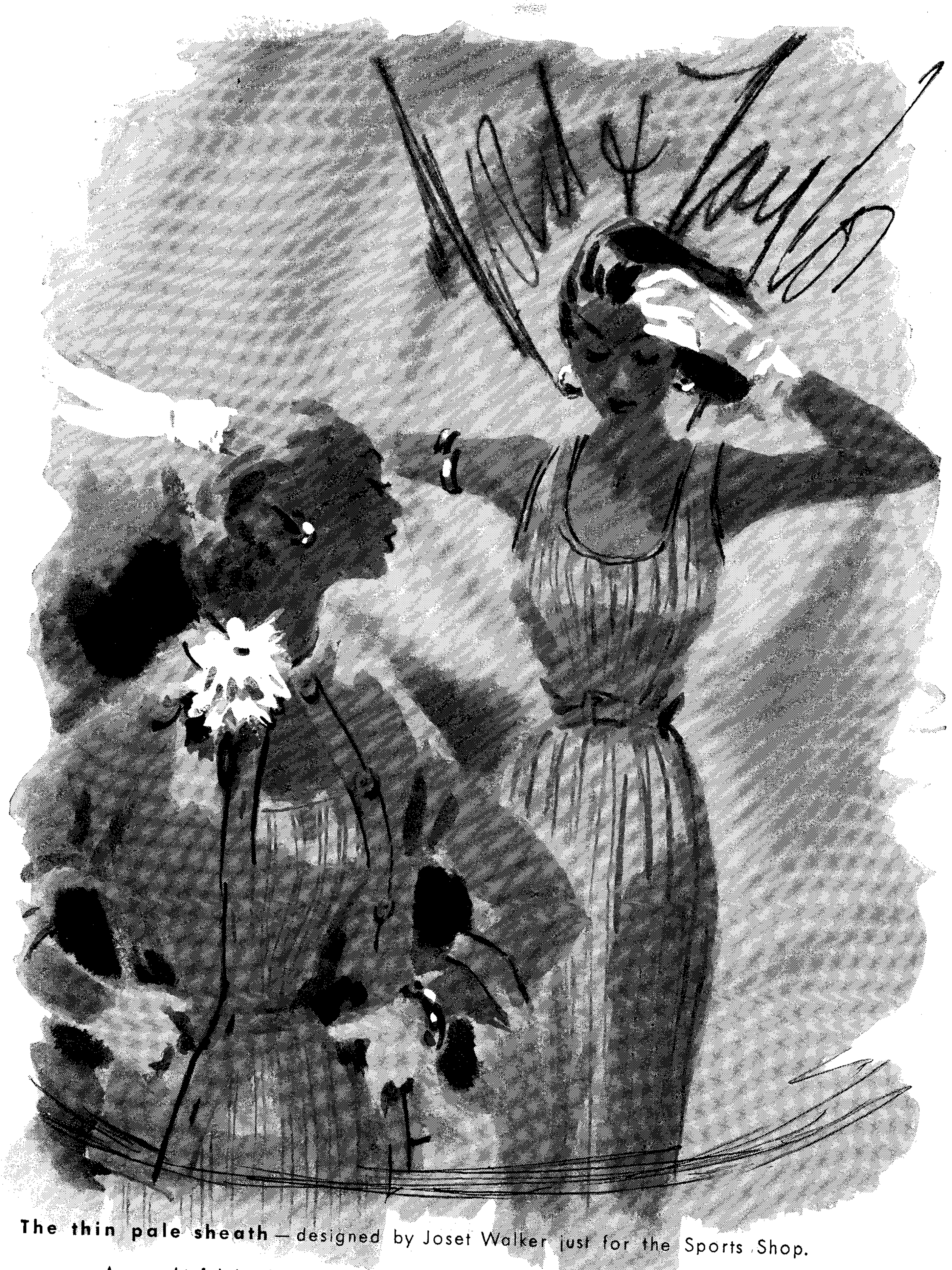
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Nelle Fisher and Jerry Ross gambol and the Continentals harmonize at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with which Mischa Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay of the music department. On Sundays, no show, and Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra functions for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six until two. Closed Sundays.

Note: The Rainbow Room, considerably roomier than the Gobi Desert, is open for cocktails and listening music, the latter by Ford Harrison's trio. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800, and the hours are from four-thirty to nine every evening but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is holding dinner and supper classes in modern offbeat piano every evening but Sunday, when visiting artists take over. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial throwback to the social habits of the Noble Experiment. Except Mondays, Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Nancy Reed is at the piano, at dinner and supper. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A clubby hideaway, where everyone knows everyone else and seems delighted by the wonder of it all. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **vieux carré,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins, a persuasive and easygoing young blade, presides over this bit of Southern comfort, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly upon his audience from cocktail time through supper. . . . **celeste,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Portia Nelson sings some of the town's most appealing *Nachtmusik* after the theatre to Bart Howard's piano. Jim Mahoney's piano embellishes the dinner hour. Closed Mondays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the jet-propelled school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **la zambra,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez treats his dinner and supper guests to an absorbing session with his guitar and a fair supply of byplay. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **café madison,**



The thin pale sheath — designed by Joset Walker just for the Sports Shop. A wonderful look, tucked from top to hem, and covered with news in a cardigan of the same triple sheer rayon. White, blue, or delicate mauve.

59.95 on the Fifth Floor, New York. Or at Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn

Works wonders
on chapped lips
blemishes
minor burns
abrasions

ARDENA
EIGHT HOUR CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Eight-hour Cream

Astonishing how many skin irritations this gentle, medicated cream salve can help! Chapped lips are soothed. A child's scratched knee, a mild kitchen burn... sunburn, windburn, cold sores are eased *instantly*. A teen's blemishes ...spots on the skin...even dry hair and scalp respond like magic to wonder-working Eight-Hour Cream. You will want it on hand at all times. **1.50** plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 22, PLaza 9-2940

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): In this thickly wooded forest, Danny Thomas, a pretty great man, does his comedy of manners about mostly mannerless types. Dancing. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500): Another Billy Rose show, full as ever of synthetic nostalgia and very real ladies' gams. A considerable amount of energy is supplied by Joe Howard, W. C. Handy, the Saxon Sisters, and Billy Banks. Noble Sissle is involved with the dance music. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Period piece melodrama of no great moment, plus (luckily) Paul Killiam's impish commentary on senile movies. Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, purveyors of burlesque ballads, help, too. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josephine Premice, a rather lively trade wind from the West Indies. Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are almost as noisy as the customers. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pearl Bailey, that stormy petrel, is on the loose here, closely followed by Paula Drake and Wally Cox, who have considerable laughing matter up their sleeves, too. The Page Cavanagh Trio and Stuart Ross provide the music, and Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a parade of eminent pianists—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at cocktails and dinner, and, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack after the theatre. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's school of high comedy offers Ronny Graham, the noted brain surgeon, presenting his diary of an average day inside an average mind; Bibi Osterwald, musing out loud about a girl's problems; and the Three Riffs, barking their complex foolishnesses. Hugh Shannon contributes some robust, true-blue blues. Norman Paris, the boy genius, and his trio, a whole school of modern music in themselves, help out. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennet, a unique event in any season, does his strange folk ballads in his strange and elegant manner, and Royce Wallace turns her voice loose on some hipster ballads. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, explaining succinctly why certain types have just got to go; Erik Rhodes, a performer fairly new to night life, singing wholeheartedly. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night and Monday is young-amateur night. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder and other modernist composers, is in her parlor upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar Mondays through Saturdays. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar, where Spivy, when she's in the mood, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): This hearthstone has two happy crickets—Laurie Brewis, who plays piano from nine-thirty on, and Jo Hurt, who starts bouncing her wayward ballads about after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, host of this Moorish palace, sings, and so does Norene Tate. She and Reginald Bean also do double piano. Alice Ghostley fools around with the comic songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Except Mondays, Pat Rainey, a barely domesticated female panther, whispers some lush-life lyrics.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, swinging from the floor with his trumpet. He is valiantly supported by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo work, a pretty demonstration of fifty-finger piano exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is sounding off here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood—all definitely from Dixie. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Dizzy Gillespie's sextet and Lester Young's quintet wander from one key to another with sometimes unpoetic license. On Thursday, Jan. 11, Dinah Washington will join them. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rocking-the-boat parties are still going on. On Jan. 5, Wild Bill Davison, Buster Bailey, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, and James P. Johnson will look in. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, serving up (on Jan. 5) Big Sid Catlett, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, and Munn Ware. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

African Sculpture and Cubism—Early paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Severini, and others, plus a handsome selection of African sculptures of the sort that influenced these artists so strongly. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Jan. 15.)

Forrest Bess—Small oils, highly stylized and with a deliberately naïve approach, in a promising first New York showing. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

A Century of the American Railroad—Some charming old paintings, as well as a number of prints, posters, early timetables, and other memorabilia. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 13.)

Joseph Cornell—A new set of his constructions, made from boxes, bits of broken glass, maps, trapezes, and other oddments. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

Salvador Dali—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a little jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

Alberto Giacometti—Sculptures by the Italian modernist, in his familiar, attenuated style, supplemented by a set of new paintings and drawings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

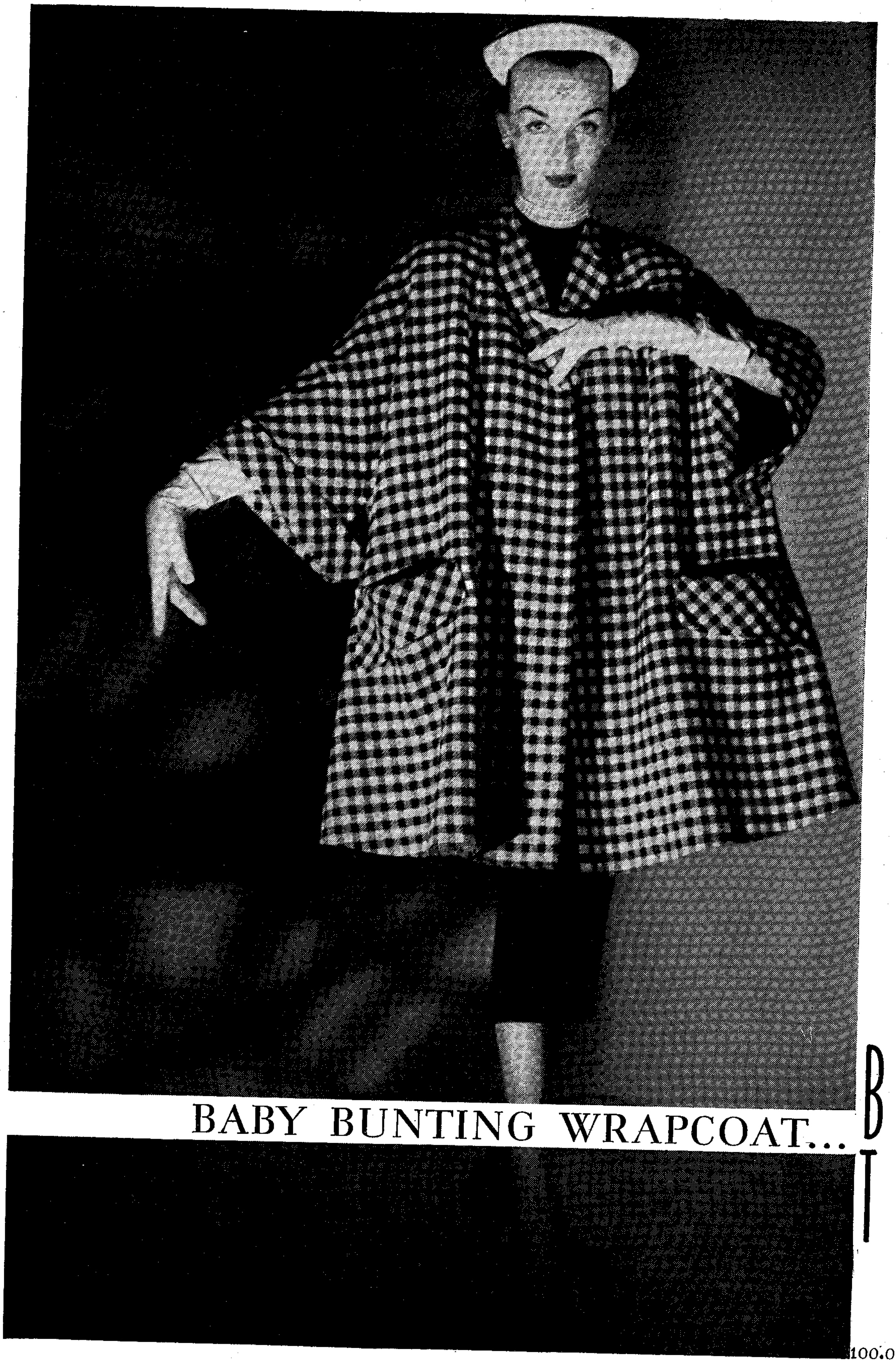
Gene Grant—Paintings, mostly of Paris, done with a graceful bow in Utrillo's direction. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Jan. 6.)

Group Show—New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

John Marin—Oils and water colors painted in 1950, chiefly of the Maine seacoast and mountains. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 27.)

Modern French—At the **CARRÉ,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Small paintings, most of them within the price range of the beginning collector, by Léger, Villon, Gromaire, and other contemporaries; through Jan. 13. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Utrillo, Bombois, and others; through Jan. 31.

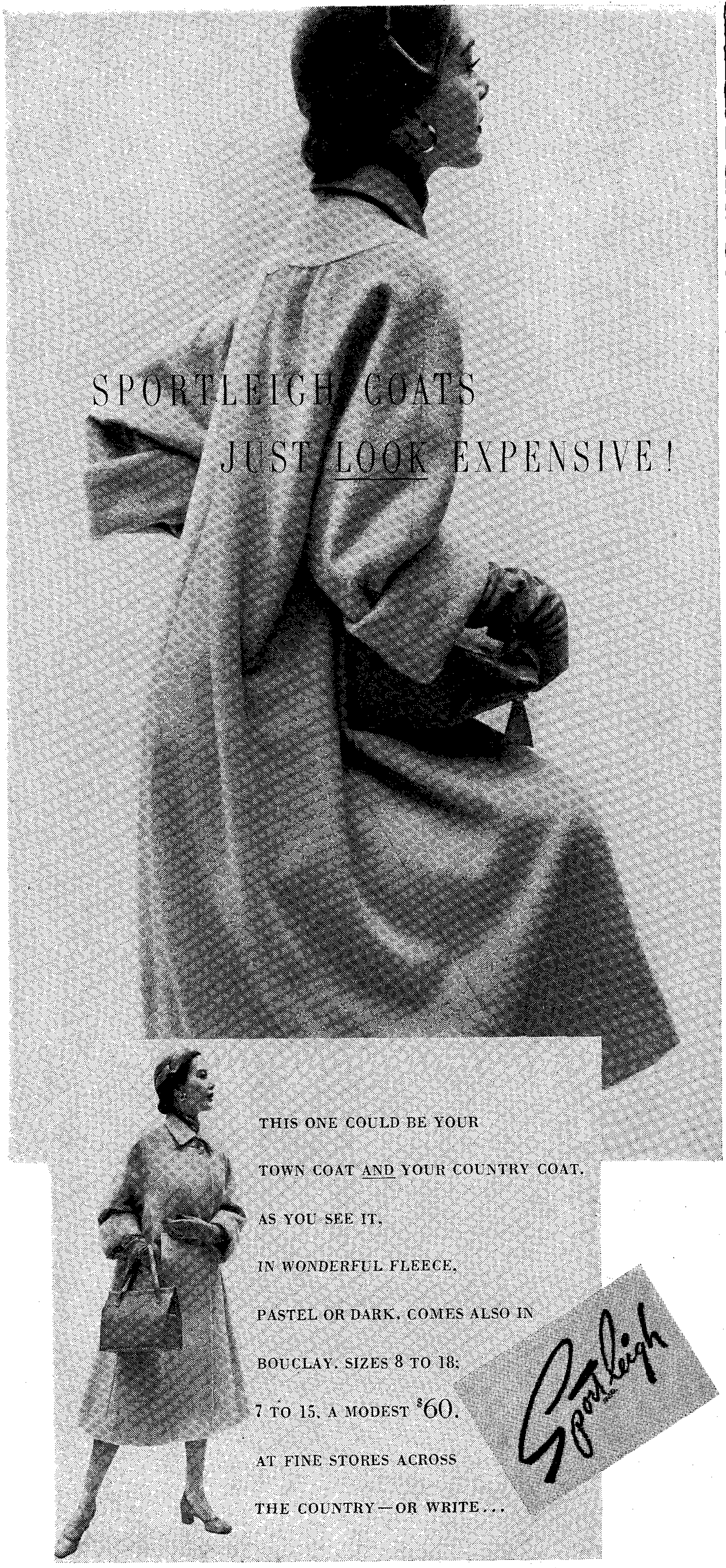
National Institute of Arts and Letters—Work by candidates for the Institute's 1951 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, Milton Hebald,



BABY BUNTING WRAPCOAT...

BONWIT TELLER

100.00 wondercoat...
fits-everyone-fashion in brown or navy on white wool
Sports Fifth Floor
New York Chicago Boston White Plains Palm Beach



THIS ONE COULD BE YOUR TOWN COAT AND YOUR COUNTRY COAT, AS YOU SEE IT, IN WONDERFUL FLEECE, PASTEL OR DARK. COMES ALSO IN BOUCLAY. SIZES 8 TO 18; 7 TO 15. A MODEST $60. AT FINE STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY—OR WRITE...

SPORTLEIGH HALL INC., 533 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Edward Chavez, and Aaron Bohrod. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

Sculpture—A large and well-selected collection, tracing the progression from Rodin to such later men as Lehmbruck, Calder, and Henry Moore. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 13.)

Hedda Sterne—New paintings, abstract in style and executed in this artist's curiously feminine, fanciful manner. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Luigi Lucioni; through Jan. 20.... **babcock**, 38 E. 57th St.: Martin Friedman; through Jan. 20.... **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57th St.: Harold Baumbach. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 19.... **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: Pavel Tchelitchew drawings; through Jan. 27.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Group show of 1913 works; through Feb. 3.... **kootz**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Adolph Gottlieb; through Jan. 22.... **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: John von Wicht; through Jan. 20.... **perls**, 32 E. 58th St.: Mario Carreño; through Jan. 27.... **pinacotheca**, 40 E. 68th St.: Group show of American and European moderns. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Jan. 24.... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings; through Feb. 10.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Italy at Work," a large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design; through Jan. 31.... ¶ A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts and wood engravings, dated from 1670 to 1950; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25.... ¶ Bronze sculptures, ancient and modern, from the permanent collection; through Jan. 21.... ¶ About fifty prints and drawings by Goya; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 20.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of close to seventy-five oils by the Lithuanian-born French Expressionist Chaim Soutine, who died in 1943. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 31.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A memorial showing of ninety-four paintings and other works, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948, by Arshile Gorky. (Daily, 1 to 5; starting Jan. 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Eugene Con-

Pride of the Bride

These are pure gold, pure bliss . . . the loveliest, longest-lasting Comb-Percales Bates ever made. These are the sheets that have been such a success from the day they made their debut . . . every delicious inch of them *extra* combed, finer, firmer, so much silkier. Brides love them . . . and what's nice enough for a bride is nice enough for *anybody!* "*Loomed to be Heirloomed*"

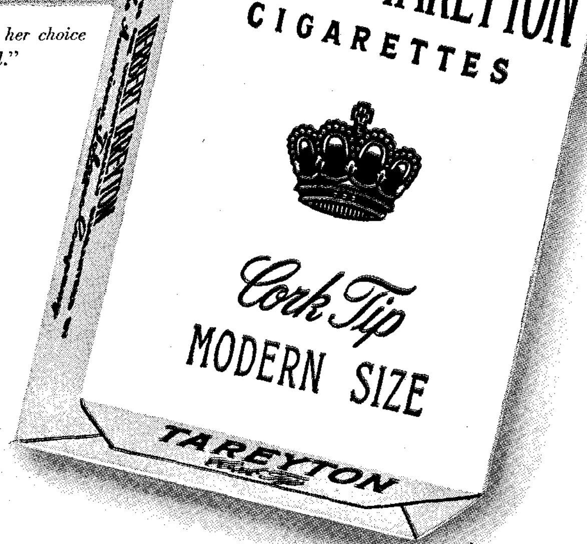
Bates Comb-Percale sheets and pillowcases in Daffodil, Blue Hyacinth, Peach Blossom, Rose, Green Fern, or Snowdrop White. The bedspread is Bates "George Washington's Choice." "Like everything Bates makes, these are the best value you can buy!"

Bates
COMB PERCALE

Bates Comb-Percale Sheets & Pillowcases

BATES FABRICS, INC., 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, III, lovely member of New York society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Hughes says: "I prefer Herbert Tareytons because they're so delightfully mild."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

ley.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Traubel, Risë Stevens, Fritz Krenn, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Ljuba Welitch, Eleanor Steber, Paolo Silveri, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Jussi Bjoerling, and Giuseppe Valdengo.... ¶ Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and Salvatore Baccaloni.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Hugh Thompson, and Lorenzo Alvary.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Traubel, Risë Stevens, Erna Berger, and Fritz Krenn.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Astrid Varnay, Jean Madeira, Hans Hotter, and Charles Kullman.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Brian Sullivan, and Eugene Conley. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin); Sunday, Jan. 7, at 2:45 (with Guiomar Novaes, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 12, at 2:30 (no soloists).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting: Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Israel Baker and Yaltah Menuhin—Violin and piano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Virginia Davis—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Anahid Ajemian—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5:30.)

New Friends of Music—Benar Heifetz, cello, and the Budapest String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5:30.)

New Music String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

Maurice Eisenberg—Cello. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Benno Rabinof—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Contralto. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Michael Rosenker—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8:40.... ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

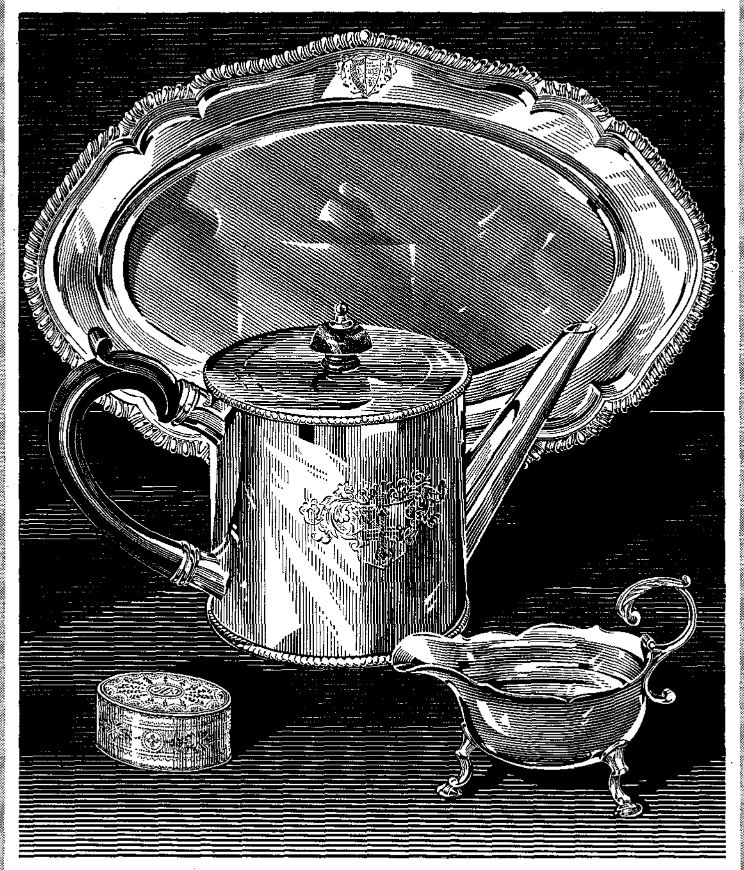
Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Myra Hess—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.)

Bernardo Segáll—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Note—The Budapest String Quartet will give

Tiffany's carefully selected stock of Old English Silver is noteworthy for its exceptionally fine quality . . . . . .



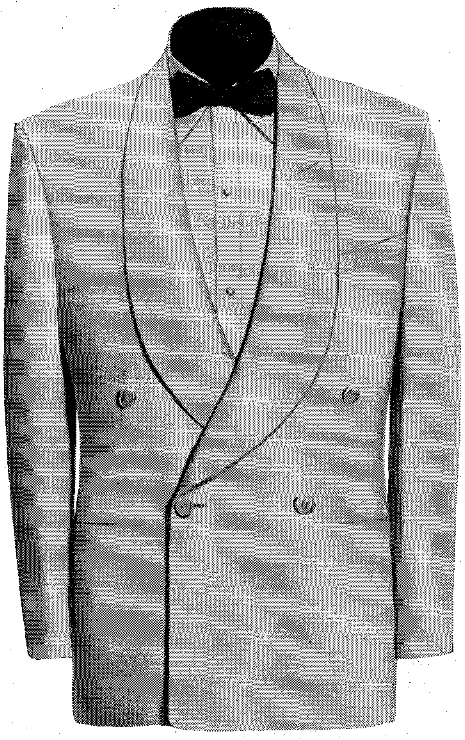
George III
12 in. Dish, London 1782 . . . . $290.
Tea Pot, London 1781 . . . . 425.
Nutmeg Grater, London 1791 . . . . . 42.

George II
Sauce Boat, London 1753 . . . . 85.

Prices include Federal Tax

Mail Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22 PL 5-8000



FOR SOUTHERN VACATIONISTS
Brooks Brothers' white dinner jacket
made exclusively for us
on our own distinctive patterns

We have a comprehensive selection of sport and dress clothes for a vacation where it's warm... none more distinctive than our white dinner jacket of Celanese* rayon. It is comfortable, and cool enough to wear even in the tropics, and is available in single or double-breasted model, $30.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Illustrated Southernwear Booklet Sent Upon Request

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 9, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Patrice Munsel, soprano; Fedora Barbieri, mezzo-soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Robert Merrill and Todd Duncan, baritones; Cesare Siepi, bass; the Philharmonic Piano Quartet; George Balanchine and a group from the New York City Ballet Company; Imogene Coca, comedienne; and others. A benefit for the American Guild of Musical Artists. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 5: Ike Williams vs. Jose Gatica, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 12: Ezzard Charles vs. Lee Oma, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Jan. 4: N.Y.U. vs. North Carolina, and L.I.U. vs. Bowling Green. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6: C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Joseph's, and St. John's vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 9: L.I.U. vs. St. Louis, and N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11: St. John's vs. Bradley, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Boston College. (Games begin at 8.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Syracuse. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.) . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Baltimore. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St., MU 4-6170; advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:45.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 6.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Skating—Silver Skates finals. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

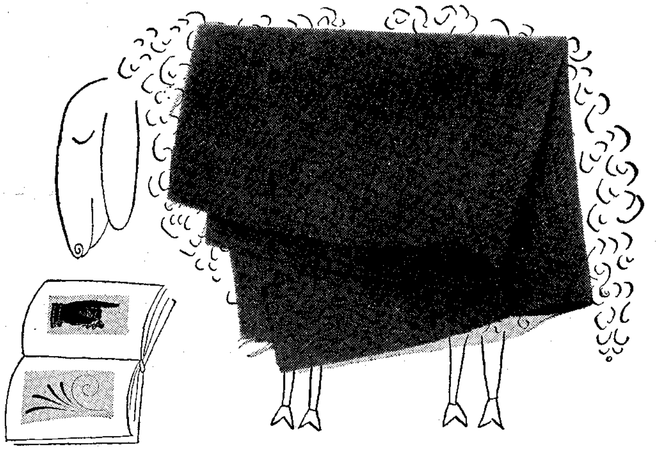
FOR CHILDREN

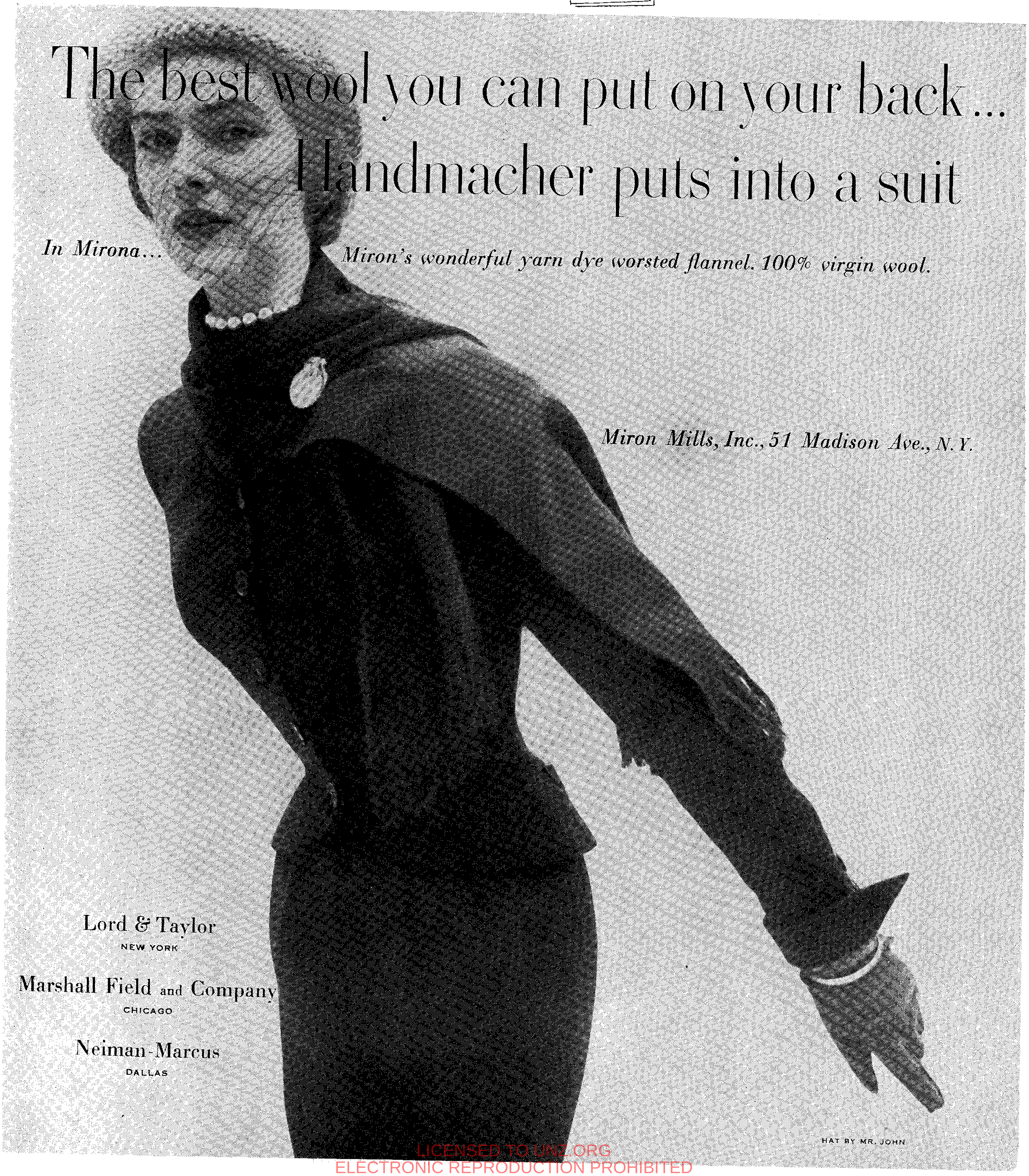
Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Susan Starr, eight-year-old pianist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 11.)

Plays—By the CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE: "The Three Bears." For the benefit of the United Parents Associations. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call OR 3-8755.) . . . CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "King of the Golden River." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.) . . . "Y" CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:40; Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3; and Monday, Jan. 8, at 4.) . . . HANS MANN CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturdays at 2:15.)

Marionettes—The WALLACE PUPPETS: "The Forgetful Forest." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 11.) . . . SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES: "Snow

Miron





The best wool you can put on your back...
Handmacher puts into a suit

In Mirona... Miron's wonderful yarn dye worsted flannel. 100% virgin wool.

Miron Mills, Inc., 51 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Lord & Taylor
NEW YORK

Marshall Field and Company
CHICAGO

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

HAT BY MR. JOHN

This shirt 'n' skirt can't part company!

The Famous LOCK IN ONE Dress

Twist, bend, turn—the shirt *stays put!*
A leather belt pulls through the shirt loops and skirt slots . . . presto, a two-piece dress becomes one! Expertly tailored with a new, motion-ease sleeve. Only in our patented action-dress will you find such *free, easy fit* to help your game . . . such good looks for the country club fairway or at-home leisure. Combed cotton chambray in sizes 10 to 20. *Striped-top* coordinated to blue, lime or coral skirt. About 12.95. *Checked-plaid-top* coordinated to blue, wine or cinnamon skirt. About 14.95.

as featured at
all Peck and Peck *shops*

Henderson Casuals
"The Country Club Look of Distinctive Simplicity"

HENDERSON & ERVIN, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11 and 3.)

MOVIES—"Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus." For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.) . . . ¶ Features and short subjects. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St., GR 5-1660; Saturdays at 10. Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Most committees and branches of the United Nations are more or less marking time. Prospective visitors are advised to consult their newspapers or to call either the United Nations itself (FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253) or the Information Center for the United Nations (JU 2-0233) before making plans to go to Lake Success.

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—The forty-first annual display of cruisers, sailboats, outboards, inboards, dinghies, marine hardware, and other boating gear. Among the innovations in this year's show will be two plastic cruisers and a hundred-foot model marina (a sort of boat-servicing basin), in which about twenty small craft will float. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Friday, Jan. 12, from 7 to 11, and weekdays thereafter, from 11 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 20.)

TOYS OF OTHER DAYS—A dappled rocking horse, a dancing Jenny Lind, dolls, jumping jacks, horse-drawn fire engines and stagecoaches, and other playthings, dating back to the eighteenth century, most of them from the collection of Mrs. Katharine Prentis Murphy. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through April 30.)

MANUSCRIPTS AND LETTERS—A display of the literary handiwork of members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, among them William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, Mark Twain, and Eugene O'Neill. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through Jan. 14.)

MEMENTOS OF THE NEW YORK THEATRE—Costumes worn by Ethel Barrymore, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Otis Skinner, and others; statuettes of George Arliss and Sarah Bernhardt; and posters, photographs, properties, and other items having to do with the theatre. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through May 31.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The January show is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with flying saucers, stars that change color, and other celestial phenomena. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Gothic and Renaissance art, including sculptures, paintings, silver, and furniture, from the estate of the late Gregor Aharon and from other sources. (Thursday, Jan. 4, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ English and French furniture, paintings of sporting scenes and other subjects, a Beauvais tapestry after Boucher, and porcelains and other decorations, owned by William Goadby Loew. (Exhibition Thursday, Jan. 4, from 10 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ American historical autographs by George Washington, John Adams, Patrick Henry, the Marquis de Lafayette, and others, collected in the early nineteenth century by Julia M. Dickinson Tayloe, together with autograph letters by Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Charles Lamb, and others, from various sources. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 4-6, and Monday, Jan. 8, from 10 to 5; auction, Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 1:45.)

Robe by B. Cohen & Co., Inc.

SADIE SHAW IS A GENIUS

This lovely young mother is wearing a robe of English Viyella. It was designed by Sadie Shaw, the genius who puts more charm and distinction into robes than any designer on the face of this earth. Viyella is woven from lamb's wool (which makes it deliciously soft) and Egyptian cotton (which makes it completely washable). Viyella robes come in a wide range of colors and patterns. About $30.00 at better stores. For the name of your nearest store, write William Hollins & Co., Inc., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—How a young and despicable lady gets to be the equivalent of a Duse on the stage. Witty, entertaining, and, by and large, highly satisfactory, though perhaps overlong. Among the participants: Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Celeste Holm, and George Sanders. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1950 Award. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 7-8.)

Bitter Rice—A violent Italian account of the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—An adaptation of Garson Kanin's play concerning a junkman's mistress who learns about democracy and gives the old man the gate because he's a Fascist. Judy Holliday repeats the hilarious performance she gave in this comedy when it was on Broadway. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—A wheezy adaptation of the old Rostand drama, enthusiastically, if footlessly, enacted by a large cast, headed by José Ferrer. The picture is faithful to all the hokum, from rakehell swordplay to poetic gags about the hero's nose, but by this time none of it seems very interesting. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Harvey—James Stewart is the pal of the invisible rabbit who stands six feet four. A movie that is almost as pleasant as the original stage play. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Jackpot—The perils, chiefly represented by the U.S. Treasury Department, of winning first prize in one of those monstrous radio give-away shows. A very funny picture, with James Stewart, Alan Mowbray, James Gleason, Barbara Hale, and Fred Clark. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Jan. 10.)

King Solomon's Mines—Through Africa on a trail first blazed by H. Rider Haggard back in 1886, and as rousing a trip as you would want to make. Besides natives, birds, beasts, and scenery, the film features Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Jan. 9.)

Last Holiday—Alec Guinness as an agricultural-implement salesman who discovers that he hasn't long to live and decides to spend his last days in a plush seaside hotel, where he soon becomes a figure of consequence. Written by J. B. Priestley, the film is not too original in plot, but it's a cheery item. Beatrice Campbell and Kay Walsh are among those assisting Mr. Guinness. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 9.)

Macbeth—Orson Welles snorting his way through an uproarious interpretation of the Shakespearean tragedy. Always absurd but usually lively. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mister 880—The story of an old counterfeiter who never attempts anything more impressive in his line than deplorably clumsy one-dollar bills. Edmund Gwenn is excellent as the diverting, though scoundrelly, ancient. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 5-7. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Jan. 7-9.)

The Mudlark—A picture having to do with a poverty-stricken lad who visits Victoria at Windsor Castle and cures the Queen of the megrims that have afflicted her since noble Albert passed away. Irene Dunne makes a very stiff Victoria, but Andrew Ray is delightful as the boy. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Orpheus—A modern-dress version of what the Greek lyre man went through to get Eurydice out of Hades. As done by Jean Cocteau, this has its antic moments. A French film, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Perier. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Seven Days to Noon—The mad-scientist theme. This time, the distracted expert is loose in London with a sort of minuscule atomic bomb and is planning to blow up most of the city if the government doesn't agree to stop making the weapon. A British picture, worth seeing if only because it shows how efficiently a modern metropolis could be reduced to deathly silence by one well-equipped man. With Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Trio—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture, an English one, has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Ways of Love—Originally, when the bill opened, a combination of three short films, now a combination of two. The survivors are a pair of first-rate French comedies, directed by Renoir and Pagnol; the casualty, also excellent, is a sombre Italian study, directed by Rossellini, which was banned as blasphemous by the New York City Commissioner of Licenses. "Ways of Love" won the New York Film Critics' Award as the best foreign film of 1950 when Rossellini's work was still part of the trio. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 4.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 9, tentative.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, and Roland Young. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 7, showings at 3: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 8, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Mr. Trull Finds Out" (1940), with music by Gian-Carlo Menotti; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), with Frances Dee. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Jan. 10: "Pagan Love Song," Esther Williams, Howard Keel.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum, Faith Domergue.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Vendetta," Faith Domergue.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 10 (tentative): "Kim," Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 9: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson, Charles Coburn, Ruth Hussey.
From Jan. 10: "Branded," Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE MUDLARK.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
From Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Halls of Montezuma," Richard Widmark. (Opening night by invitation only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Flying Missile," Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

It could well be named Luxurymaster

THOSE who know the lordly Buick ROADMASTER know well why it is so named . . .

There's a brilliance to its performance, a mastery of highway, byway and hill—that put a new thrill in motoring.

There's the great and abundant power of its 152-hp Fireball engine.

There's the magnificent smoothness of its all-coil-spring ride that means levelness all the way. And there's Dynaflow Drive.

But beyond all this, there is luxury—the luxury of interior spaciousness and deep soft cushions, unsurpassed by any other of America's fine cars.

And there is richness here. The richness of fine fabrics, fittings and finish. The tasteful richness that bespeaks fine-car quality in every detail—that brings an extra measure of personal satisfaction to all who ride with it.

Yes, ROADMASTER is its name—though *Luxurymaster* it might well be. Except, of course, in the matter of price.

For ROADMASTER carries the lowest price-per-pound in the fine-car field—most accurate measure of a motorcar's true worth.

Your Buick dealer is ready to show you just how easily you can buy a ROADMASTER—and how much more your money buys here. See him soon for travel at the 'master level.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

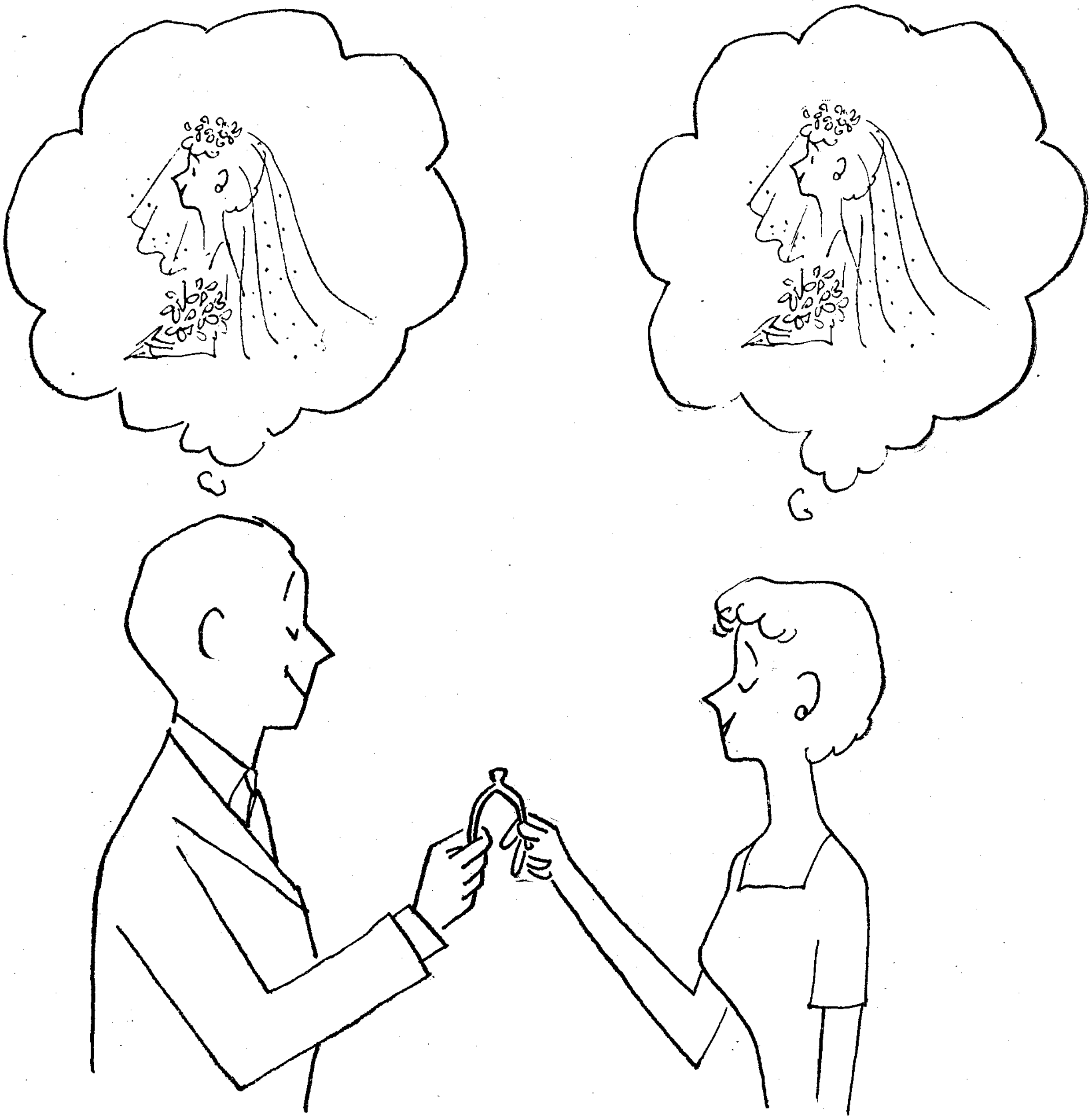
When better automobiles are built
Buick will build them

Your Key to Greater Value

See your nearest Buick Dealer

Buick
ROADMASTER
with Dynaflow Drive
FIRST OF THE FINE CARS IN VALUE

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



At newsstands, **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**

continues to outsell* every other magazine in

the world—currently by over 243,000 copies.

*More newsstand copies bought per issue than any other magazine, weekly or monthly.

She Lives in U.S.A... *She Sleeps in* UTICA

She lives in Los Angeles...
She sleeps in Utica

She lives in Detroit...
She sleeps in Utica

She lives in Chicago...
She sleeps in Utica

She lives in Houston...
She sleeps in Utica

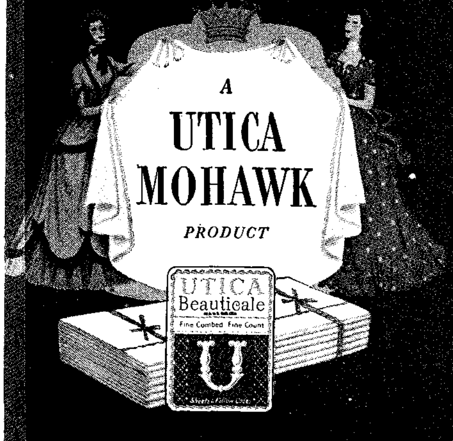
She lives in Philadelphia...
She sleeps in Utica

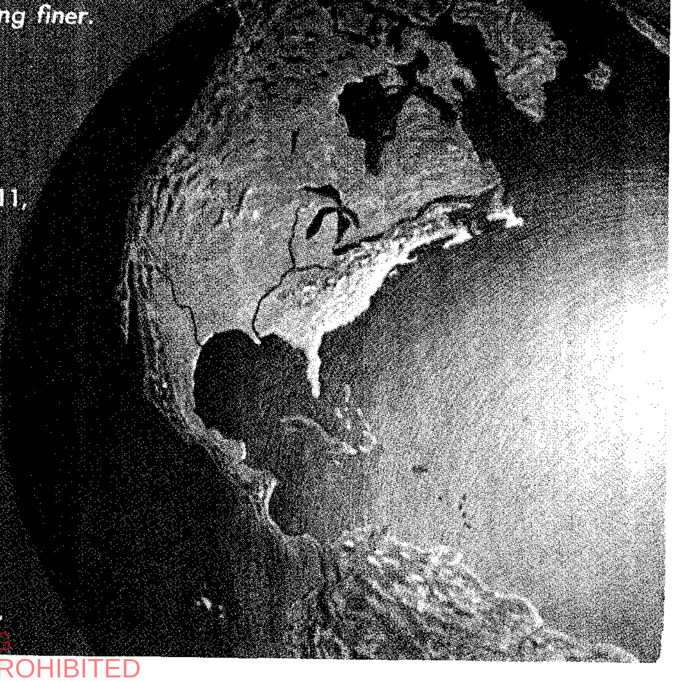
She lives in Denver...
She sleeps in Utica

She lives in New York...
She sleeps in Utica

Smart women everywhere sleep in Utica BEAUTICALE Sheets. They're so luxurious, so lastingly beautiful. *Regardless of price . . . you can buy nothing finer.*

Write for your copy of the free booklet,
"Beauty Secrets From Your Linen Closet."
Utica & Mohawk Cotton Mills, Inc., Dept. N-11,
55 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.





UTICA Beauticale Sheets®

Fine Combed... Fine Count Percale

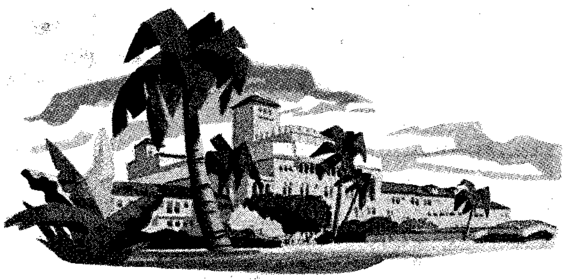
SCHINE HOTELS

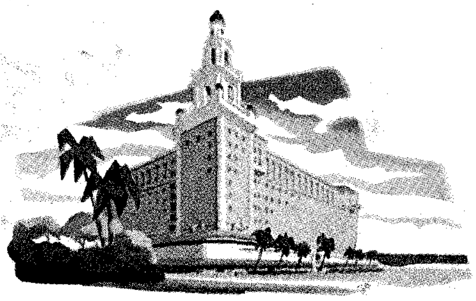
finest under the Sun

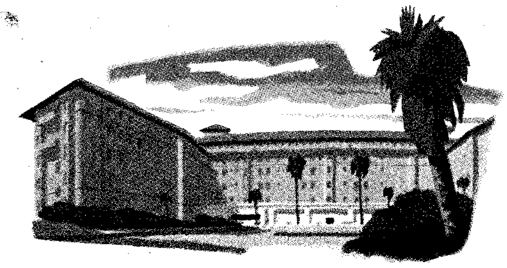
When you go where the Sun Shines . . .

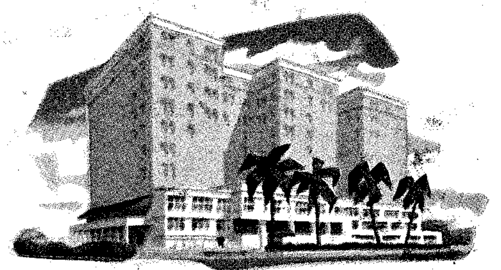
STAY AT A

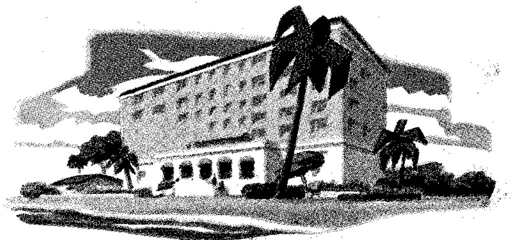
SCHINE HOTEL


The Boca Raton, Boca Raton, Fla.


The Roney Plaza, Miami Beach, Fla.


The Ambassador, Los Angeles, Calif.


The McAllister, Miami, Fla.


The Gulf Stream, Miami Beach, Fla.

Wherever your favorite winter haven—whether it be along the gold-green coast of Florida or behind the blue seaboard of the Pacific in Los Angeles—there you will find a hotel rich in the beauty of its surroundings . . . a hotel whose life is of the spirit and tempo of the land . . . a hotel whose every detail surpasses your fondest dreams . . . a hotel that proudly shares with that of its own, the name—Schine. Each of the five magnificent establishments pictured here is a wonderland all its own—designed in the atmosphere of its particular setting and dedicated to the individual wishes of the guests who occupy it. But each is like the others in the warmth of its hospitality, the matchless character of its service, and the irreproachable caliber of its clientele. Yes, when you go where the sun shines . . . *stay at a Schine Hotel!*

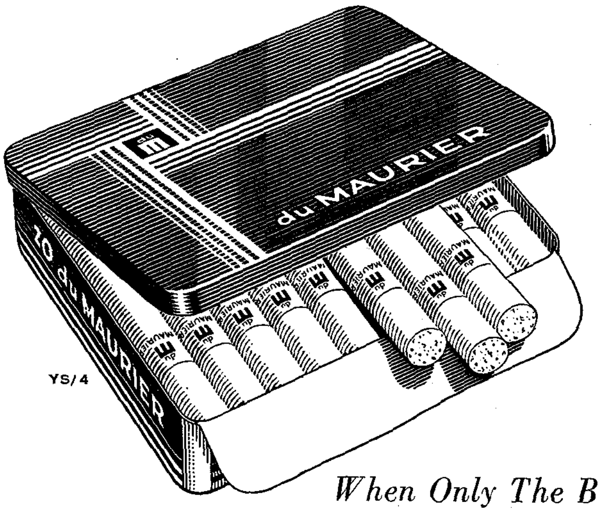
For Information and Reservations, Write: New York—445 Park Avenue, Murray Hill 8-0110
Chicago—333 N. Michigan Ave., Andover 3-6222 • Los Angeles—3400 Wilshire Blvd., Dunkirk 7-7011

BOCA RATON HOTEL AND CLUB, Boca Raton, Fla. • THE RONEY PLAZA, Miami Beach, Fla. • THE GULF STREAM APARTMENTS AND COTTAGES, Miami Beach, Fla. • THE McALLISTER, Miami, Fla. • THE AMBASSADOR, Los Angeles, Calif. • THE RITZ-CARLTON, Atlantic City, N. J. • THE TEN EYCK, Albany, N. Y. • THE HOTEL NORTHAMPTON AND WIGGINS OLD TAVERN, Northampton, Mass.

You're sure she smokes

du MAURIERS!

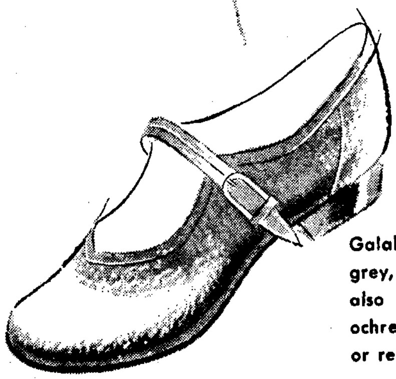
From Marrakech to Mandalay...from Beekman Place to Gracie Square...her "*petits diners intimes*" are as famous as her imported grouse...her guest list is always thrice-combed for kindred spirits...that good talk may sparkle with spontaneous epigrams. Without even seeing the scarlet aluminum box, you're sure she smokes—and offers—du Mauriers, because in her social sphere...only the best will do! She makes a 'conversation piece' of the five-ply filter tip that always insures fragrant, cool, mild smoke. After all...nothing quite compares with this cigarette...blended especially for the most-exacting taste...from American and Oriental tobaccos. Yes, you're sure she smokes du Mauriers.



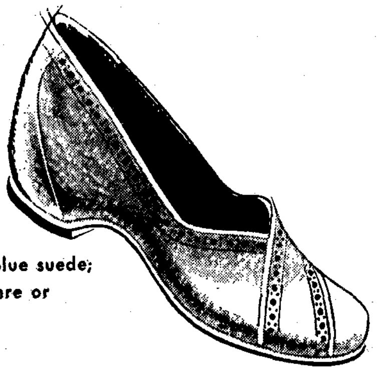
When Only The Best Will Do...

On sale in the scarlet aluminum box of twenty—wherever better cigarettes are sold. Made by Columbia Tobacco Co. Inc., New York, N. Y.

British Brevitts



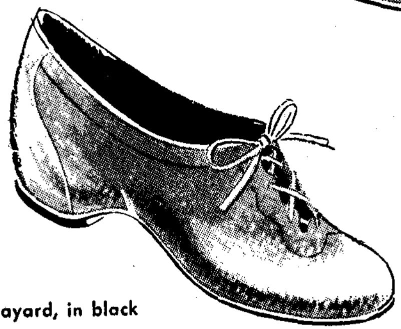
Galahad, in black, taupe, grey, sand or blue suede; also in sienna, bamboo, ochre, teak, green, blue or red calf.



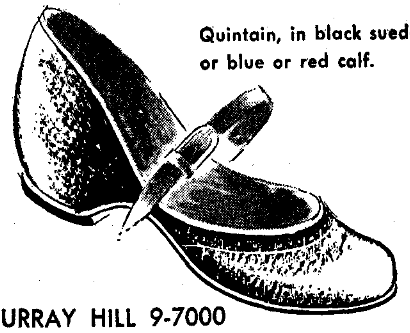
Chevron, in black or blue suede; also sienna, green, ochre or red calf.

A new series designed to honor the Festival of Britain. Designs that recall the romance of British Heraldry . . . in colors as softly beautiful as those in rare old tapestries. pair **15.95**

Altman Brevitt shoe salon, second floor



Bayard, in black or blue suede.



Quintain, in black suede, or blue or red calf.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset . . . WRITE, OR PHONE MURRAY HILL 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

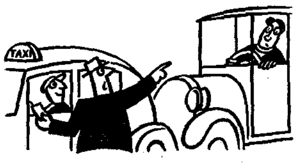
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PROGRESS NOTE: Small holes to admit fresh air are now being provided by motorcar manufacturers in the plastic gadgets designed to exclude fresh air from the ventilation wings intended to bring fresh air into automobiles, from which it was shut out in the first place by the abandonment, circa 1939, of the windshield that could be opened.

AMONG the many enjoyable types of news story, perhaps our favorite is the self-collapsing. The *Herald Tribune* carried a splendid one the other morning—an account of a soldier alone in the big city on his first Christmas away from home: "NEW YORK IS A BIG, LONELY CITY TO YOUNG G.I. ON CHRISTMAS DAY." And there were pictures of the poor guy wandering around the streets, no place special to go, feeding pigeons in Bryant Park while other people were snug indoors by their lighted trees. Of course, what the story failed to mention was that an extraordinary adventure befell this soldier on his first Christmas away from home: He encountered a *Tribune* reporter, was interviewed and photographed, got himself prominently featured on the first page of the second section of the December 26th issue, and, for a golden moment, knew the intoxication of sudden distinction. New York is a big, lonely city our eye; it is the city where you meet a man from the *Tribune* (circulation 380,525) and can't even feed a pigeon in private.

WE often dream of coming off the winner in word battles with street characters, but it never happens. Take our flareup the other afternoon with a truck driver; for a minute it seemed as though we had delivered the knockout punch, but we ended flat on our face, as usual. We had just stepped from a taxi and were paying off, and our hackman had managed to stop in a bottleneck, so we were tying things up. A truck driver put on the gloves instantly. "That's a hell of a crummy place to stop and twiddle!" he shouted. Our retort was quick and damaging. "Go pour milk on your ulcer!" we yelled. We were sure we had him. "Yeah?" he said, pounding his midsection. "You wouldn't know it, wise guy, but I had my stomach out aready."



No Surprise

THE first real snow of the season fell on December 26th, the anniversary of the great storm of 1947, and, as we watched the streets and rooftops whitening hour by hour, we were among those who wondered whether the storm would duplicate the tricky behavior of its mighty predecessor. We recalled that on Christmas, 1947, the weather forecast for the following day was "cloudy and warmer," and that when snow started coming down early on the morning of the twenty-sixth, the Weather Bureau compounded its error by predicting that the storm would end by afternoon. The weather forecast this Christmas was "fair tomorrow." The next morning's papers, carrying a correct prediction of "snow," added that the fall was expected to be from two to four inches. There seemed to be enough coincidental factors to warrant looking into the activities of the Department of Sanitation on what was the beginning of the winter season so far as it was concerned, and we headed for the depot of the Auxiliary Field Force of the D. of S., at Twenty-second Street and the East River, and there spent an instructive hour with Martin P. O'Connell, superintendent of the Force.

We came on Mr. O'Connell, who was dressed in a neat, forest-green Department uniform, with his superintendent's oak leaves on his shoulders, pacing about in the depot pier house, where the temperature was below freezing. He explained that he was checking the vehicles that make up the heavy equipment of the Force's snow battalion. "This is a trouble-shooting outfit," O'Connell said. "It's ready to help out anywhere in the five boroughs that a district gets behind, either in snow- or refuse-collecting. The worst of today's snow is that it hits us with all the Christmas discard still to be picked up. We'll have something like eight thousand truckloads a day until Thursday; then it will drop back to the usual four thousand." He breathed hard on his hands and told us that no heavy equipment had been sent out up to then, because snow can't be plowed until it's three inches deep. "We've got some rotary brooms out on the elevated highways and bridges," he said. "We can't use them on the streets; they'd bury pedestrians with the snow they kick up. And we've got salt, sand, and cinder spreaders working on the express streets and bus routes."

The Superintendent took us on a tour of the Force's heavy equipment, describing each type in loving detail. We admired seven snow loaders of the latest model, each capable of loading half a cubic yard of snow a second, and seven crosswalk plows, which are used to push snow into the loader's path and to tidy up after it. Besides the twenty open-body trucks that the Force uses to haul snow, sixty more can be borrowed from the Borough President—trucks that in mild weather are used in street repairing. O'Connell told us that the Department owns two hundred and five snow loaders, forty-eight rotary brooms, a hundred salt, sand, and cinder spreaders, eighty-two bulldozers, and six hundred and twenty-five crosswalk plows. The cost of snow removal varies, he said, from around ten thousand dollars an inch to two hundred thousand dollars an inch, depending on whether the snow is packed or iced, sticky or fresh. In the winter of 1947-48, 61.5 inches of snow fell, and its removal cost $11,780,000. "We keep in touch by teletype with Department headquarters, on Worth Street," O'Connell said. "The snow office there is in touch by phone with the Weather Bureau. If a storm gets bad, we can pull twelve hundred trucks off refuse-collecting and fit them with plows." Word came in that an inch and a half of snow had fallen in Brooklyn. O'Connell glanced out of the open door of the pier house and seemed to sniff the air. "It's easing off to flurries," he said. "Looks like the Weather Bureau got it right this time. We'll put a night force on the spreaders and just let the snow wear away. I got a big kick out of the first order this morning—the order the Department always gets when snow hits town. The command came through 'Warm up the brooms!' Sounds like a cavalry charge, doesn't it?"

◆

WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Forty-seventh Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 11:45 A.M. to 12:10 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 28.

Colt's Costumes

THE Broadway, very Broadway, costumes that help give "Guys and Dolls" its raffish, Runyonish flavor were all designed or shopped for by Alvin Colt, a very tall (six foot seven), thin (except for his shoulders) fellow of thirty-four, who was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and went straight from high school there to the Yale Drama School, where he studied scenic design under Professor Donald Oenslager. He has since concocted costumes for three ballet companies, for "On the Town," for "Around the World," and, last season, for "Clutterbuck." Also for one or two turkeys. We interviewed him last week, and found him wearing a dark-blue Roger Kent suit, white shirt, and dark-blue knitted tie, in contrast to the flashy, padded-shoulder garments in which he has draped most of the twenty-four guys of "Guys and Dolls." "Aren't they terrible?" he said, of their clothes. "All the wrong kind of tailoring! The worst! Positively the worst!" The men's suits, some of which are notable for their green-and-white squares or their stripes of all colors, not excluding orange and purple, were made by the Brooks Costume people, after Colt got up his specifications. The men's shirts, which are nothing short of alarming, were bought by him from Benhil, Broadway haberdashers, or made to his specifications by Nat Lewis. Their ties, of colorful satin, came mostly from Tie City, also on Broadway. Their hats, which include orange, green, and blue numbers, were bought in Philadelphia, during the show's pre-opening run.

Of the female members of the company, Colt said, "There are as many shops for dolls on Broadway as there are for guys. I'd go into them and ask for black Lastex girdles, and wait until after the salesgirls got over being astonished. I read a lot of Runyon stories first, to get the flavor and character, and then stood around and looked at the people outside of Lindy's a few times. I tried not to make the clothes a caricature. The men's shoes seemed a terrific problem at first—I had to have one pair of gray suède and black leather, for example—but I found what I needed at Florsheim's, of all places. I got a lot of the woollens for the men's suits down on Orchard Street, in the ghetto. Wonderful material! Brooks embroidered stripes on some of them. I don't think there's ever been a show with clothes like this. We send fifty-four shirts to the laundry twice a week. The wardrobe woman is going out of her mind. And the hair pieces—the buns and the wigs! You've never seen so much hair. Why, we have a man come in three times a week just to comb the dolls' hair—their own and their wigs. There's never been so much hair in a modern show."

Colt told us that the only white shirts in the play are worn by the police detective, and that he himself has never worn a colored shirt. He regards his theatrical work as gravy. His bread-and-butter comes from a window-display-and-interior-decoration business run by him and a partner, Robert Pichenot. "I'm doing somebody's apartment, but I can't say whose," he said. "I have a Kerry blue terrier called Wusha, but I can't say why he's called that. It's too silly. Let that be a mystery. He also answers to the name of Goo Goo. He stays home in my apartment and answers the telephone, but he won't write down messages. He has a wonderful big bark. I'd like to find a mate for him. Give him a blue rinse and he really stops traffic."

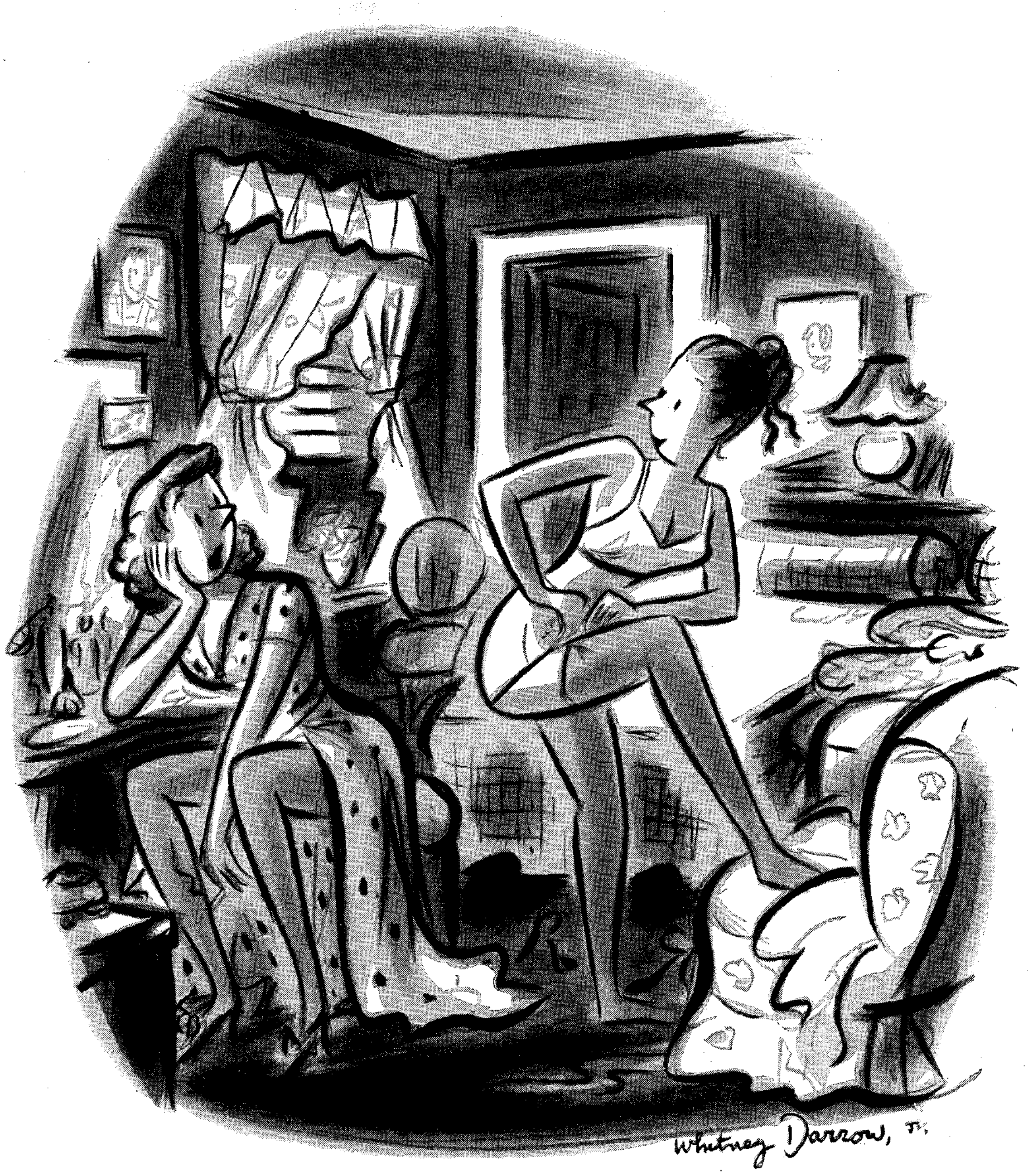
The No. 2 lady of "Guys and Dolls," a mission lassie, is one of the few characters Colt wasn't able to do much about. She wears her uniform throughout. "After seeing the other girls in rehearsal, Isabel Bigley, who plays the part, asked me whether I couldn't at least give her a slit skirt," he said, "but of course I couldn't. Clothes are really important in this show. You put a girl in a zebra-stripe silk dress and she knows good and well she's a Runyon character." Colt advised us that the dolls in the show are actually a sedate, home-loving lot.

Strong Stuff

THE mother of an up-and-coming six-year-old daughter acceded to her request for paper and ink with which to write a letter the other day, and then proudly looked over the young lady's shoulder as she painstakingly wrote, "Dear Keeper of the Crypt of Terror, I like your magazine but pleas print more stories about werewolves."

Switch

BRIGHT and early Saturday morning, the servicemen of the local Telephone Company, in an unprecedented all-out mobilization, will hop bravely to the job of making the final adjustment that will convert the 92,563 pay-station telephones in the city to the new ten-cents-per-local-call basis. If all goes well, most of them will be done by late Saturday night. All in all, the switch is a tricky one, for the nickel hasn't been abandoned entirely; the mechanism is to be so fixed that the coin box will accept two nickels or a dime for local diallings, and single nickels for overtime and toll calls. (Either two nickels, a dime, or a quarter will be needed to get the operator, Long Distance, Information, etc.) The coin telephones have been undergoing preliminary, and major, adjustments during the last eight months, and only a few minutes' work per box is now required to switch them over. When the job is done, New York will be right back where it was in 1904, so far as rates go. This came to our notice when a gentleman in the phone company, to whom we'd been speaking about contemporary matters, mentioned it, and suggested that we might well look into the history of the pay telephone, which, he told us, was developed by the same man who invented the baseball catcher's pneumatic chest protector, thus enabling the catcher to move up to the plate from a position a number of yards behind it and bringing about modern baseball. That was enough for us.

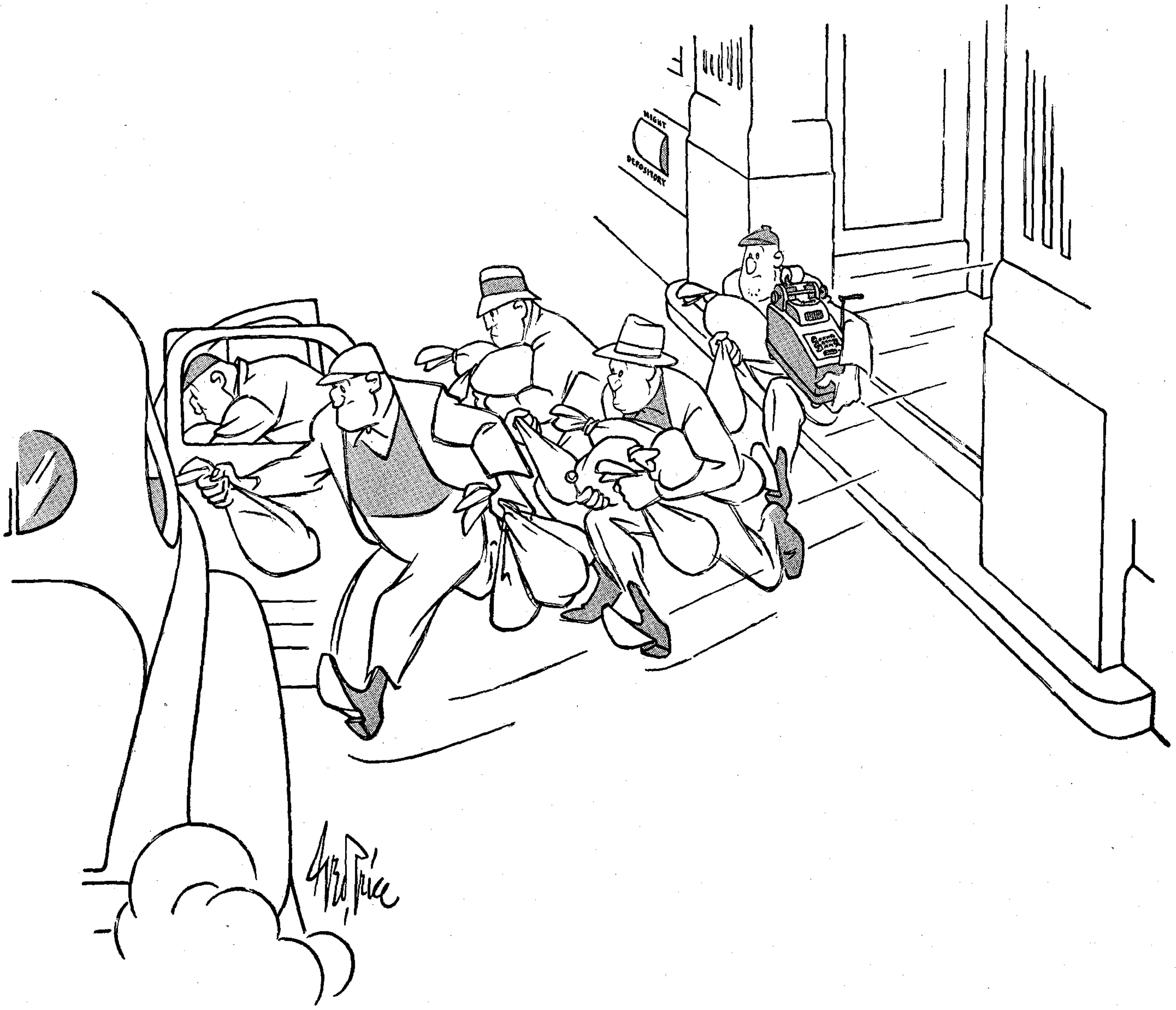


"I don't know whether to take a Benzedrine and go to the party or a Nembutal and go to bed."

• •

William Gray was the ingenious man who made these two important contributions to American life. He was a polisher in a machine-tools factory in Hartford when he thought up the chest protector. He patented it and sold the rights to A. G. Spalding for five thousand dollars. That was in the eighteen-eighties. At that time, all telephones were in the possession of private subscribers, and Gray, who wasn't a subscriber, had difficulty getting permission to use one to call a doctor when his wife got sick one day. He thereupon resolved to invent a telephone that would be accessible to anybody. His first notion was to lock a telephone in a box that could be opened by inserting a coin. He worked out such a contraption and offered it to the Southern New England Telephone Company, which immediately put its finger on an obvious shortcoming: Once the box had been opened, the phone could be used by anyone who happened to be around. Gray proceeded to work out other models, eventually coming up with one, his fifth, that was endorsed by the Telephone Company. It was designed, roughly, along the lines of the present coin box. The principal exterior difference was that it had but one coin slot. In 1889, the first pay telephone in the world (unless they had one in Russia) was installed in a Hartford bank. Two years later, Gray organized the Gray Telephone Pay Station Company. It rented out pay phones for twenty-five per cent of the take. Ten per cent of the take went to the place of business in which they were installed and the rest to the Telephone Company. This arrangement proved lucrative to all concerned and became general throughout the country. The Gray company had a monopoly on pay telephones until the early nineteen-thirties, when its patents expired, whereupon Western Electric took over their manufacture for the whole Bell system. Since 1938, the Gray company has devoted itself to making a dictating machine called the Audograph. Mr. Gray died in 1902.

The first local pay telephone was installed in the Barclay Street ferry terminal in 1896. It was a single-slot model that would accommodate anything up to a silver dollar. By 1904, there were several hundred pay-station



• •

phones in the city, the cost of a local call was a dime, and most pay telephones had slots that would take only dimes. The price was reduced to a nickel in 1905, and Model 50, essentially the pay telephone of today, became standard in 1911. It had three slots, and a chute for the return of coins. Up to then, any money that went into the box was gone forever. Nowadays, the proprietors of the premises on which pay telephones are placed are paid on a sliding scale, according to the volume of calls. To keep the company's collectors out of the way of temptation, the boxes into which coins fall are removed locked from the telephones, empty boxes being substituted for them, and the opening of them and the counting of the money are done at the Telephone Company's main office. Collections are made at intervals ranging from every second day to three times a year, depending on the location of the box. Thanks to a federal law that makes it tough for anyone who fashions or sells slugs similar in size to American coins, and to the invention of a slug-rejecting device, the Bell System suffers a loss of only a fraction of one per cent through the machinations of chisellers. Every so often, someone drops a lucky five-dollar gold piece into a pay telephone by mistake, realizes it, and advises the operator. On such occasions, in the interests of good will, the company shoots a man out to rescue it.

•

THE Christmas gift of a local young lady to her most favored young man was a pair of socks with Argyle bottoms and olive-drab tops.

Never the Twain

AT a recent literary lunch, Miss Santha Rama Rau, of India, whose new book, "East of Home," about a two-year trip she made through most of the countries of the Far East, had just appeared, spoke of derogatory "fantasies" entertained in the East about the West and in the West about the East—such as this country's disposition to regard the relatively plumbingless Orient as dirty and the Orient's disposition to regard Americans as dirty because they wear their street shoes around the house. This set us to wondering about other such East-West conceptions, or misconceptions, and the upshot of it was that we got in touch with Miss Rama Rau, and she obligingly invited us to tea at the Fifth Avenue apartment of her distinguished uncle, Sir Benegal Narsing Rau, the permanent representative of India to the United Nations. Following an inquiry as to whether we preferred cream or lemon, Miss Rama Rau, who is tall and in her twenties, said, "The West thinks the East is cruel and has a great disregard for human life. Actually, the Eastern attitude toward human life is one of resignation. When you are surrounded constantly by disease and death, you can't get too worked up about it. Asians, on the other hand, feel that Western mothers are incredibly cruel to their children because they make them eat when they're not hungry, go out when they want to stay in, and so forth. Have a cooky." Miss Rama Rau went on to say that Asian mothers indulge their children a great deal more than American mothers do, and that, in the opinion of a Balinese friend of hers, the reason Western artists are so inhibited and so often rebel against society is that when they are infants they have to do so much that is compulsory that it becomes difficult for them to express themselves easily later.

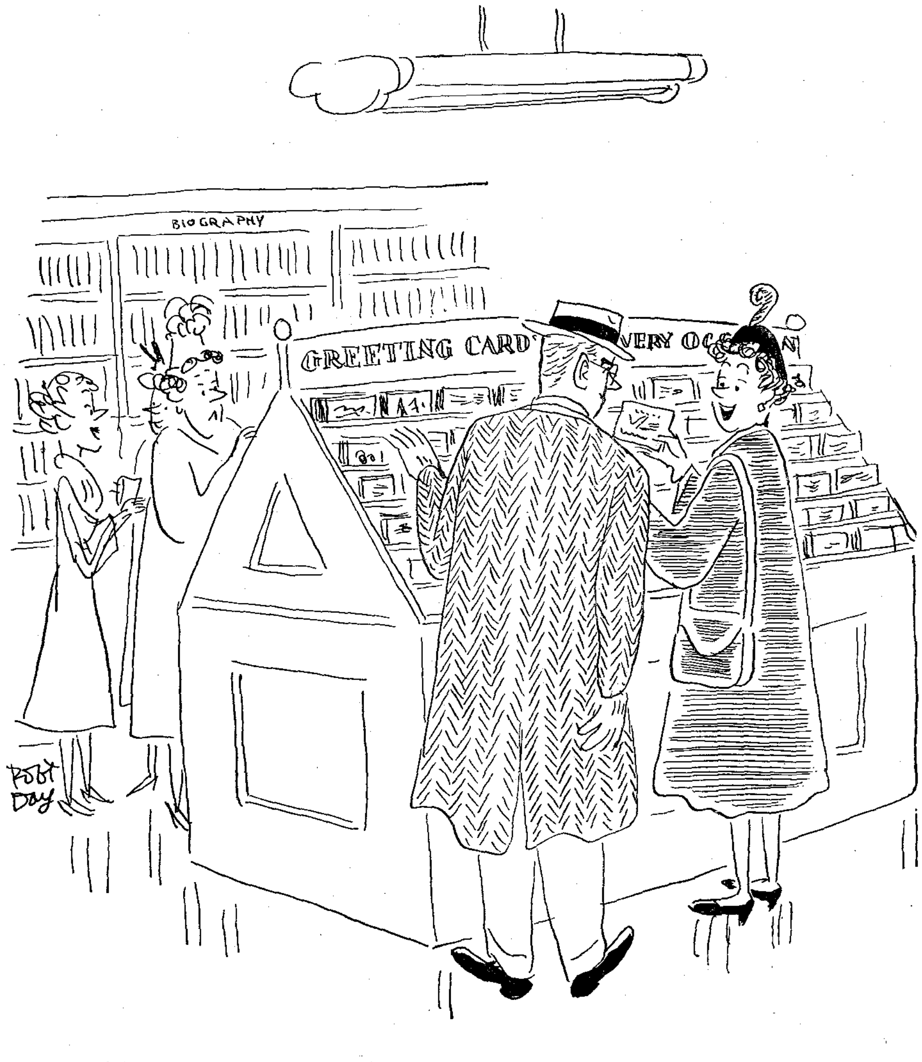
Miss Rama Rau then spoke of the underprivileged position, real or fancied, of women. "Americans feel sorry for Indian women because they don't have equal rights of inheritance and divorce," she said. "But Indian women often say, 'Oh, those poor women of the West! They get kicked out of their parents' homes when they get married, and when they're widowed, they aren't allowed to live with their married children. This couldn't happen in India.' " Miss Rama Rau adduced a couple more fantasies for our benefit, centering on caste and democracy, and on know-how. "Caste seems wicked and undemocratic to Westerners," she said. "They think it is wrong of Orientals to bow to people because they have achieved a certain rank or are old. But rank is often based on character and artistic achievement, and within the caste the rich and the poor are equal. Asians feel that Americans frequently draw a sharp line on the basis of wealth, even if they don't bow." As for know-how, Miss Rama Rau said that the American impatience with the Asian's inadequacy in mechanical skills may be paired off against the Asian's contempt for the average American because he can't grow his own food, weave his own cloth, and build his own house. "Asians feel that America is trying to foist a new way of life on them, and they are rather fond of their own," she said. "An Indian in America is always expected to learn English and to wear American clothes, but Westerners in Asia don't adapt themselves in these regards. They often scorn native customs. Mummy used to say that social insults were probably more responsible for the breakup of the British Empire than anything else."

Miss Rama Rau's mummy is Lady Rama Rau, whose husband was Deputy High Commissioner for India in London in the thirties and Ambassador to this country in 1948 and 1949. Miss Rama Rau attended boarding school in England and completed her education at Wellesley, graduating in 1944. She wrote her first book, "Home to India," when she was nineteen and still in college. In it, she told how India seemed to her after she had lived abroad ten or twelve years. She accompanied her father on a mission to Tokyo shortly after the war, and, through overhearing a conversation in Japanese, a language she has mastered, ran into an interesting native fantasy that had her fooled for a while. "One night at the theatre," she told us, "a Japanese woman sitting in front of me said to another, 'Can you believe it? They bind the children's feet! What everyone says is true—they're very cruel.' I leaned over and said, 'Please forgive me, but I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying, and I must tell you that that isn't true in China any more. It's only the older women there today who have deformed feet.' Well, the two Japanese ladies screamed with laughter. They said they were talking about the Americans in the Occupation Forces, and how shocked they were at the American children's wearing socks and shoes. Japanese children wear *geta* or *zori*, you know—flat soles with a couple of toe straps, so the whole foot is perfectly free."

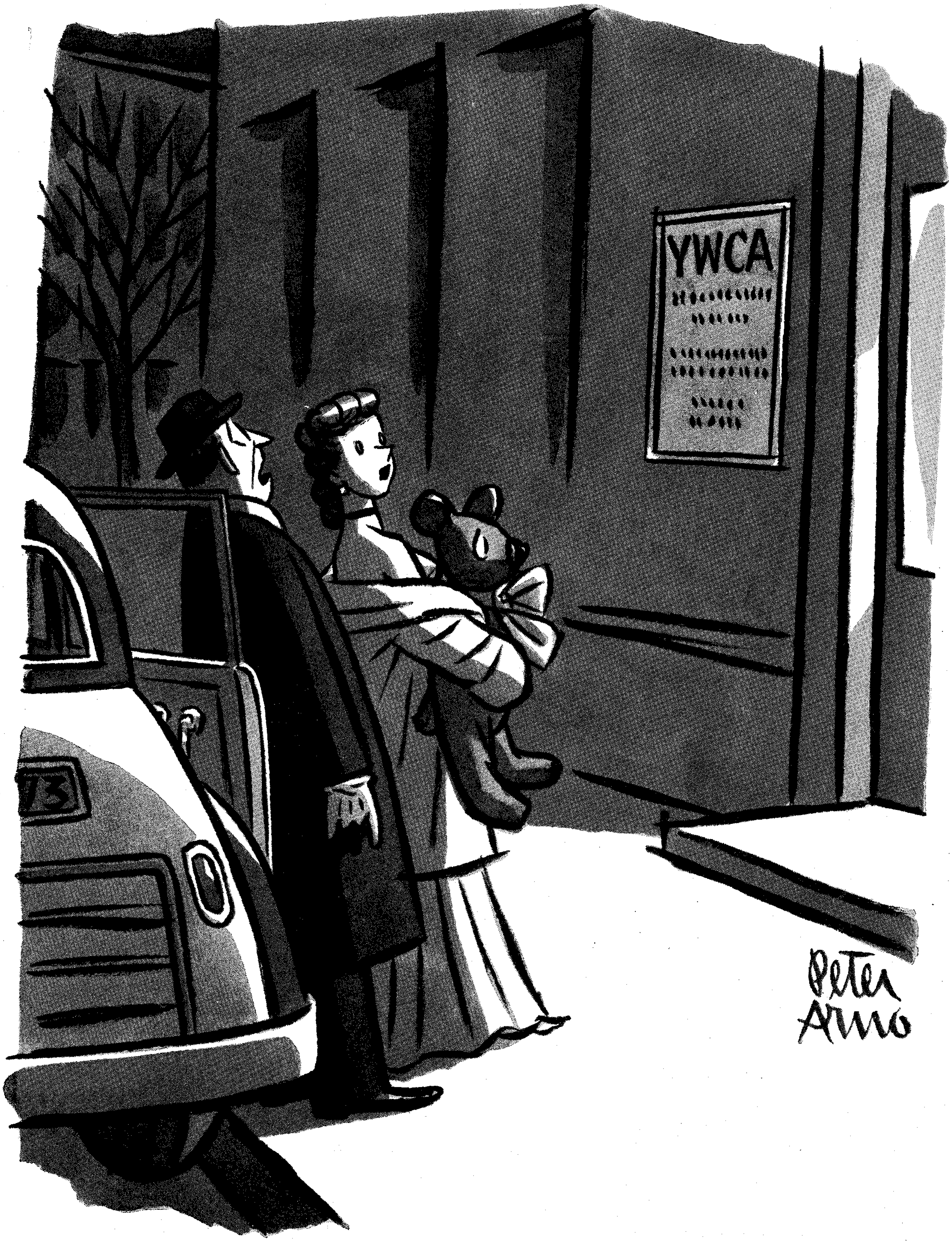
Miss Rama Rau herself is striking an East-West sartorial balance on her visit here—American clothes in the daytime, saris evenings. "It would look funny to wear a sari when you go around the corner for a package of cigarettes," she said.

Winter Quarters

SINCE the advent of the cold weather, a large, handsome, and extremely dirty cat has taken up residence in a parking lot on East Thirty-sixth Street. When a car arrives, it hops onto the hood, nestles there until the radiator cools off, then transfers to a newer and warmer arrival.



"What a cute get-well card! Who do we know that skis?"


YWCA
73
Peter Arno

"You live here?"

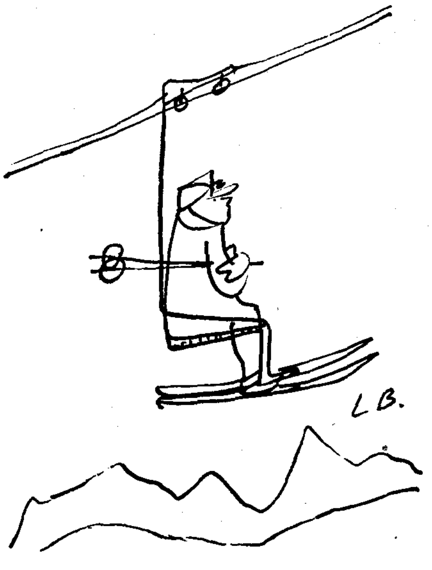
NESSELRODE TO JEOPARDY

> CITY CRACKS DOWN ON RESTAURANTS IN HOLLANDAISE SAUCE CLEAN-UP
>
> "The sauce is loaded with dynamite when carelessly prepared," a Health Department spokesman declared yesterday. "It has become one of the bureau's worst headaches. . . ."
>
> Many temperamental chefs, it was learned, resent the Health Department's infringement on their culinary art. One chef, for example, refused to tell an inspector how he made the sauce because it was a "secret technique" that he had learned in France.
>
> Several weeks later, five persons contracted food poisoning at the restaurant because of the hollandaise. The Health Department then demanded to know the chef's secret and found that his technique consisted of straining the sauce through a cheesecloth bag that must be squeezed with the hands.—*The Times*.

WHENEVER I turn over the whole grotesque affair in my mind, trying to rationalize the baffling complex of events that overtook me on the French Riviera this autumn, I always ask myself the same questions. What would have happened if Destiny, unpredictable jade, had drawn my laggard feet to some hotel other than the Villa Heliotrope? What if Anglo-Saxon shyness had sealed Colin Rentschler's lips and he had not impulsively come to the aid of a fellow-American in hazard? Would I ever have met that elegant assassin, Colonel Firdausi, of the Turkish secret police, or cowered in the hold of a rusty Greek steamer bound for the Piraeus, or given chase at midnight to a music-hall juggler over the roofs of Montparnasse? In short, why should I, timid recluse, have been wantonly singled out for a supporting role in a nightmare as fantastic as the riddle of the cheesecloth bag, a problem to shame the wildest conceits of an Eric Ambler or a Carol Reed? And why—except that it is highly traditional—do I ask these questions all over again when I should be getting on with my story?

To begin at the beginning, I'd been down at Fez, in North Africa, all summer, working on a book of favorite recipes of famous people like Tennessee Williams, Paul Bowles, Truman Capote, and Speed Lamkin, and my nerves were at sixes and sevens. I felt completely drained, used up; I'd pretty well exhausted my emotional bank balance doing the necessary research, and I knew it was touch and go unless I immured myself in some quiet pied-à-terre where I could slough off superficialities and organize my material. I shan't burden you with tedious autobiographical details, but perhaps I ought to explain that my people (poor bourgeois dears) left me a goodish bit of money. Praise be to Allah—and the automobile wax my father invented—I don't have to fret excessively about the sordid aspects of life, and hence I've applied myself to living graciously, which I do think is all that matters, really. I mean I sometimes wonder if a properly chilled Gibson or a superb *coq au vin* isn't basically more important than these grubby wars and revolutions everyone's being so hopelessly neurotic about. Not that money's actually vital to my existence, mind you; one art I've mastered is how to make do with the absolute minimum. Given fair seats at the ballet, half a dozen friends with country houses from whom I can scrounge weekends, a few custom-tailored suits, some decent hand-lasted shoes—it's weakness, I know, but I'm fixated on good leather—and three months a year at Montreux or Bordighera, and I can live in a hole in the wall at the Crillon and rub along on a gigot and a crisp salad.

ANYHOW, I'd finally fetched up at the Villa Heliotrope, a modest little establishment on the Estérel coast west of Cannes, and everything was proving utterly ideal. The cuisine wasn't too repugnant, and if *Madame la Patronne* occasionally used overmuch musk on her embonpoint, she at least rationed it in her seasoning. Well, one evening I came in to dinner with a truly pagan appetite. (Ardent sun-worshipper that I am, I'd spent the entire day on the *plage*, baking a glorious golden brown.) I had just dispatched Madame's creditable *rôti* and was attacking the dessert when the chap at the next table cleared his throat.



"Easy does it," he said abruptly. "I wouldn't bolt that Nesselrode if I were you."

"Why the devil not?" I snapped, glaring around at him. Bolting's sort of a sacrament with me, I suppose, and I didn't much fancy the highhanded line he'd taken.

"Because it's lumpy," he said. "They forgot to strain it." I tasted a soupçon and found he was right. I turned back for another look at my neighbor. His lean, dark face showed good bone structure, and there was something about his trench coat and the gravy on his hat that bespoke the inspector of a metropolitan health department.

"Look here," I said, mystified. "You knew that pudding was lumpy?"

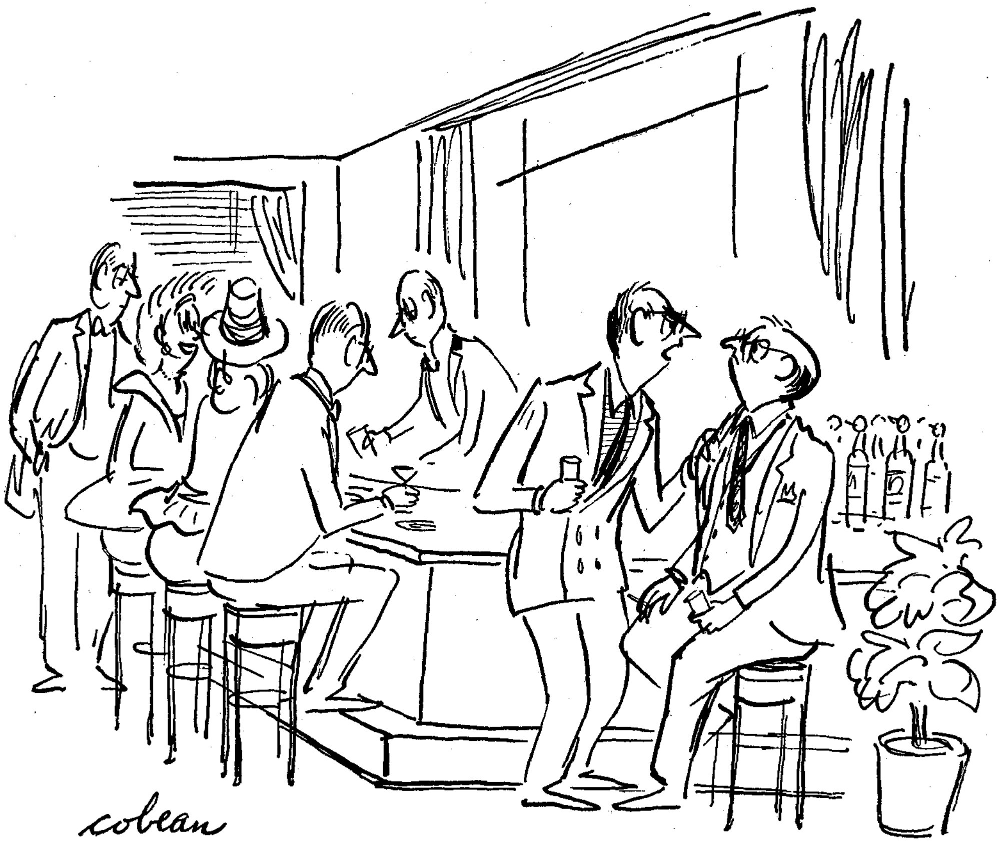
"It's my business to know things like that, friend," he said with an opaque smile. As he rose and passed me, a card fluttered down beside my plate. It bore the legend "Colin Rentschler," and, below, "Inspector, New York Health Department." I was pretty thoughtful the rest of the meal. Something curious was shaping up, and while I'm not especially intuitive, I felt Colin Rentschler might have some connection with it.

I was seated on the terrace that evening, sipping a final pousse-café before turning in, when his loose-jointed figure settled into the adjoining chair. After a rather watchful silence, he made some inconsequential remark about the écru-colored sky's portending the advent of the mistral, the dry northerly wind characteristic of Provence. "Odd écru-colored sky, that," he observed. "Shouldn't wonder if it portends the advent of the mistral, the dry northerly wind characteristic of Provence."

"Yes," I agreed. "Sinister shade, isn't it? It reminds me of—well, of hollandaise sauce that's gone a trifle bad."

I heard the sharp, sudden intake of his breath, followed by a little click as he expelled it. When he spoke again, it was in a tight, strangled whisper that put shudders up my spine. "Then you know," he said. He glanced quickly over his shoulder and leaned forward, his eyes merciless as snails. "Listen. Pierre Moustique has been seen in Istanbul."

"Good God!" I murmured. Like everyone else, of course, I knew that New York gourmets were in a grip of terror due to a wave of hollandaise poisoning, and that Moustique, the chef who had betrayed his secret technique of squeezing the sauce through a cheesecloth bag with his bare hands, had



"My analyst could see right through your analyst!"

• •

escaped to Canada in a hamper of towels, but in the shimmering heat of Morocco I had lost touch with later developments, and my allusion to the evening sky had been made in all innocence. Before I could extricate myself, nonetheless, Fate, in the guise of a health inspector, had altered my future with a single decisive stroke.

"It's incredible"—Rentschler shrugged—"but then so is life. Last Thursday afternoon, Anna Popescu, a Moldavian seamstress in the Kadikoy quarter of Istanbul bearing a Nansen passport, reported that a chef closely resembling Moustique had approached her to repair a rent in a cheesecloth bag, offering ninety piastres. When she hesitated, he fled." His harsh voice stabbed at me, insistent as the cicadas in the Mediterranean night. "Schneider, until we can lay Moustique by the heels and analyze that bag which its poisoned meshes spell finis for unwary epicures, death will lurk in every frond of broccoli. I have two tickets on the morning plane for Istanbul. Are you the man to share a desperate adventure?"

I picked up my glass and, twirling the stem meditatively, swallowed it in a single gulp. A mad, foolhardy errand, I thought, and still the challenge to gamble for consummate stakes awoke a toccsin in my blood. I spat out a spicule of glass, arose, and extended my hand. "Done and done, Rentschler," I said coolly. "I've always taken my liquor mixed and my peril neat, and I see no reason to switch now. Next stop, the Golden Horn!"

Colonel Firdausi, deputy director of the Turkish secret police, hoisted a polished cordovan boot to the edge of his desk and, extracting the monocle from his eye, carefully scraped a bit of *shish kebab* from the sole. As he dusted his delicate, saurian hands with a handkerchief strongly redolent of attar of roses, motes of halvah danced in the slanting beam of sunlight above his head.

"This is a very interesting tale you tell me, gentlemen," he said with a smile. Colonel Firdausi's smile could have refrigerated a whole chain of Turkish frozen-food stores. "But I do not see precisely why you come to me. Surely you do not imply Pierre Moustique is still in Istanbul?"

"I imply that and more." Rentschler's left forefinger traced what was seemingly an idle pattern on the dusty arm of his chair, and then I realized with a start that he was scribbling a message to me. "Watch this man's mouth," it read, in Italian. "It is willful, sensual, that of a sybarite who will not cavil at resorting to violence if he is bilked." My colleague chuckled thinly, his steady gaze meeting Firdausi's square. "I imply, my dear Colonel, that he is in this selfsame room at the moment."

"You cease to amuse me, Monsieur." The Turkish official rapped the bell before him peremptorily. "The interview is ended. My secretary—"

"One second," cut in Rentschler. "Have you ever heard of the Club Libido, in Pera? No? Allow me to refresh your memory. The principal chanteuse at the Libido is Marie Farkas, a naturalized Transylvanian travelling under a League of Nations passport."

"Neither you nor Marie could possibly hope to surprise me," returned Firdausi icily. "I have been sleeping with the lady fifteen years."

"And therefore enjoy considerable seniority over me," admitted Rentschler. "Nevertheless, she has been fickle enough to confide that on your last two nuptial flights you wore a chef's cap, with the name of Pierre Moustique inscribed on the headband in indelible pencil."

"Inconstancy, thy name is woman," reflected Firdausi. "Ah, well, there is no use dissembling with such adversaries." Reaching into his tunic, he withdrew a green cheesecloth bag and tossed it pettishly on the blotter. "Is this what you are looking for?" As Rentschler's hand shot forward, it struck the ice-blue barrel of the Colonel's automatic. "Tchk, tchk, impetuous boy," chided Firdausi. "Be so good, both of you, as to lace your fingers over your heads. Thank you. Now, Messieurs, exposition is wearisome, so I will be succinct."

"I will be succincter," Rentschler put in. "The real Colonel Firdausi is reposing at this instant in the Bosporus, in a burlap sack weighted with stale nougat. You are about to bind us back to back in a similar pouch and deposit us alongside him, as a warning to meddlers not to interfere in matters that do not concern them. Need I point out, though, Moustique, that you cannot possibly hope to get away with it?"

"Of course not," agreed the other, withdrawing from his tunic a capacious burlap sack. "Still, in the brisk interplay of Near Eastern intrigue, these little—ah—involutions are mandatory. *Au 'voir*, gentlemen."

Forty-five minutes later, trussed up in the sack, we were jolting in a dray over the cobblestones fringing the waterside. Despite our extreme discomfort and the danger confronting us, however, my companion exhibited no hint of the disquiet that pervaded me. Listening to his tranquil comparison of the respective merits of the pickles obtainable at Lindy's and the Russian Tea Room, one might easily have imagined him in his own club. At length, my endurance crumbled.

"Dash it all, man!" I burst forth. "Here's one pickle your precious department won't get us out of!"

"No, but Victor Hugo will," he said evenly. "I take it you've read 'Les Misérables'?"

"This is hardly the time for a literary quiz," I interjected.

"You will recall," said Rentschler imperturbably, "that at an equally crucial pass Jean Valjean confounded Papa Thenardier and his gang by sawing through his bonds with a watch spring concealed in a penny. Tug manfully at your wrists." I complied, and, to my stupefaction, found myself liberated. The next thing I knew, Rentschler and I were racing through a maze of warehouses and cranes; I remember a ship's gangway clangorous with roustabouts shifting cargo, a lightning descent into a labyrinth of hatches, and, over the bellow of the siren, my colleague's unruffled explanation that we were stowaways aboard the Thessalonian Schizophrene, bound for the Piraeus and Trieste. Actually, we never went to either; a few hours later, Rentschler nudged me and we stole back on land. The whole thing had been a clever feint, for, as he pointed out, nobody was chasing us and there was no reason to slip out of the country illicitly. That night, seated in the aircraft droning toward London, I dully wondered what fresh complications lay in wait for us. But Fate and the stewardess, a shapely Philadelphian named Dougherty travelling under a nylon bust support, gave me back only an inscrutable smile.

THIN fingers of fog drifted across the West India Dock Road, tracing an eerie filigree across the street lamp under which Rentschler and I stood shivering in our mackintoshes. From time to time, almond-eyed devotees of the poppy, furtively hugging poppy-seed rolls, slid past us in their bast shoes, bent on heaven knows what baleful missions. For more than three hours, we had been breathlessly watching the draper's shop across the way, and I still had no clue as to why. Rentschler, shrewd judge of human foibles that he was, must have sensed my perplexity, for at last he broke silence.

"In the split second you saw that bag of Moustique's, Schneider," he queried, "did any thought occur to you?"

"Why, yes," I said, surprised. "I remember thinking there was only one shop in Europe that handles cheesecloth of that type—Arthur Maggot's Sons, in the West India Dock Road. But I still can't fathom why we've spent three hours casing it."

"No particular reason," he rejoined. "It's just the kind of patient, plodding labor the public never gives one credit for in this profession. Come on, let's move in."

Bartholomew Maggot shrugged his vulpine shoulders irascibly and, applying a pinch of Copenhagen snuff to his nostril, opened the cash register and sneezed into it. A half hour's questioning had merely aggravated his normally waspish temper, and it was dishearteningly plain that we had reached an impasse. Rentschler, notwithstanding, refused to yield.

"This man who asked you to appraise his cheesecloth bag yesterday," he persisted. "You say he was hooded and smelled of attar of roses, but surely you must have noticed something unusual about him."

"No, sir, I did not," growled the draper. "Wait a bit, though, there *was* something. His lapel had a few grains of rice powder on it—the sort those French music-hall artistes wear."

"You've a sharp pair of eyes in your head, Maggot," complimented the inspector. "It's a pity we don't know where they came from."

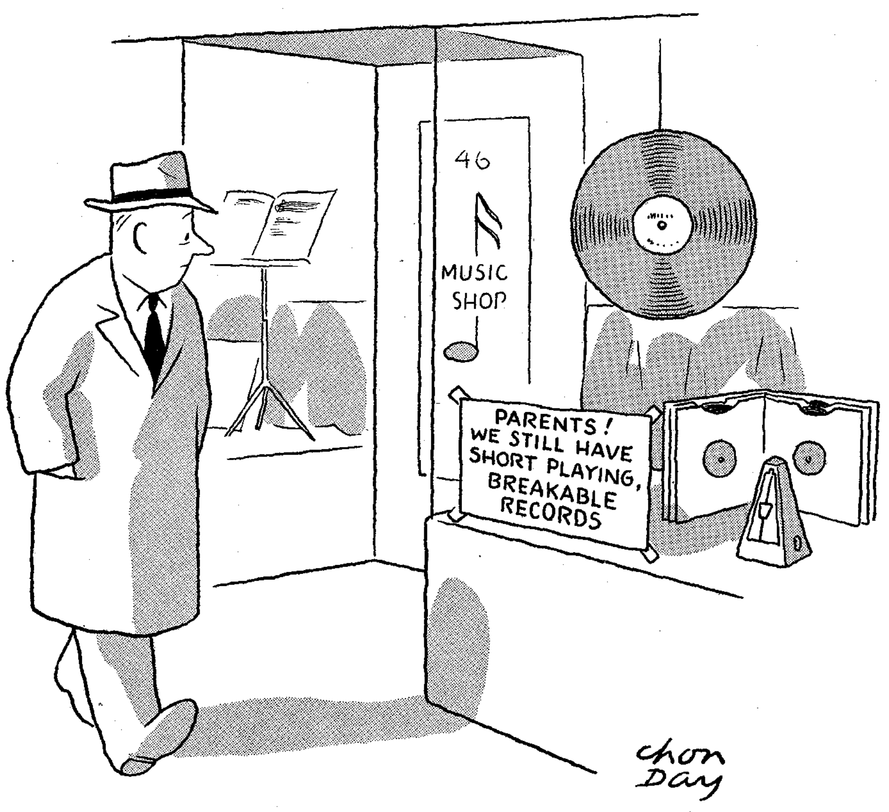
"Why, this one came from Harrod's," explained Maggot, removing it. "It's glass, as you see, and has a little Union Jack in it. The other—"

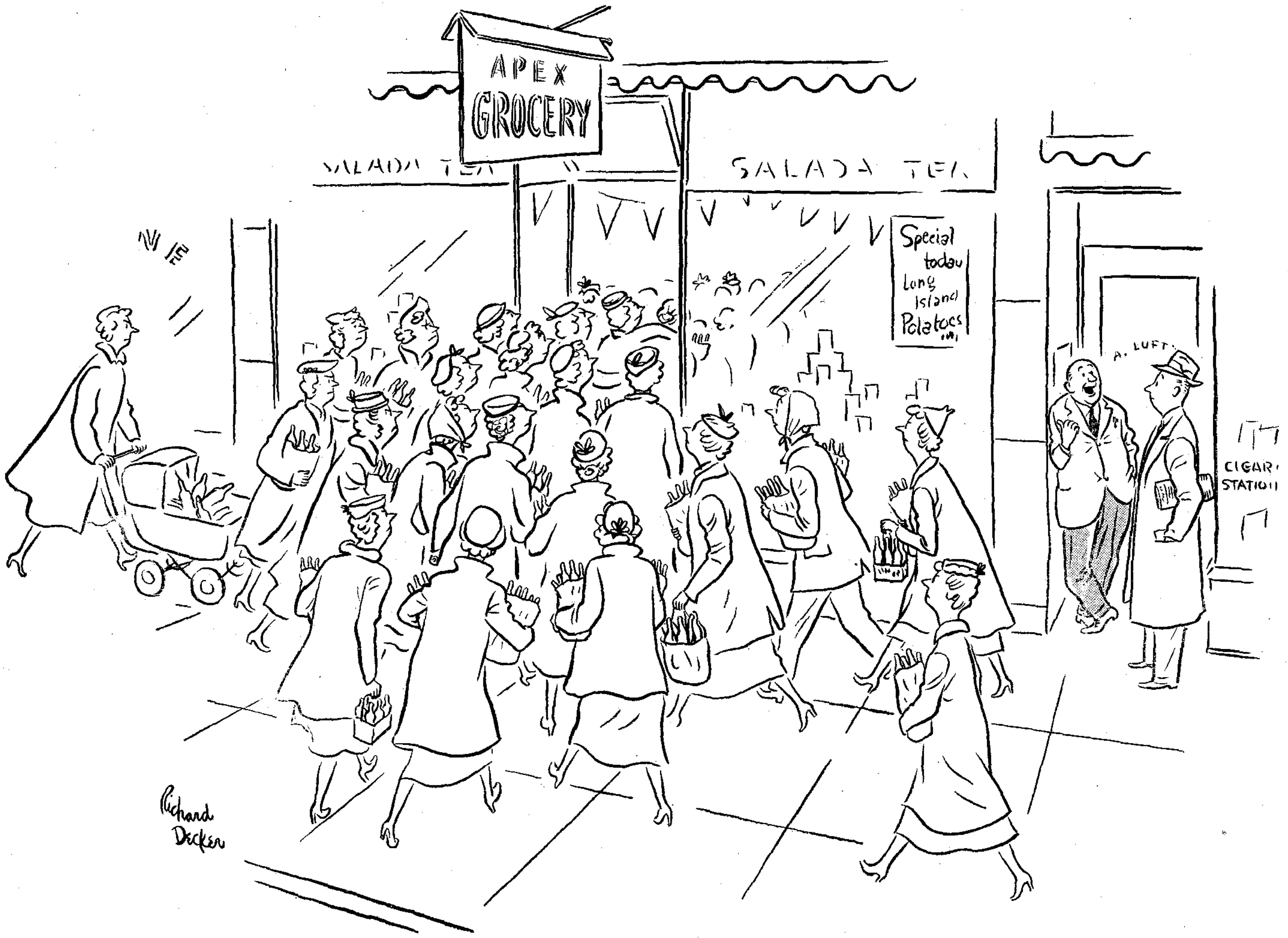
"No, no, the grains," Rentschler interrupted testily. "Haven't you any idea which music-hall uses that type of powder?"

"Let me see," said Maggot slowly. "The cove was carrying a theatrical valise with the name of Pierre Moustique, Bobino Theatre, Rue de la Gaité, Paris, France, painted on it in white letters, but I didn't really pay much mind."

"Humph," muttered Rentschler. His quick, deductive mind had caught something of importance in the other's words. "A very good evening to you, Mr. Maggot, and now, Schneider, to Paris *en grand vitesse.* Are you hungry? I think I can promise a ragout spiced with melodrama and served piping hot." I have often thought the world lost a major poet when Colin Rentschler joined the New York Health Department.

THE mingled scent of caporal, cheap perfume, and garlic hung like a pall over the motley audience jamming the stalls of the Bobino, the Left Bank's most popular vaudeville. A


46
MUSIC SHOP
PARENTS! WE STILL HAVE SHORT PLAYING, BREAKABLE RECORDS
Chon Day



"Someone started a rumor they couldn't pay off on their bottle deposits."

• •

succession of weight-lifters, trained dogs, diseuses, and trick cyclists had displayed their enchantments, and now, as the curtain rose on the final turn and M. l'Inconnu, the masked juggler, strode into the glare of the footlights, my heart began beating like a trip hammer. Those delicate, saurian hands, the heavy odor of attar of roses—I racked my memory vainly, trying to recollect where I had met them before. A buzz of excited speculation rose from the patrons surrounding us; rumor ran rife that l'Inconnu was an unfrocked chef from New York, a quondam Turkish police official, a recent arrival from Limehouse, but none knew for sure. Yet some sixth sense told me that Rentschler, his hawk's profile taut in the darkness beside me, was close to the answer.

"*Messieurs et dames!*" The guttural voice of Pierre Moustique suddenly set my every nerve atingle. "I now attempt a feat to dizzy the imagination, keeping *trois boules* [three balls] suspended in the air simultaneously!" From the depths of his cape, he brought forth a green cheesecloth bag and spun three mothballs into swift rotating motion.

Rentschler sprang up with a choked cry. "*Gobe-mouche* that I am! Blockhead!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see, Schneider? That's why the hollandaise laid those diners low—he used that very bag to squeeze the sauce, indifferent to the fact that it had contained mothballs! Seal the exits! Stop that man!" But it was too late; with a snarled imprecation, Moustique sprang toward the wings. In the shrill hubbub that ensued, I inexplicably found myself dancing a java with a comely grisette; then Rentschler, flinging people aside like ninepins, was pulling me through a skylight and we were hurtling across the rooftops after our quarry. In reality, my associate explained as we hurtled, Moustique had left the Bobino in a cab, but protocol precluded our following him in any such mundane fashion.

"He's heading for the Ritz," panted the inspector. "A group of asparagus connoisseurs are holding their annual feed there tonight, which the columns of *Le Figaro* have been full of it for a week. Superfluous to add that if this blackguard, who is cooking for them under a nom de plume, compounds his lethal dressing, why the poor bastards will be stretched out in windrows. I've a pretty—good—hunch, though," he panted on, clearing the Rue du Cherche-Midi with a bound, "that we're about to tie a kink in his mayonnaise whip."

WELL, we didn't. Two minutes afterward, Rentschler tripped over a loose gargoyle and dashed out his brains in the Quai Voltaire. I pressed on to the Ritz, but I must have crept in through the wrong dormer, because I wound up at a too, too marvellous gala at the Vicomtesse de Noailles'. Edith and Osbert and Sacheverell were there, and they gave me a simply divine recipe for my book. It's called Continental Upside-Down Chowchow, and here's what you do. You take a double handful of exotic locales . . .

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

Mrs. Frohmiller in turn maintained the Republicans had not taken a stand on a proposed initiative to legalize grumbling in the State.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Lord knows they *do* enough of it.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

THE TREE ON THE DIAMOND

MY grandfather built the first house on Bryden Road nearly seventy years ago, and until recently a granite carriage stone bearing the carved legend "Fisher, 1884" marked the point of his bold pioneering east of Parsons Avenue. I don't know what became of the stone; perhaps it is buried somewhere in a city dump, the old iron hitching post festering nearby.

Commerce began to creep eastward in Columbus, Ohio, a long time ago, following the route of the Great Run the day the dam broke and obliterating the quiet landmarks of the carriage years. The last I heard, my grandfather's house had been cut up into apartments, and I find it hard to picture the rambling coolness of the old place quartered and confined. Group civilization has come to the corner of Parsons and Bryden Road, and I suppose the individual has taken on the gray color of the mass. But there were individuals about during the first decade of the century, each possessed of his own bright and separate values.

There was George Harvey, the odd-jobs man, who claimed to be eighty, might have been seventy, but worked like a man of fifty when he put his mind and back to it. George always wore a smile and a dark-blue shirt spangled with medals and ribbons that came from curio shops, state fairs, and the attic trunks of his various employers, but George said he had won them all in the Civil War. It seems that he had been a slave and that he had freed himself. Once I asked him, "How did you do that, George?," and he broke into his loud and easy laughter. " 'How did you do that, George?' the boy says!," as if the simple question had been a Johnsonian retort. Our uncertainty about George's age was increased by his fondness for birthdays. He had several a year. "Dis is it! Dis is de real one!" he would tell us gleefully. He would knock on the front door of my grandfather's house on those festive days and say to whoever answered, "Ah want to see Mistah Fishah's bright face this fine mornin'!" The person who had gone to the door would call out, "It's George's birthday!," and from his study at the top of the stairs my grandfather would call back, "Give him a dime!" When George got the money, he would flash his great grin and cry, "Lawd bless de gentleman o' dis house!" When George's birthday fell in fair weather, and the walking was good, he collected lots of dimes, but he was a religious man and he sometimes punished himself for pagan thoughts or other errors of faith by decreeing an anniversary on a day of wind and rain or heavy snow. "Too bad you were born in January," my Uncle Kirt said to him once. "You won't collect many dimes on a day like this." George laughed and laughed and slapped his leg, as he did at whatever any gentleman said, and then he sobered suddenly. "Ah'm repentin' fo' mah sins, Mistah Kirt," he said, "Ah'm repentin' fo' mah sins."

When George died, he was laid to rest wearing all his medals. One of these, my uncle said, was a genuine decoration for valor, and another was the blue ribbon that had been awarded in 1905 at the Ohio State Fair for the best Rhode Island cock in the poultry exhibit.

Then, there was Charlie Potts, my grandfather's stableman, whose getup on his Sundays off was the envy of us boys. The dark-skinned Charlie had a high stack of black, curly hair, glossy with Macassar oil, or whatever they used in those days. He affected light suits, gay shirts, and flowered yellow ties; a bright bandanna bloomed in his breast pocket, and he swung a bamboo cane. He preferred to keep his Sunday destinations a secret. When we boys wanted to know where he was going, he had an invariable answer, accompanied by a mysterious wink: "If anybody should ask you, tell 'em I left you inquirin'." His room occupied a corner of the barn loft, and its walls were covered with colorful posters presenting scenes from plays of the period—"The Squaw Man," "Strongheart," "The Round Up," "The Great Divide," "The Call of the North," and "Arizona"—and photographs of Faversham, Robert Edeson, and Kyrle Bellew. When the automobile replaced the carriage, putting Charlie Potts out of a job, he took a trip to Europe on his savings. He called on us when he came back, to tell stories of what he kept calling the "rather peculiar circumstances" that attended his travels. In Charlie's idiom, the phrase fitted the commonplace as well as the extraordinary. It still does. He lives in a town in central Ohio now, and I phoned him when I was in Columbus a few years ago. "I haven't seen you for thirty years, Jim," Charlie said, "but I ran into your brother Bill, under rather peculiar circumstances, when I was spending a few weeks in Columbus recently." It turned out that he had run into Bill, as everybody runs into everybody else in Columbus, at the corner of Broad and High.

NOBODY I knew in the Bryden Road days stands out quite so clearly for me as Frank James, organizer, manager, captain, and first baseman of the Blind Asylum team, and jealous overseer of the craziest baseball field in the history of the game.

Few of us middle-aged men who knew Frank James as youngsters forty years ago would have recognized him dressed for burial in his full and formal name, Benjamin Franklin James. The Columbus papers revealed that elegant secret in brief obituaries when he died, last spring, at the age of seventy-seven, in the house of a woman relative. They also acquainted us with the news that Frank was part Cherokee Indian. We should have suspected this from his singularly erect posture and his fine, springy step—he walked as if the ground under him were pneumatic—but kids in central Ohio accepted the brown-skinned man as a Negro and let it go at that. I count it a happy wonder that nobody resented, in those innocent years, his sharp-tongued command of a ball club on which every player except himself was a white man.

The catcher, a man named Lang, threw a ball like a bullet and he could take the fastest pitch of any hurler barehanded, and he could have broken his captain in two, but he always obeyed orders docilely ("Bunt it, boy, bunt it! You heah me? *Bunt* it!") and the James insults never provoked him ("What kind o' playin' is that for a grown man, Lang? What kind o' playin' is that?").

The baseball team of the School for the Blind—we called it "the Blinky," in the easy and unmalicious parlance of the young—was made up of employees of the institution. I think Frank James was in charge of the boiler rooms, although the notices of his death credited him with having been an instructor.

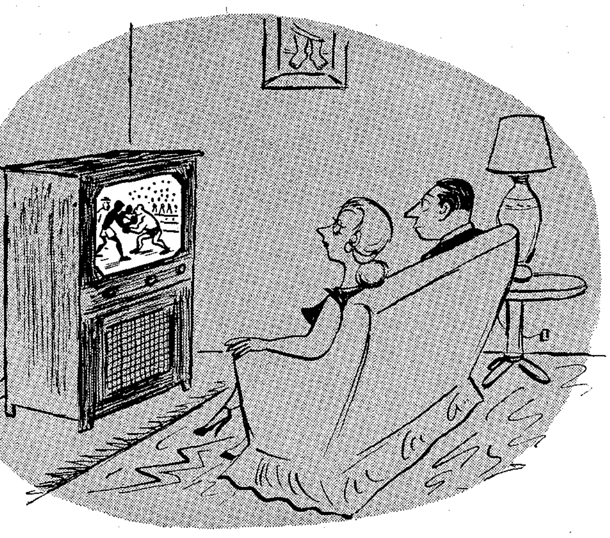
Lang was an engineer, I believe, and the rest of the players came from the kitchen, the laundry, the stable, and other corners and corridors of the gloomy institution.

When my grandfather bought a Thomas Flyer, he put Maud, the family mare, out to pasture and tore down the brick barn behind the house, leaving a clear vista across the Blind Asylum grounds all the way to Main Street. The place was to become one of the landscapes of my nightmares. Its central structure was a massive crawl of dank stone. Even the architect whose dark genius for the ungainly had created the brooding monster must have realized that it needed a touch of light. He stuck a fountain in front of it, but it turned out to be a sullen cub of the mother building, an ugly cone of rock blubbering water from a length of pipe that jutted out of the top.

We neighborhood kids used to play around the fountain, but we rarely saw the blind children there. They seemed to be in class most of the time, and from my grandfather's house the institution often looked deserted. The shouting and laughing of the ball team behind the main building on Saturday afternoons in summer seemed out of place, like the sound of a child's voice calling down an old, abandoned well. We could hear occasional noises from the building—a tray falling, a sharp voice protesting, a melancholy hand running scales on a piano lost in the wilderness of stone.

The main building sent back two brown wings, or tentacles, which invaded Frank James' outfield, as if they wanted to crush the players and stop the game. The left tentacle crept up to within fifty feet of the second baseman, and the other swung behind the center fielder, forcing him to play in and cramping the range of his action. The blunt end of this wing was separated from the stables by thirty feet of paved courtyard, on which the left fielder had to stand, an easy victim of ricochetting balls, frightened horses, and stablemen with pitchforks. If these were the stony frustrations of a Freudian dream, the gigantic tree between first and second was a hazard out of Lewis Carroll. It had the patriarchal spread of Longfellow's chestnut, and it could drop leaves on the shortstop and, with its large and sinewy roots, trip up runners rounding first. Many a hard-hit ball that should have been good for extra bases would cling and linger in the thick foliage of that ancient tree, and drop finally into Frank James' glove, or the glove of his right fielder, who had plenty of time to jog in from his position on the concrete walk beside the left wing and wait for it to come down. Visiting players screamed and cursed, and now and then they would gather up their bats and gloves, stalk off the Dali diamond, and go home, while Frank James, his hands on his hips, exasperation in his eyes, his mouth open—he was always excited and breathing hard—demanded to know what the hell could possibly be the matter with the yellowbellies. Sometimes the finicky enemy would quit in disgust, late in the game, after the James Boys had demonstrated a special and practiced skill in bouncing the ball off walls, losing it on roofs, hitting it into the crotch of the tree, or lining it under the lowest bough, so that it would land on the concrete pavement and roll to Parsons Avenue, a hundred and fifty yards away.

1)



THE miracle men of Parsons Avenue played the post-office team and the city firemen and police, as well as teams made up of employees of other state institutions, and beat them all most of the time. Panting heavily, his sharp, black eyes taking in every play and every player, Frank urged his men on as if each game were the seventh in a World Series. His tongue was never silent, and he always repeated his loud commands to batters at least once: "Lay it down easy, Steffie, lay it down easy!," or "Get me a double, boy, get me a double!," or "Hit it in the tree, keed, hit it in the tree!" It was the same when his team was in the field: "Close in! Close in!," or "Lay back! Lay back!," or "Watch the bunt, boys, watch the bunt!" If a hard-hit grounder took a bad bounce on the uneven terrain, struck one of his infielders on the chest, and bounced high in the air, Frank would scream, "Ovah ya, undah ya, wheah ah ya?" Human fallibility he could not abide. "What's the mattah, keed, can't ya see 'em?" he would bawl if a player muffed a hard chance, or "Use ya brains! Use ya brains!" It is a wonder that nobody ever took a swing at him with fist or bat. If his team was far ahead and sure to win against men confused by walls and branches, Frank's voice softened and his tone grew friendly. He would let his batters use their own judgment. "Your way's mine, Emil, your way's mine," he would say affectionately. Once this same Emil, in the midst of a tight game, stepped to the plate and said to his captain, "I'll get you a home run, Frank." Instead, he popped weakly to the shortstop. "Thanks for the home run, keed!" screamed Frank. "Thanks for the home run!" Nor did his temper and sarcasm wear off. Every time Emil walked to the plate after that, Frank shouted at the opposing outfielders, "Give him room, men, give him room!"

The James Boys lost few games—not more than four or five, I believe, in all the years they played. One reason for this was that Frank could seldom be lured onto the home grounds of any of his opponents. "The boys can't get away from the institution," he explained once to the manager of a club composed of employees of the State Asylum for the Insane. "If the crazy people want to play us, let the crazy people come ovah heah."

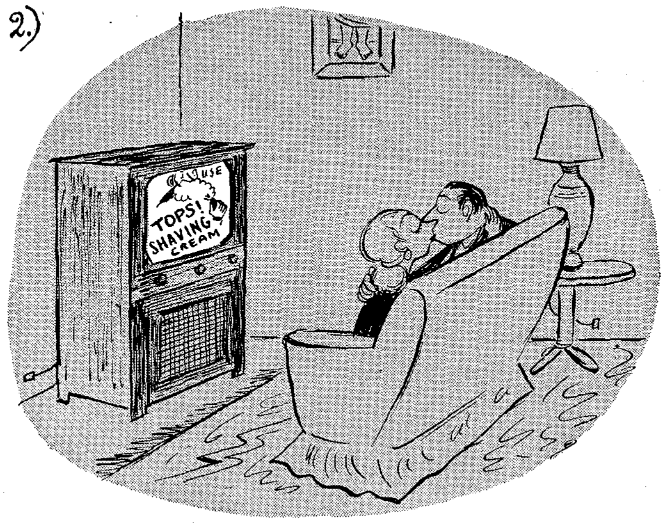
"They are not crazy people," snapped their manager.

"You bring 'em ovah heah an' we'll drive 'em crazy," Frank retorted.

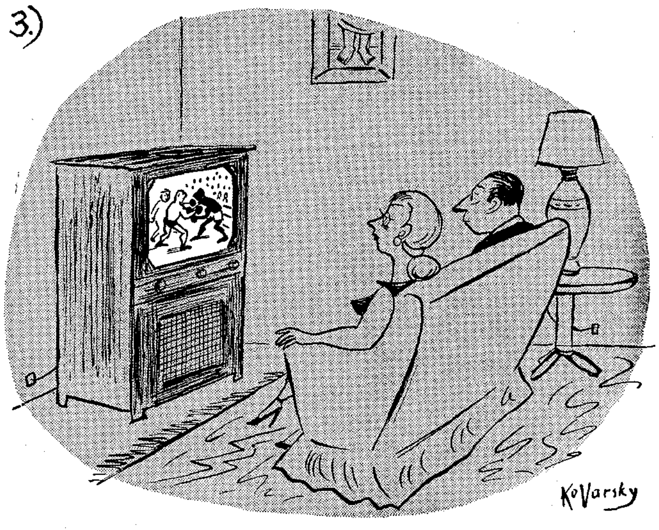
The man stared at the outfield walls, and at the tree that made pop flies out of triples and base hits out of pop flies. "I have no doubt of that," he said testily, and went away.

When Frank James' team did drop a game, he revealed himself as the worst loser in the history of baseball, amateur or professional. He had no heart or philosophy for defeat. The best team had lost, and there was no justice in the world. His voice would grow husky from howling that his men should be inmates, not employees, of the School for the Blind, that they couldn't beat the Columbus School for Girls the best day they ever saw, that the whole team should give up baseball for checkers or lotto, that the Lord God had never seen a man so cruelly betrayed as Frank James. One Saturday afternoon, when I was sixteen, I heard Frank fiercely

2)



3)



bawling out one of his pitchers for losing a game. "You threw your arm out in practice!" he roared. "I told you not to pitch more than a dozen balls before the game, but you threw your arm out." The man stared at him in astonishment. "That was five years ago, Frank," he said. "Are you still bellyachin' about that old game?" Baseball time stood still in Frank James' head and the sore of defeat never healed. Once he had a close call at the hands of a team organized by Mr. Harvey, proprietor of a drugstore on Main Street, near Parsons. The Harvey Boys were all young men of the neighborhood, familiar with the weird diamond and capable of hitting into or under the big tree. The Harveys led, 2–1, going into the eighth, and Frank heaped abuse on the head of the Harvey pitcher, a slender, quiet youngster named Billy Alloway, who had Emil and the others missing his curves and popping up his fast ones. He struck out Frank James twice, but the raging captain continued to berate his men for going down on strikes.

"Goddam it, Frank," said one of them finally, "he fanned *you* twice."

"That's 'cause you upset me," yelled Frank, "standin' up theah an' swingin' at nothin'!"

Frank went right on belaboring the impassive Alloway—"that little boy out theah"—with quip and insult. In the ninth inning, the James Boys clumsied two runs across with the help of the enormous tree and won the game. For the first time in his life, Frank James praised an opposing player. "You pitched a good game, Billy!" he shouted. "You pitched a good game!"

I SUPPOSE that shocked Nature has long since covered that crazy ball field with grass, and, no doubt, crickets sing where Frank James used to stand and shout his insults and commands. Frank would have played on into his sixties, but his eyesight began to fail thirty years ago. He had thought his legs would be the first to go, but we who had heard him bawl the summer afternoons away were sure it would be his lungs and larynx. One story has it that a broken steampipe in the boiler rooms caused an injury that gradually brought on blindness, but, however that may be, he stayed on the job as long as he could see to grope his way around.

Frank James was king of that crazy ball field, but even in his heyday he was not always the center of attention. Since the diamond was the only one for miles around, officials of the institution allowed the boys from nearby Douglas School to meet their rivals there on Saturday mornings—or in the afternoon, if the James club was idle or playing somewhere else. The Avondale Avenue team came from the West Side, bringing with it, around 1908, a youngster of destiny, its captain and center fielder, Billy Southworth, who was later signed by the New York Giants and is now, as everybody knows, manager of the Boston Braves. Hank Gowdy, hero of the 1914 World Series, must have played there, too, in his day, and old-timers distinctly remember Billy Purtell, who went to Chicago fifty years ago to play third base for the White Sox.

In the autumn, the field was turned into a makeshift gridiron, with one goal post, and several famous football stars scrimmaged there as boys: Chic Harley, Ohio State's immortal halfback and three-time All-American; Allen Thurman, whose long, high, spiral punts helped the University of Virginia beat Yale, 10–0, in 1915; his young brother Johnny, All-America tackle at the University of Pennsylvania in 1922; and the celebrated Raymond (Fike) Eichenlaub, plunging fullback of the Notre Dame team of Rockne and Dorais, which dazzled and smashed Army in 1913. I remember young Donald Ogden Stewart showing up one day in a brand-new football uniform and carrying a brand-new football; Bill Burnett, who was to write "Little Caesar;" Carl Randall, who went on to dance in the "Follies;" and now and then little Joel Sayre would toddle over from his home in Rich Street to watch the goings on. Long before their day and mine, George Bellows, from Monroe Avenue around the corner, practiced on the diamond—he later became, among other things, one of the best shortstops Ohio State ever had.

I like to think that the aged Frank James, nearing his lonely end, remembered and was remembered by these "keeds" of so long ago. Some of them he outlived, of course; most of the others left Columbus or moved away from the neighborhood, but at least one, Billy Alloway, was a constant visitor during Frank's last days at the School for the Blind. They would sit in Frank's small office, which held a desk and two chairs, and recall the battles of former years. "You know, Frank," Alloway told him one day, "you should have put chicken wire up in that tree." Benjamin Franklin James turned his head sharply in the direction of his guest. "Ah'm a sportsman, Billy," he said reproachfully, "an' a sportsman don't take unfair advantage."

—JAMES THURBER

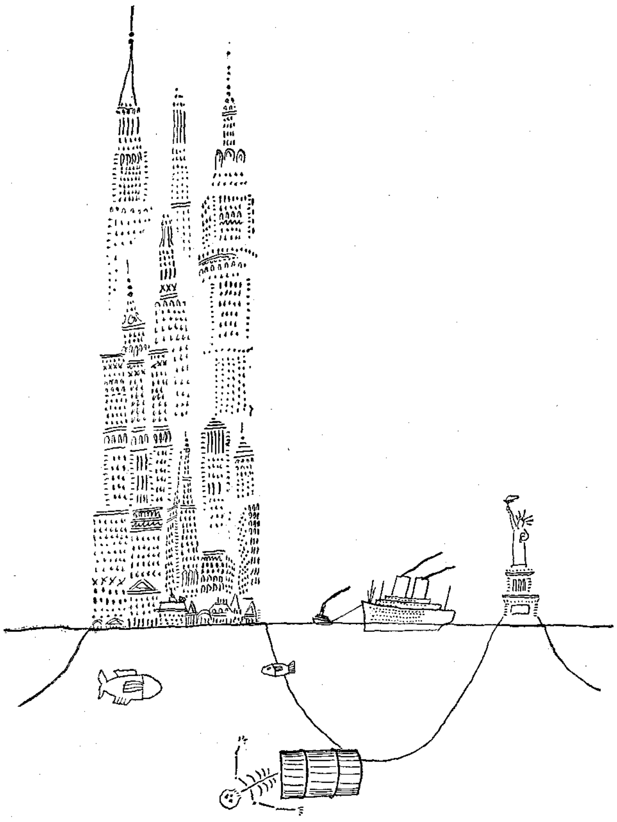
•

We must get over the habit of thinking we have the preponderance of brains and experience in the United States. We need a little humidity.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

Especially next summer.

PROFILES

THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR



THE bulk of the water in New York Harbor is oily, dirty, and germy. Men on the mud suckers, the big harbor dredges, like to say that you could bottle it and sell it for poison. The bottom of the harbor is dirtier than the water. In most places, it is covered with a blanket of sludge that is composed of silt, sewage, industrial wastes, and clotted oil. The sludge is thickest in the slips along the Hudson, in the flats on the Jersey side of the Upper Bay, and in backwaters such as Newtown Creek, Wallabout Bay, and the Gowanus Canal. In such areas, where it isn't exposed to the full sweep of the tides, it accumulates rapidly. In Wallabout Bay, a nook in the East River that is part of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it accumulates at the rate of a foot and a half a year. The sludge rots in warm weather and from it gas-filled bubbles as big as basketballs continually surge to the surface. Dredgemen call them "sludge bubbles." Occasionally, a bubble upsurges so furiously that it brings a mass of sludge along with it. In midsummer, here and there in the harbor, the rising and breaking of sludge bubbles makes the water seethe and spit. People sometimes stand on the coal and lumber quays that line the Gowanus Canal and stare at the black, bubbly water.

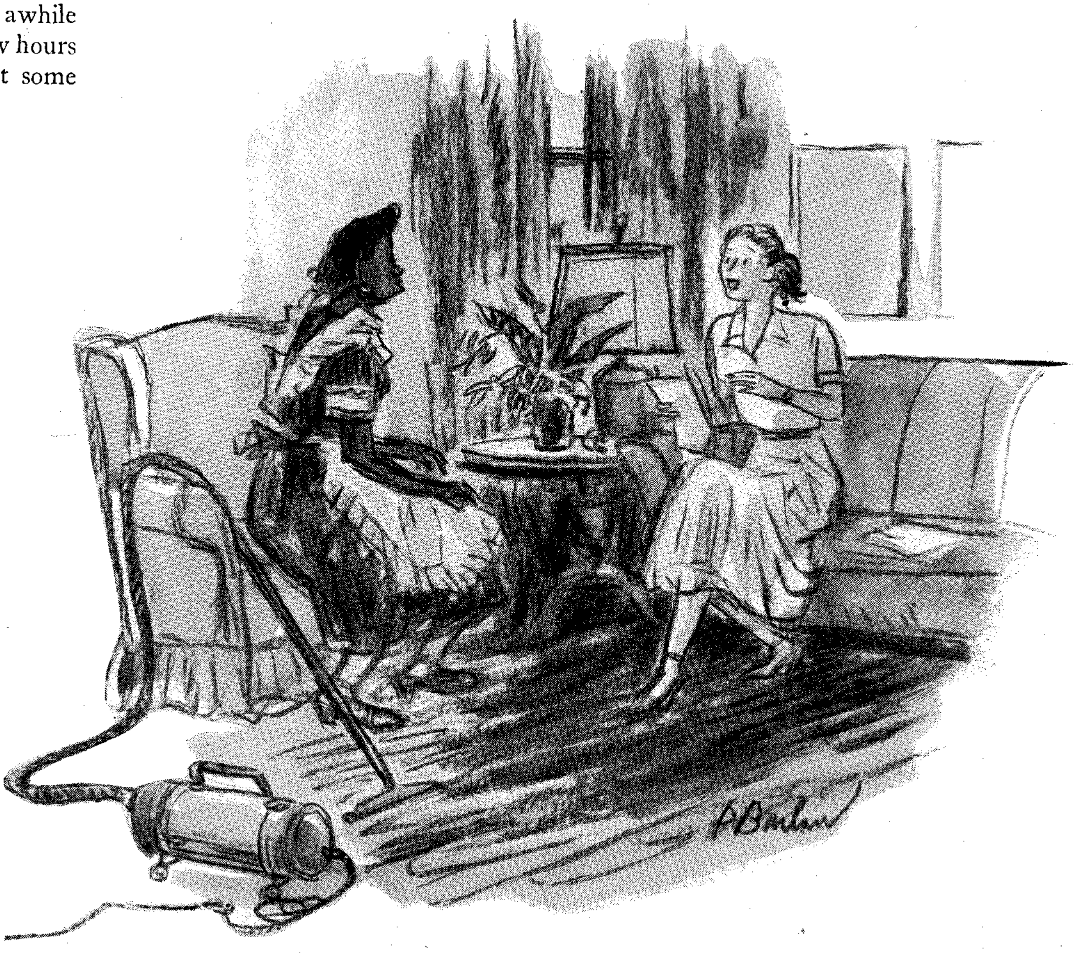
Nevertheless, there is considerable marine life in the harbor water and on the harbor bottom. Under the paths of liners and tankers and ferries and tugs, fish school and oysters spawn and lobsters nest. There are clams on the sludgy bottom, and mussels and mud shrimp and conchs and crabs and sea worms and sea plants. Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty island, is in a part of the harbor that is grossly polluted, but there is a sprinkling of soft-shell clams in the mud beneath the shallow water that surrounds it. The ebb of a spring tide always draws the water off a broad strip of this mud, and then flocks of gulls appear from all over the Upper Bay and light on it and thrash around and scratch for clams. They fly up with clams in their beaks and drop them on the concrete walk that runs along the top of the island's sea wall. The stunned clams open their shells, and the gulls swoop down and snatch the meats out of them. Even in the Gowanus Canal, there are a few fish; the water is dead up at the head of it—only germs can live there—but from the crook at the Sixth Street Basin on down to the mouth there are cunners and tomcods and eels. The cunners nibble on the acorn barnacles on the piles under the old quays.

In the spring, summer, and fall, during the great coastwise and inshore and offshore migrations of fishes along the Middle Atlantic Coast, at least three dozen species enter the harbor. Only a few members of some species show up. Every spring, a few long, jaggy-backed sea sturgeon show up. They come in at the same time as the shad, and now and then one blunders into a shad net and damages it to the extent of fifty to two hundred dollars in a matter of seconds. Every summer, in the Lower Bay, dragger nets bring up a few small, weird, brightly colored strays from Southern waters, such as porcupine fish, scorpion fish, triggerfish, lookdowns, halfbeaks, and hairtails. Every fall, a few tuna show up. Other species show up in the millions. Among these are cod, whiting, porgy, blackback flounder, glut herring, alewife, sea bass, ling, mackerel, butterfish, and blackfish. One species, the mossbunker, shows up in the hundreds of millions. In especially good years, it shows up in the billions. The mossbunker is a kind of herring that weighs around a pound when full-grown. It migrates in enormous schools and is caught in greater quantity than any other fish on the Atlantic Coast, but it is unfamiliar to the general public because it isn't a good table fish; it is too oily and bony. It is a factory fish; it is converted into an oil that is used in making soaps, paints, and printing inks (which is why some newspapers have a fishy smell on damp days), and into a meal that is fed to pigs and poultry. In the summer and fall, scores of schools of mossbunkers are hemmed in and caught in the Lower Bay, Sandy Hook Bay, and Raritan Bay by fleets of purse seiners with Negro crews that work out of little fishing ports in North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey, and Long Island and rove up and down the coast, following the schools.

The migratory fishes enter the harbor to spawn or to feed. Some mill around in the bays and river mouths for a few days and leave; some stay for months. Only one fish, the eel, is present in great numbers in all seasons. Eels are nocturnal scavengers, and they thrive in the harbor. They live on the bottom, and it makes no difference to them how deep or dirty it is. They live in ninety feet of water in the cable area of the Narrows and they live in a foot of water in tide ditches in the Staten Island marshes; they live in clean blue water in Sandy Hook Bay and they live around the outfalls of sewers in the East River. There are eight or nine hundred old hulks in the harbor. A few are out in the bays, deeply submerged, but most of them lie half sunk behind the pierhead line in the Jersey Flats and the flats along the Arthur Kill and the Kill van Kull—old scows and barges, old boxcar floats, old tugs, old ferryboats, old side-wheel excursion steamers, old sailing ships. They were towed into the flats and left to rot. They are full of holes; the water in the hulls of many of them rises and falls with the tides. Some are choked with sea lettuce and sea slime. In the summer, multitudes of eels lay up in the hulks during the day and wriggle out at night to feed. In the winter, they bed down in the hulks and hibernate. When they begin to hibernate, usually around the middle of December, they are at their best; they are fleshy then, and tender and sweet. At that time, Italian-Americans and German-Americans from every part of Staten Island go to certain old scows in the flats along the kills and spear so many eels that they bring them home in washtubs and potato sacks. The harbor eels—that is, the eels that live in the harbor the year round—are all males, or bucks. The females, or roes, until they become mature, live in rivers and creeks and ponds, up in fresh water. They become mature after they have spent from seven to thirteen years in fresh water. Every fall, thousands upon thousands of mature females run down the rivers that empty into the harbor—the Hudson, the Hackensack, the Passaic, the Elizabeth, the Rahway, and the Raritan. When they reach salt water, they lie still awhile and rest. They may rest for a few hours or a few days. Divers say that some days in October and November it is impossible to move about anywhere on the harbor bottom without stirring up throngs of big, fat, silver-bellied female eels. After resting, the females congregate with the mature harbor males, and they go out to sea together to spawn.

Hard-shell clams, or quahogs, the kind that appear on menus as littlenecks and cherrystones, are extraordinarily abundant in the harbor. Sanitary engineers classify the water in a number of stretches of the Lower Bay and Jamaica Bay as "moderately polluted." In these stretches, on thinly sludge-coated bottoms, under water that ranges in depth from one to thirty-five feet, are several vast, pullulating, mazy networks of hard-shell-clam beds. On some beds, the clams are crowded as tightly together as cobblestones. They are lovely clams—the inner lips of their shells have a lustrous violet border, and their meats are as pink and plump as rosebuds—but they are unsafe; they sometimes contain the germs of a variety of human diseases, among them bacillary and protozoal dysentery and typhoid fever, that they collect in their systems while straining nourishment out of the dirty water. The polluted beds have been condemned for over thirty years, and are guarded against poachers by the city Department of Health and the state Conservation Department. Quite a few people in waterfront neighborhoods in Staten Island, Brooklyn, and Queens have never been fully convinced that the clams are unsafe. On moonless nights and foggy days, they slip out, usually in rowboats, and raid the beds. In the course of a year, they take tons of clams. They eat them in chowders and stews, and they eat them raw. Every once in a while, whole families get horribly sick.

Just west of the mouth of the harbor, between Sandy Hook and the south shore of Staten Island, there is an area so out-of-the-way that anchorage grounds have long been set aside in it for ships and barges loaded with dynamite and other explosives. In this area, there are three small tracts of clean, sparkling, steel-blue water, about fifteen square miles in all. This is the only unpolluted water in the harbor. One tract of about five square miles, in Raritan Bay, belongs to the State of New York; the others, partly in Raritan Bay and partly in Sandy Hook Bay, belong to New Jersey. The bottoms of these tracts are free of sludge, and there are some uncontaminated hard-shell-clam beds on them. They are public beds; after taking out a license, residents of the state in whose waters they lie may harvest and sell clams from them. The New York beds are clammed by about a hundred and fifty Staten Islanders, most of whom live in or near the sleepy little south-shore ports of Prince's Bay and Great Kills. Some do seasonal work in shipyards, on fishing boats, or on truck farms, and clam in slack times, and some—thirty or so, mostly older men—clam steadily. They go out at dawn in sea skiffs and in rowboats equipped with outboard motors. When



"I'll put it another way, Lorraine. You see, from now on I pay you only ninety-eight and a half cents an hour. I deduct the other cent and a half and save it up, and every three months I send it to Washington. Now, a deduction isn't a reduction. For every cent and a half I withhold from you, I put up another cent and a half out of my own pocket and send that to Washington, too, so, really, you can look at it as a kind of raise. And when you're sixty-five years old . . ."

they reach the beds, they scatter widely and anchor. They lean over the sides of their boats and rake the bottom with clumsy rakes, called Shinnecock rakes, that have twenty-four-foot handles and long, inturned teeth. Last year, they raked up eighteen thousand bushels. A soup factory in New Jersey bought about half of these, and the rest went to fish stores and hotels and restaurants, mainly in New York City. Every New Yorker who frequently eats clams on the half shell has most likely eaten at least a few that came out of the harbor.

MY NAME AND I

The impartial Law enrolled a name
For my especial use;
My rights in it would rest the same
Whether I puffed it into fame
Or drowned it in abuse.

Robert was what my parents guessed
When first they peered at me,
And *Graves* an honorable bequest,
With Georgian silver and the rest,
From my male ancestry.

They taught me: "You are *Robert Graves*
(Which you must learn to spell),
But see that *Robert Graves* behaves,
Whether with honest men or knaves,
Exemplarily well."

Then, though my I was always **I**,
Illegal and unknown,
With nothing to arrest it by—
As will be obvious when I die
And *Robert Graves* lives on—

I cannot well repudiate
This noun, this natal star,
This gentlemanly self, this mate
So kindly forced on me by fate,
Time, and the registrar;

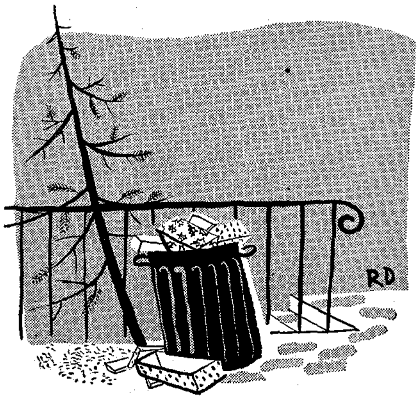
And therefore hurry him ahead
As an ambassador
To fetch me home my beer and bread
Or commandeer the best green bed,
As he has done before.

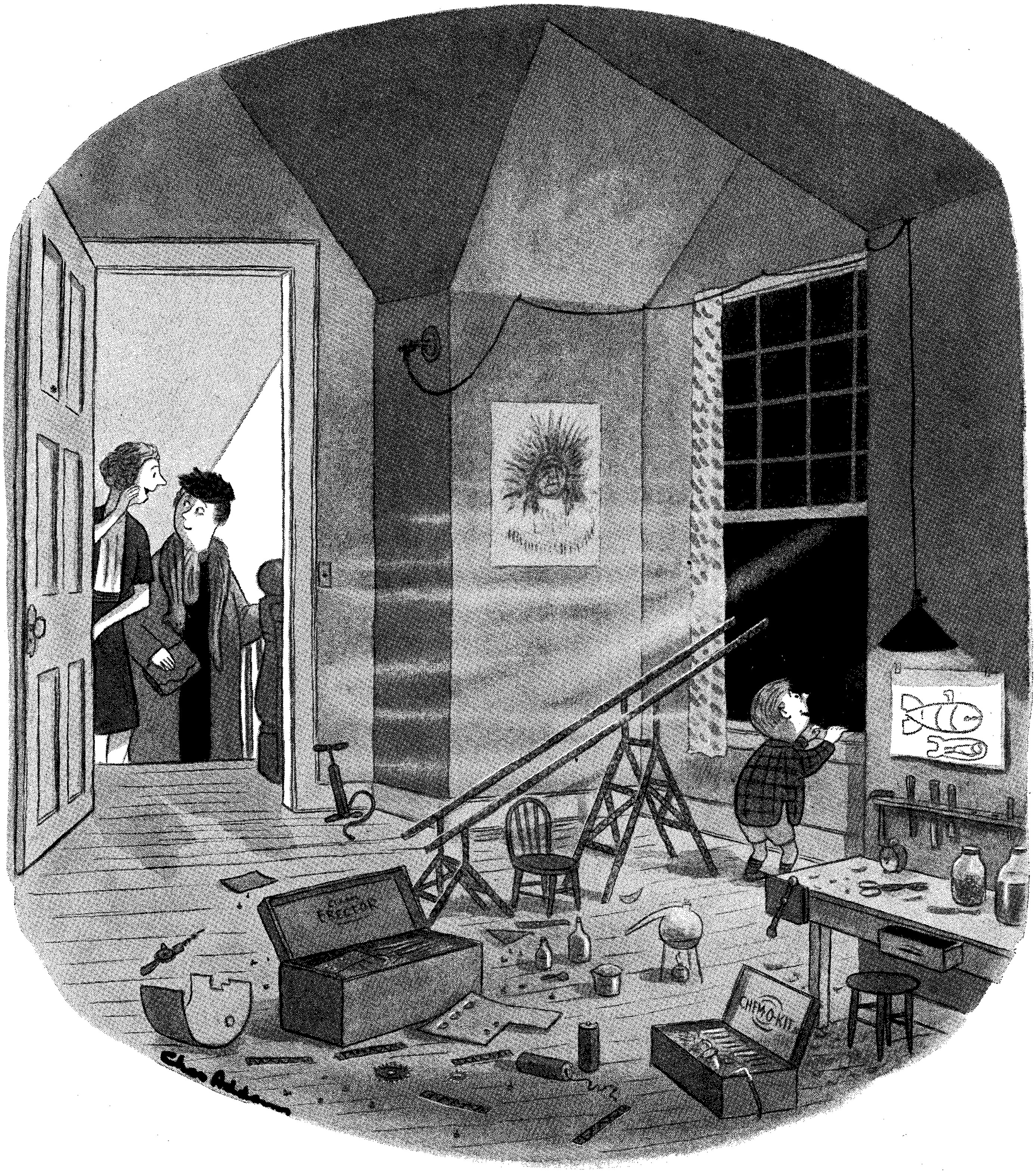
Yet, understand, I am not he
Either in mind or limb;
My name will take less thought for me,
In worlds of men I cannot see,
Than ever I for him.

—Robert Graves

• •

IN Dutch and English days, immense beds of oysters grew in the harbor. They bordered the shores of Brooklyn and Queens, and they encircled Manhattan, Staten Island, and the islands in the Upper Bay; to the Dutch, Ellis Island was Oyster Island and Bedloe's Island was Great Oyster Island. One chain of beds extended from Sandy Hook straight across the harbor and up the Hudson to Ossining. The Dutch and the English were, as they still are, gluttonous oyster eaters. By the end of the eighteenth century, all but the deepest of the beds had been stripped. Oysters, until then among the cheapest of foods, gradually became expensive. In the eighteen-twenties, a group of Staten Island shipowners began to buy immature oysters by the schoonerload in other localities and bring them to New York and bed them in the harbor until they got their growth, when they were tonged up and shipped to the wholesale oyster market in Manhattan, to cities in the Middle West, and to London, where they were prized. This business was known as bedding. The bedders obtained most of their seed stock in Chesapeake Bay and in several New Jersey and Long Island bays. Some bought three-year-olds and put them down for only six or seven months, and some bought younger oysters and put them down for longer periods. At first, the bedders used the shoals in the Kill van Kull, but by and by they found that the best bottoms lay along the seaward side of Staten Island, in the Lower Bay and Raritan Bay. Back then, the inshore water in these bays was rich in diatoms and protozoa, the tiny plants and animals on which oysters feed; it was what oystermen call "thick water." Spread out in it, on clean bottoms, at depths averaging around thirteen feet, oysters matured and fattened much faster than they did crowded together on their shell-cluttered spawning grounds; a thousand bushels of three-year-olds from Chesapeake Bay, put down in April in a favorable season, might amount to fourteen hundred bushels when taken up in October. Bedding was highly profitable in good years and many fortunes were made in it. It was dominated by old-settler Staten Island families—the Tottens, the Winants, the De Harts, the Deckers, the Manees, the Mersereaus, the Van Wyks, the Van Duzers, the Latourettes, the Housmans, the Bedells, and the Depews. It lasted for almost a century, during which, at one time or another, five Staten Island ports—Mariner's Harbor, Port Richmond, Great Kills, Prince's Bay, and Tottenville—had oyster docks and fleets of schooners, sloops, and tonging skiffs. Prince's Bay had the biggest fleet and the longest period of prosperity; on menus in New York and London, harbor oysters were often called Prince's Bays. Approximately nine thousand acres of harbor bottom, split up into plots varying from a fraction of an acre to four hundred acres, were used for beds. The plots were leased from the state and were staked with a forest of hemlock poles; nowadays, in deepening and widening Ambrose Channel, Chapel Hill Channel, Swash Channel, and other ship channels in the Lower Bay, dredges occasionally dig up the tube-worm-incrusted stumps of old boundary poles. Bedding was most prosperous in the thirty years between 1860 and 1890. In good years in that period, as many as fifteen hundred men were employed on the beds and as many as five hundred thousand bushels of oysters were marketed. Some years, as much as a third of the crop was shipped to Billingsgate, the London fish market. For a while, the principal bedders were the richest men on Staten Island. They put their money in waterfront real estate, they named streets after themselves, and they built big, showy wooden mansions. A half dozen of these mansions still stand in a blighted neighborhood in Mariner's Harbor, in among refineries and coal tipples and junk yards. One has a widow's walk, two have tall fluted columns, all have oddly shaped gables, and all are decorated with scroll-saw work. They overlook one of the oiliest and gummiest stretches of the Kill van Kull. On the south shore, in the sassafras barrens west of Prince's Bay, there are three more of these mansions, all empty. Their



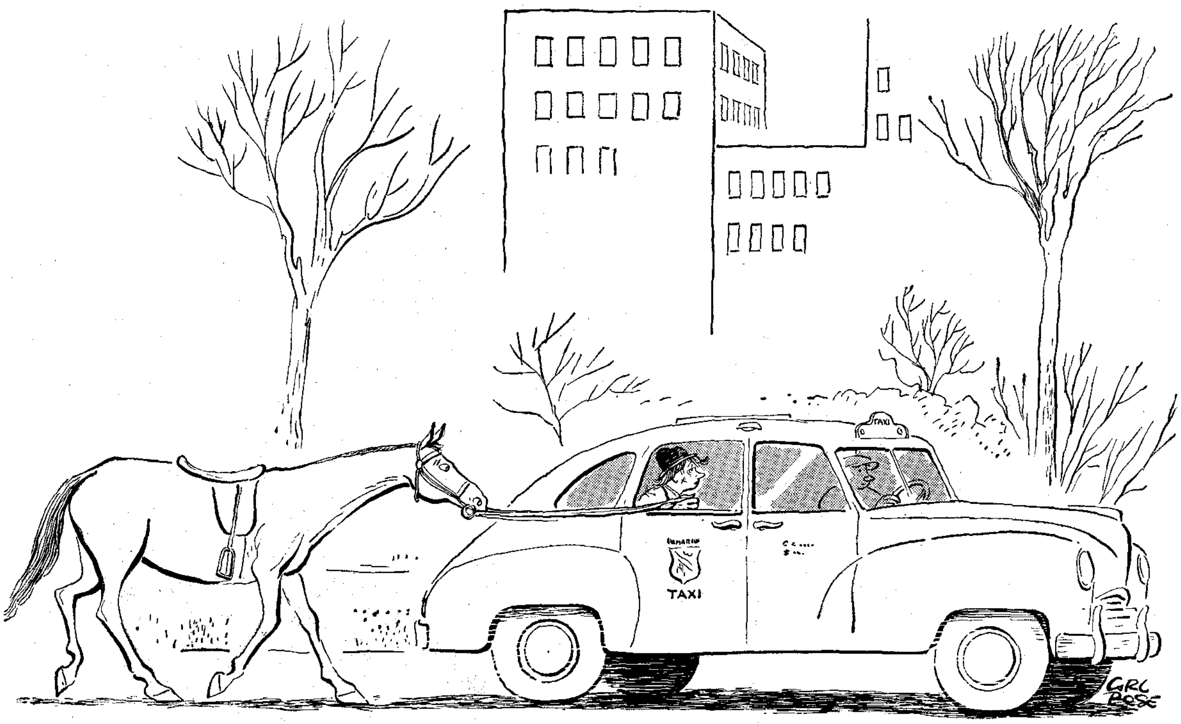


“It’s priceless. Normie’s building a rocket to shoot Pamela to the moon.”

• •

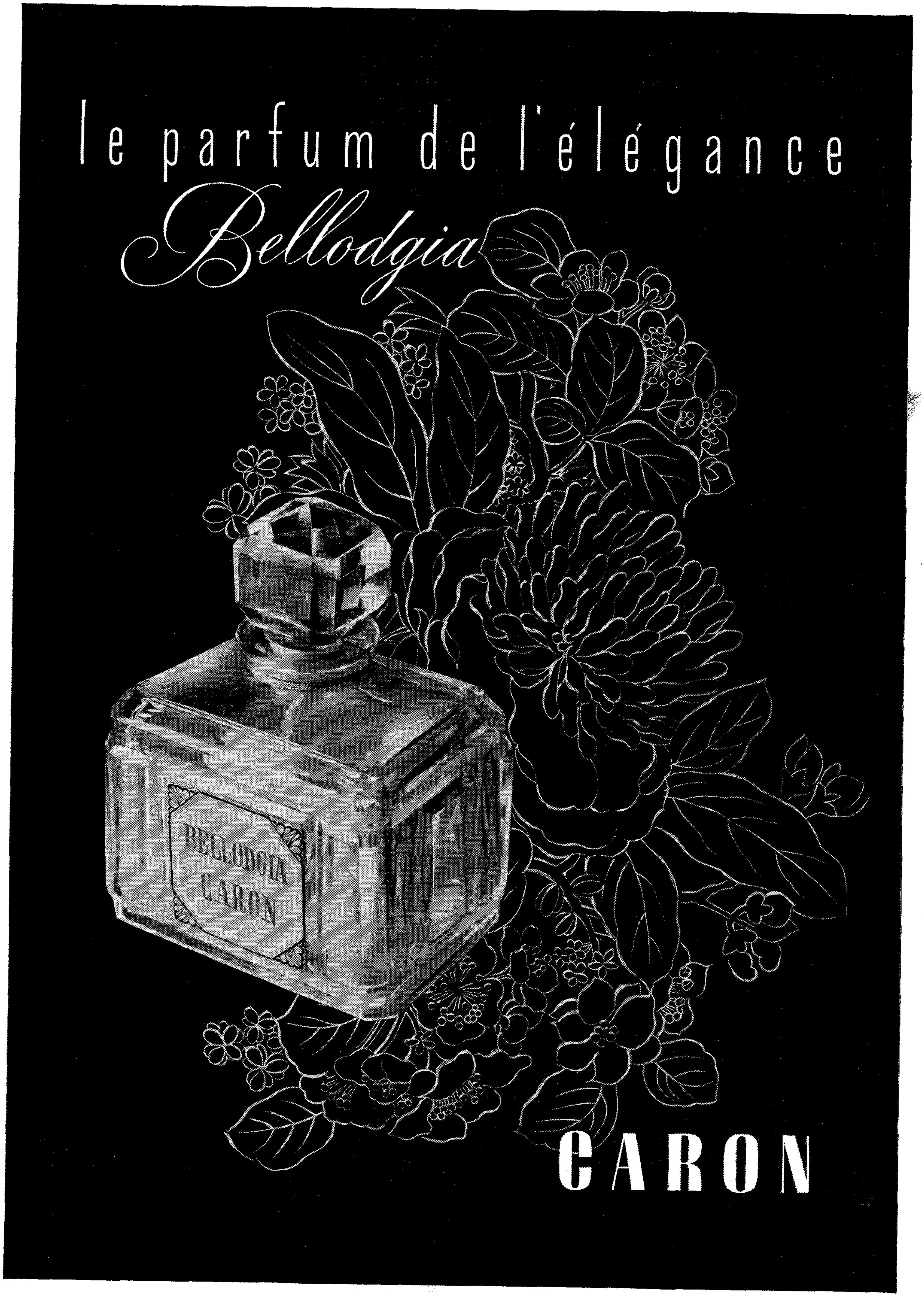
fanlights are broken, their shutters swag, and their yards are a tangle of weeds and vines and overturned birdbaths and dead pear trees. Also in the barrens, at the junction of Woodrow and Bloomingdale Roads, there is a settlement of two hundred Negroes whose forefathers came up from Chesapeake Bay in the crews of oyster schooners and stayed to become tongers on the harbor beds. The settlement is called Sandy Ground. The men in it now either work in the Staten Island shipyards or gather swill from restaurants and run pig farms. Most Sandy Grounders have traces of a Tidewater Virginia accent, and some still plant okra, collards, mustard greens, and other Southern vegetables in their gardens.

After 1900, as more and more of the harbor became polluted, people began to grow suspicious of harbor oysters, and the bedding business declined. In the summer of 1916, a number of cases of typhoid fever were traced beyond all doubt to the eating of oysters that had been bedded on West Bank Shoal, in the Lower Bay, and it was found that sewage from a huge New Jersey trunk sewer whose outfall is at the confluence of the Kill van Kull and the Upper Bay was being swept through the Narrows and over the beds by the tides. The



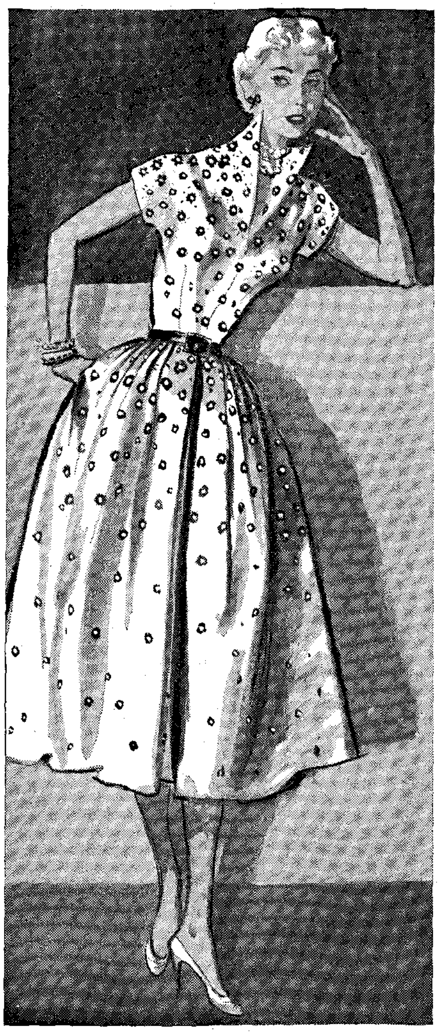
Department of Health thereupon condemned the beds and banned the business. The bedders were allowed to take up the oysters they had down and rebed them in clean water in various Long Island bays. They didn't get them all, of course. A few were missed and left behind on every bed. Some of these propagated, and now their descendants are sprinkled over shoaly areas in all the bays below the Narrows. They are found on West Bank Shoal, East Bank Shoal, Old Orchard Shoal, Round Shoal, Flynns Knoll, and Romer Shoal. They live in clumps and patches; a clump may have several dozen oysters in it and a patch may have several hundred. Divers and dredgemen call them wild oysters. It is against state and city laws to "dig, rake, tong, or otherwise remove" these oysters from the water. A few elderly men who once were bedders are still living in the old Staten Island oyster ports, and many sons and grandsons of bedders. They have a proprietary feeling about harbor oysters, and every so often, in cold weather, despite the laws, some of them go out to the old, ruined beds and poach a mess. They know what they are doing; they watch the temperature of the water to make sure that the oysters are "sleeping," or hibernating, before they eat any. Oysters shut their shells and quit feeding and begin to hibernate when the temperature of the water in which they lie goes down to forty-one degrees; in three or four days, they free themselves of whatever germs they may have taken in, and then they are clean and safe. There is a physician in his late fifties in St. George whose father and grandfather were bedders. On a wall of his waiting room hangs an heirloom, a chart of oyster plots on West Bank Shoal that was made in 1886 by a marine surveyor for the state; it is wrinkled and finger-smudged and salt-water-spotted, and his grandfather's plot, which later became his father's—a hundred and two acres on the outer rim of the shoal, down below Swinburne Island—is bounded on it in red ink. The physician keeps a sea skiff in one of the south-shore ports and goes fishing every decent Sunday. He stores a pair of pole-handled tongs in the skiff and sometimes spends a couple of hours hunting for clumps of harbor oysters. One foggy Sunday afternoon last March, he got in his skiff, with a companion, and remarked to the people on the dock that he was going codfishing on the Scallop Ridge, off Rockaway Beach. Instead, picking his way through the fog, he went up to the West Bank and dropped anchor on one of his father's old beds and began tonging. He made over two dozen grabs and moved the skiff four times before he located a clump. It was a big clump, and he tonged up all the oysters in it; there were exactly sixty. All were mature, all were speckled with little holes made by drill snails, and all were wedge-shaped. Sea hair, a marine weed, grew thickly on their shells. One was much bigger than the others, and the physician picked it up and smoothed aside its mat of coarse, black, curly sea hair and counted the ridges on its upper shell and said that it was at least fourteen years old. "It's too big to eat on the half shell," he told his companion. He bent over the gunnel of the skiff and gently put it back in the water. Then he selected a dozen that ranged in age from four to seven years and opened them. Their meats were well developed and gray-green and glossy. He ate one with relish. "Every time I eat harbor oysters," he said, "my childhood comes floating up from the bottom of my mind." He reflected for a few moments. "They have a high iodine content," he continued, "and they have a characteristic taste. When I was a boy in Prince's Bay, the old bedders used to say that they tasted like almonds. Since the water went bad, that taste has become more pronounced. It's become coppery and bitter. If you've ever tasted the little nut that's inside the pit of a peach, the kernel, that's how they taste."

THE fish and shellfish in the harbor and in the ocean just outside provide all or part of a living for about fifteen hundred men who call themselves baymen. They work out of bays and inlets and inlets within inlets along the coasts of Staten Island, Brooklyn, and Queens. Some baymen clam on the public beds. Some baymen set eelpots. Some baymen set pound nets, or fish traps. Pound nets are strung from labyrinths of stakes in shoal areas, out of the way of the harbor traffic. Last year, during the shad, glut-herring, and mossbunker migrations, forty-one of them were set off the Staten Island coast, between Midland Beach and Great Kills, in an old oyster-bedding area. Some baymen go out in draggers, or small trawlers, of which there are two fleets in the harbor. One fleet has sixteen boats, and ties up at two shaky piers on Plumb Beach Channel, an inlet just east of Sheepshead Bay, on the Brooklyn coast. The other has nine boats, and ties up alongside a quay on the west branch of Mill Basin, a three-branched inlet in the bulrush marshes in the Flatlands neighborhood of Brooklyn. The majority of the men in both fleets are Italian-Americans, a few of whom in their youth fished out of the Sicilian ports of Palermo and Castellammare del Golfo. Some of them tack saints' pictures and miraculous


le parfum de l'élégance
Bellodgia
BELLODGIA
CARON
CARON

© Caron, 1950

New as 1951



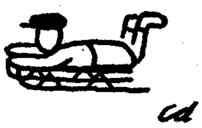
RESORT WHITE
splashed with black

Nothing fresher, nothing
newer, nothing *prettier*
under the sun! . . .
sparkling white pique,
sprinkled with unheard-
of black daisies and
glistening with rhinestones
all across the shoulders.
Leaf-crisp and lovely,
fitted to a tiny waist
ringed in velvet, and
softly full in the skirt.
10 to 16. **39.95**
3rd Floor

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6
Please order by Style Number N-44
Postage prepaid everywhere in the U. S.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
AND 15 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

medals and scapular medals and little evil-eye amulets on the walls of their pilothouses. The amulets are in the shape of hunchbacks, goat horns, fists with two fingers upraised, and opened scissors; they come from stores on Mulberry Street and are made of plastic. The harbor draggers range from thirty to fifty feet and carry two to five men. According to the weather and the season, they drag their baglike nets in the Lower Bay or in a fishing ground called the Mud Hole, which lies south of Scotland and Ambrose Lightships and is about fifteen miles long and five to ten miles wide. The Mud Hole is the upper part of the Old Hudson River Canyon, which was the bed of the river twenty thousand years ago, when the river flowed a hundred and twenty-five miles past what is now Sandy Hook before it reached the ocean. The draggers catch lower-depth and bottom feeders, chiefly whiting, butterfish, ling, cod, porgy, fluke, and flounder. They go out around 4 A.M. and return around 4 P.M., and their catches are picked up by trucks and taken to Fulton Market.



Some baymen set lines of lobster pots. In days gone by, there was a bountiful stock of lobsters in the harbor. Between 1915 and 1920, owing to pollution and overfishing and the bootlegging of berries, which are egg-carrying lobsters, and shorts and crickets, which are undersized lobsters, the stock began dwindling at a rapid rate. As late as 1920, forty-five lobstermen were still working the Upper Bay, the Narrows, and the Lower Bay. They ran out of seven inlets in Brooklyn and Staten Island, and their buoys dipped and danced all the way from the Statue of Liberty to the Hook. Every year in the twenties, a few of them either dropped out for good or bought bigger boats and forsook the bays and started setting pots out beyond the three-mile limit, in the harbor approaches. By 1930, only one lobsterman of any importance, Sandy Cuthbert, of Prince's Bay, continued to work the bays. In the fall of that year, at the close of the season, Mr. Cuthbert took up his pots—he had two hundred and fifty—and stacked them on the bank of Lemon Creek, an inlet of Prince's Bay, and went into the rowboat-renting and fish-bait business. His pots are still there, rotting; generations of morning-glory and wild-hop vines are ravelled in their slats and hold them together. During the thirties and forties, the lobsters began coming back, and divers say that now there are quite a few nests in the Upper Bay and many nests in the Lower Bay. However, they are still too scarce and scattered to be profitable. Sometimes, while repairing cables or pipelines on the bottom in parts of the Lower Bay where the water is clear and the visibility is good, divers turn over rocks and pieces of waterlogged driftwood and lobsters scuttle out and the divers pick them up and put them in the tool sacks hooked to their belts. At present, there are nine lobster boats working out of the harbor—six out of Plumb Beach; two out of Ulmer Park, on Gravesend Bay; and one out of Coney Island Creek. They are of the sea-skiff type. They range from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet, they are equipped with gasoline engines that are strong enough for much bigger boats, and, except for canvas spray hoods, they are open to the weather. The men on these boats are Scandinavians and Italians. They set their pots in a section of the Mud Hole southeast of Ambrose Lightship where the water in most places is over a hundred feet deep. They use the trawl method, in which the pots are hung at intervals from thick, tarred lines half a mile long; as a rule, thirty-five pots are hung from each line. The lines are buoyed at both ends with bundles of old, discarded ferryboat life preservers, which the lobstermen buy from a ship chandler in Fulton Market, who buys them from the Department of Marine and Aviation. Once a day, the lines are lifted, and each pot is pulled up and emptied of lobsters and chewed-up bait and stray crabs and fish, and rebaited with three or four dead mossbunkers. The coastwise and South American shipping lanes cross the lobster grounds in the Mud Hole, and every now and then a ship plows into a line and tears it loose from its buoys. Dump scows with rubbish from the city sometimes unload on the grounds and foul the lines and bury the pots. Mud Hole lobsters are as good as Maine lobsters; they can't be told apart. Some are sold to knowledgeable Brooklyn housewives who drive down to the piers in the middle of the afternoon, when the boats come in, and take their pick, but most are sold to Brooklyn restaurants. A boat working seven lines, which is the average, often comes in with around two hundred and fifty pounds.

A good many baymen work on public fishing boats that take sports fishermen out to fishing grounds in the harbor, in the harbor approaches, and along the Jersey coast. These boats are of two types—charter and party. Charter boats are cabin cruisers that may be hired on a daily or weekly basis. They are used for going after roaming surface feeders, big and small. Most of them are equipped with fighting chairs, fish hoists, and other contrivances for big-game fishing. They go out in the Lower Bay, Sandy Hook Bay, and Raritan Bay for striped bass, bluefish, and mackerel, and they go out to the Mud Hole and the Jersey grounds for tuna, albacore, bonito, and skipjack. They carry a captain and a mate, who baits and gaffs. Great Kills, which has fifteen boats, and Prince's Bay, which has eight, are the principal charter-boat ports in the harbor.

Party boats, also called open boats, are bigger boats, which operate on regular schedules and are open to anyone who has the fare; it varies from three and a half to five dollars a day. Sheepshead Bay is the principal party-boat port. It has over fifty boats. All of them leave from Emmons Avenue, which many people consider the most attractive waterfront street in the city. Emmons is a wide street, with a row of fluttery-leaved plane trees down the middle of it, that runs along the north shore of the bay. It smells of the sea, and of beer and broiled fish. On one side of it, for a dozen blocks, are bar-and-grills, seafood restaurants, clam stands, diners, pizza parlors, tackle and boat-gear stores, and fish markets, one of which has a cynical sign in its show window that says, "CATCH YOUR FISH ON THE NEVER-FAIL BANKS. USE A SILVER HOOK." The party-boat piers—there are ten of them, and they are long and roomy—jut out diagonally from the other side. Retired men from all over Brooklyn come down to the piers by bus and subway on sunny days and sit on the stringpieces and watch the boats go out, and rejuvenate their lungs with the brine in the air, and fish for blue-claw crabs with dillydally traps, and quarrel with each other over the gulls; some bring paper bags of table scraps from home and feed the gulls and coo at them, and some despise the gulls and shoo them away and would wring their necks if they could get their hands on them. Among the boats in the Sheepshead Bay fleet are stripped-down draggers, converted yachts, and converted subchasers from both World Wars. The majority carry a captain and a mate and take around thirty passengers; the old subchasers carry a captain, a mate, an engineer, a cook, and a deckhand and take up to a hundred and ten passengers. Some have battered iceboxes on their decks and sell beer and pop and sandwiches, and some have galleys and sell

DIAMOND AND PLATINUM
ENGAGEMENT RINGS

Engagement Rings:	Wedding Rings:
a. $2400	a. $495
b. $1175	b. $275
c. $760	c. $260
d. $635	d. $220
e. $550	e. $125
f. $390	f. Plain Band $40

a. b. c. d. e. f.

Federal Tax Included • Shown Actual Size • Mail Orders Promptly Filled

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

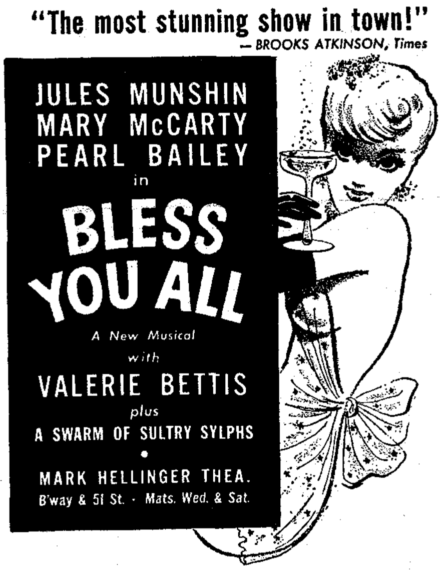
The British Colonial
NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS
Open for the Winter Season Dec. 15—Apr. 15

for a perfect seaside holiday . . .

Surrounded by its own beautiful estate . . . distinguished by superb accommodations and service, the British Colonial gives you Nassau at its finest. Private beach right on the hotel grounds . . . pool and tennis courts in the gardens . . . all water sports at your door . . . golf, riding, polo nearby. Guest privileges at our own and jointly operated Bahamas Country Club. Top-flight sports instruction and exhibitions directed by tennis champion Lloyd Budge, water-skiing star Bruce Parker, and diving ace Clint Osborne. Tea dancing in the gardens . . . dancing nightly in the Garden Grill.

KENNETH ARNOLD
General Manager

For reservations apply
ROBERT F. WARNER ASSOCIATES
588 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. JUdson 6-5500
or your local Travel Agent



"The most stunning show in town!"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, Times

JULES MUNSHIN
MARY McCARTY
PEARL BAILEY
in
BLESS YOU ALL
A New Musical
with
VALERIE BETTIS
plus
A SWARM OF SULTRY SYLPHS
MARK HELLINGER THEA.
B'way & 51 St. · Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, Times

CAROL CHANNING
In The Smash Musical Hit!
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday

"A FASCINATING SHOW!"
—George Jean Nathan, Jrl. Amer.

JOHN GIELGUD PAMELA BROWN
in CHRISTOPHER FRY'S
Romantic Comedy
"The Lady's Not For Burning"
Directed by JOHN GIELGUD
Decor by OLIVER MESSEL
ROYALE THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A COMEDY SMASH!"
—Garland, Jour.-Amer.

RICHARD W. KRAKEUR & FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE
present
CELESTE HOLM
in
"Affairs of State"
by LOUIS VERNEUIL
with
REGINALD OWEN BARBARA O'NEIL and SHEPPERD STRUDWICK
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Tax Included).
MUSIC BOX, 45 W. of Bway, CI 6-4636

hot meals. Some have conventional fishing-boat names, such as the Sea Pigeon, the Dorothy B, and the Carrie D II, and some have strutty names, such as the Atomic, the Rocket, and the Glory. Most of them leave at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10 A.M. and stay out the better part of the day. The passengers bring their own tackle, and fish over the rails. Bait is supplied by the boats; it is included in the fare. In most seasons, for most species, shucked and cut-up skimmer clams are used. These are big, coarse, golden-meated ocean clams. Cut-up fish, live fish, fiddler crabs, calico crabs, sand worms, and blood worms are also used. There are two dozen baymen in Sheepshead Bay who dig, dredge, net, and trap bait. They deliver it to three bait barges moored in the bay, and the bargekeepers put it into shape and sell it to the party boats by the tubful. For five weeks or so in the spring and for five weeks or so in the fall, during the mackerel migrations, the party boats go out and find schools of mackerel and anchor in the midst of them. The rest of the year, they go out and anchor over wrecks, reefs, scow dumps, and shellfish beds, where cod, ling, porgy, fluke, flounder, sea bass, blackfish, and other bottom feeders congregate.

There are many wrecks—maybe a hundred, maybe twice that; no one knows how many—lying on the bottom in the harbor approaches. Some are intact and some are broken up. Some are out in the Old Hudson River Canyon, with over two hundred feet of water on top of them. Some are close to shore, in depths of only twenty to thirty feet; around noon, on unusually clear, sunny fall days, when there is not much plankton in the water and the turbidity is low, it is possible to see these and see schools of sea bass streaming in and out of holes in their hulls. The wrecks furnish shelter for fish. Furthermore, they are coated, inside and out, with a lush, furry growth made up of algae, sea moss, tube worms, barnacles, horse mussels, sea anemones, sea squirts, sea mice, sea snails, and scores of other organisms, all of which are food for fish. The most popular party boats are those whose captains can locate the fishiest wrecks and bridle them. Bridling is a maneuver in which, say the wreck lies north and south, the party boat goes in athwart it and drops one anchor to the east of it and another to the west of it, so that party boat and wreck lie crisscross. Held thus, the party boat can't be skewed about by the wind and tide, and the passengers fishing over both rails can always be sure that they are dropping their bait on the wreck, or inside it. Good party-boat captains, by taking bearings on landmarks and lightships and buoys, can locate and bridle anywhere from ten to thirty wrecks. A number of the wrecks are quite old; they disintegrate slowly. Three old ones, all sailing ships, lie close to each other near the riprap jetty at Rockaway Point, in the mouth of the harbor. The oldest of the three, the Black Warrior Wreck, which shelters tons of sea bass from June until November, went down in 1859. The next oldest is called the Snow Wreck; this ship was named for a woman whose first name has been forgotten and whose last name was Snow; carrying guano from Peru, she sank in 1887. The third one is an Italian ship that sank in 1890 with a cargo of marble slabs; her name has been forgotten and she is called the Tombstone Wreck, the Granite Wreck, or the Italian Wreck. Over to the east, off the Rockaways, there is another group of old ones. In this group, all within five miles of shore, are the steamship Iberia, which sank in a snowstorm in 1889, after colliding with the steamship Umbria; the Wire Wreck, a sailing ship that sank around 1895 while outbound with a cargo of bedsprings and other wire products; the Boyle Wreck, a tug that sank around 1900; and the East Wreck, three coal barges that snapped their tow in a storm in 1917 and settled on the bottom in an equilateral triangle. Several of these wrecks have been fished steadily for generations, and party-boat captains like to say that they would be worth salvaging just to get the metal in the hooks and sinkers that have been snagged on them.

There are stretches of reefy bottom in the harbor approaches that are almost as productive of fish as the wrecks, and for the same reasons. These stretches are easier to locate than the wrecks, and much easier to fish. All have been named. Some are natural rock ledges, and among these are the Shrewsbury Rocks, the Buoy Four Grounds, the Cholera Bank, the Klondike Banks, the Seventeen Fathoms, and the Farms. Some are artificial ledges, consisting of debris from excavations and torn-down buildings that was transported from the city in scows and dumped. One such is the Subway Rocks, a ridge of underwater hills beginning four miles south of Ambrose Lightship and running south for several miles, that was made of rocks, bricks, concrete, asphalt, and earth excavated

"A Smashing Hit!" —Coleman, Mirror
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

"A VIVID AND STINGING PLAY" -ATKINSON, TIMES
DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
THE STRASBERG & ODETS production
PAUL KELLY UTA HAGEN
in "The Country Girl"
A New play by CLIFFORD ODETS
with STEVEN HILL
Staged by Mr. Odets
LYCEUM THEATRE
West 45th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
ETHEL WATERS
in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"WONDERFULLY FUNNY"—Barnes, Herald Tribune
COURTNEY BURR and MALCOLM PEARSON present
RICHARD WHORF • NANCY KELLY
in WOLCOTT GIBBS' New Comedy
"Season in the Sun"
Directed by BURGESS MEREDITH
Anthony ROSS King CALDER Paula LAURENCE
CORT THEATRE
137 W. 48th St., Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

during the construction of the Eighth Avenue Subway. Another such is the New Grounds, or Doorknob Grounds, a stretch of bottom in the northwest corner of the Mud Hole that is used as a dump for slum-clearance projects. There are bricks and brownstone blocks and plaster and broken glass from hundreds upon hundreds of condemned tenements in the New Grounds. The ruins of the sombre old red-brick houses in the Lung Block, which were torn down to make way for Knickerbocker Village, lie there. In the first half of the nineteenth century, these houses were occupied by well-to-do families; from around 1890 until around 1905, most of them were brothels for sailors; from around 1905 until they were torn down, in 1933, they were rented to the poorest of the poor, and the tuberculosis death rate was higher in that block than in any other block in the city. All the organisms that grow on wrecks grow on the hills of rubble and rubbish in the Subway Rocks and the New Grounds.

THE comings and goings of the baymen are watched by a member of the staff of the Bureau of Marine Fisheries of the State Conservation Department. His name is Andrew E. Zimmer, his title is Shellfish Protector, and his job is to enforce the conservation laws relating to marine shellfish and finfish. Mr. Zimmer is a Staten Islander of German descent. He is muscular and barrel-chested and a bit above medium height. He is bald and he is getting jowly. The department issues him a uniform that closely resembles a state trooper's uniform, but he seldom wears it. On duty, he wears old, knockabout clothes, the same as a bayman. He carries a pair of binoculars and a .38 revolver. He is called Happy Zimmer by the baymen, some of whom grew up with him. He is a serious man, a good many things puzzle him, and he usually has a preoccupied look on his face; his nickname dates from boyhood and he has outgrown it. He was born in 1901 on a farm in New Springville, a truck-farming community on the inland edge of the tide marshes that lie along the Arthur Kill, on the western side of Staten Island. In the front yard of the farmhouse, his father ran a combined saloon and German-home-cooking restaurant, named Zimmer's, that attracted people from the villages around and about and from some of the Jersey towns across the kill. Picnics and clambakes and lodge outings were held in a willow grove on the farm. His father had been a vaudeville ventril-

IRENE MAYER SELZNICK
presents
REX HARRISON LILLI PALMER
in
Bell Book and Candle
A New Comedy by
JOHN van DRUTEN
BARRYMORE THEA., W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

COLE PORTER'S
2 GREATEST MUSICALS
ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
SAM S. SHUBERT THEA. W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"OUT OF THIS WORLD"
Starring CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
Book by DWIGHT TAYLOR & REGINALD LAWRENCE
Entire Prod. Staged by AGNES deMILLE
CENTURY THEA. 7th Ave. & 59 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MICHAEL TODD'S
PEEP SHOW
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Comedy Directed by
BOBBY CLARK
with a
CAST OF 100
including "A NUMBER OF COMELY YOUNG LADIES"
"A smash hit! Big, Beautiful, Breezy and Brash Extravaganza."
—ROBERT COLEMAN, Mirror
AIR-CONDITIONED
WINTER GARDEN
B'WAY at 50th ST. NEW YORK 19

ALFRED de LIAGRE, JR. presents
Clive Brook
in SECOND THRESHOLD
with Margaret Phillips
and HUGH REILLY
by PHILIP BARRY
revisions by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MOROSCO, W. 45 St., Eves 8:40, Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GILBERT MILLER presents
★ "IRRESISTIBLE COMEDY."—Barnes
★ "GAY AND ENCHANTING."—Watts
★ "WHOLLY ENTRANCING."—Atkinson
★ "YOU'LL LOVE IT."—Morehouse
Ring Round the Moon
A Charade with Music
by JEAN ANOUILH
Translated by CHRISTOPHER FRY
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

say Chapman, Watts and Garland:
"A MASTERPIECE"
HENRY DANIELL • CATHLEEN NESBITT • HUGH WILLIAMS
The Cocktail Party
by T. S. Eliot
with CAROL GOODNER • FAITH BROOK
Henry Miller's Thea. W. 43. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON "WONDROUS" —BARNES "ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
ST. JAMES Theatre, 44th St., West of Broadway
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
RUDYARD KIPLING'S "KIM"
ERROL FLYNN • DEAN STOCKWELL
Color by TECHNICOLOR
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
and THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW

Cuisine des Gourmets
Copain
Luncheon:
Dinner 'til 11, Sun. at 3 PL 8-0554
from $2.25 1st Ave. N.W. cor. 50th St.

Sea-Fare
RESTAURANTS
1033 - 1st Ave. : 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place : Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

oquist, and often performed at these affairs. Specialties of the restaurant were jellied eels, clam broth with butter in it, and pear conchs from the Lower Bay boiled and then pickled in a mixture of vinegar and spices and herbs. As a boy, Mr. Zimmer supplied the restaurant with eels he speared in eel holes in the marshes and with soft-shell clams that he dug in the flats along the kill. Until 1916, when the harbor beds were condemned, Prince's Bay oysters were sold from the barrel in the saloon side of the restaurant. Friday afternoons, he and his father would drive down to the Oyster Dock in Prince's Bay in the farm wagon and bring back three or four barrels of selects for the weekend trade. In 1915, after completing the eighth grade, Mr. Zimmer quit school to help his father in the restaurant. In 1924, he took charge of it. In his spare time, mainly by observation in the marshes, he became a good amateur naturalist. In 1930, he gave up the restaurant and went to work for the Conservation Department.

Mr. Zimmer patrols the harbor in a lumbering, rumbly old twenty-eight-foot sea skiff. It has no flag or markings and looks like any old lobster boat, but the baymen can spot it from a distance; they call it the State Boat. Some of Mr. Zimmer's duties are seasonal. From March 15th to June 15th, when pound-netting is allowed, he makes frequent visits to the nets at pull-up time and sees to it that the fishermen are keeping only the species they are licensed for. When the mossbunker seiners come into the harbor, he boards them and looks into their holds and satisfies himself that they are not taking food fishes along with the mossbunkers. Now and then during the lobstering season, he draws up alongside the lobster boats inbound from the grounds and inspects their catches for shorts. Several times a year, he bottles samples of the water in various parts of the harbor and sends them to the department's laboratory. His principal year-round duty is to patrol the shellfish beds. He runs down and arrests poachers on the polluted beds, and he keeps an eye on the clammers who work the legal beds in Raritan Bay. It is against the law to do any kind of clamming between sundown and sunup, and he spends many nights out on the beds. He is a self-sufficient man. He can anchor his skiff in the shadow of a cattail hassock in Jamaica Bay and, without ever getting especially bored, sit there the whole night through with an old blanket over his shoulders, listening and watching for poachers and looking at the stars and the off-and-on lights on airplanes and drinking coffee out of a thermos jug. The legal beds in New Jersey territory in the harbor have been overworked and are not as fertile as the legal beds in New York territory. In recent years, allured by high clam prices, some of the Jersey clammers have become pirates. They tantalize Mr. Zimmer. On dark nights, using Chris Craft cruisers, they cross the state line, which bisects Raritan Bay, and poach on the New York beds. When they hear the rumble of Mr. Zimmer's skiff, they flee for Jersey. Mr. Zimmer opens his throttle and goes after them, shouting at them to halt and sometimes firing his revolver over their heads, but their cruisers draw less water than his skiff and at the end of the chase they are usually able to shoot up into one of the shallow tide creeks between South Amboy and the Hook and lose him. Mr. Zimmer keeps his skiff in Prince's Bay. Prince's Bay has gone down as a port since his boyhood. Not a trace of the oyster-bedding business is left there. It has a clam dock, a charter-boat pier, and two boatyards, and it has Sandy Cuthbert's rowboat livery and bait station, but its chief source of income is a factory that makes tools for dentists; the factory is on Dental Avenue. The old Prince's Bay Lighthouse still stands on a bluff above the village, but it is now a part of Mount Loretto, a Catholic home for children; it is used as a residence by the Monsignor and priests who run the home. The light has been taken down and supplanted by a life-size statue of the Virgin Mary. The Virgin's back is to the sea.

Once in a while, Mr. Zimmer spends a day patrolling the Staten Island tide marshes on foot. He feels drawn to the marshes and enjoys this part of his job most of all. A good many people wander about in the marshes and in the meadows and little woods with which they are studded. He is acquainted with scores of marsh wanderers. In the fall, old Italians come and get down on all fours and scrabble in the leaves and rot beneath the blackjack oaks, hunting for mushrooms. They go away with bushel bags of mushrooms on their backs. In the spring, they come again and pick dandelion sprouts for salads. In midsummer, they come again, this time with scap nets, and scoop tiny mud shrimp out of the tide ditches; they use them in a fried fish-and-shellfish dish

MODERN INTERIORS
Send 25 cents
to Berne, Ind. for this
profusely illustrated
booklet on decorating
your home successfully.

DUNBAR

for Modern

Arm Chair,
No. 4797

NEW YORK: 227 East 56 Street
CHICAGO: 1638 Merchandise Mart
BOSTON: 203 Clarendon Street
KANSAS CITY: 212 Merchandise Mart
PASADENA: 2914 East Walnut Street
DUNBAR FURNITURE CORP. OF INDIANA • BERNE, INDIANA

In Co-operation With Air France and American Express

MR. J. FORBES AMORY

(Has waited to return from extensive investigation of near-East & Europe before organizing his complete first class air cruise)

OFFERS A DE LUXE 6 week AIR CRUISE

to Europe, North Africa & Near-East

—o—

All Inclusive Price..$2691.00
(Departure From N. Y. February 16)
On New Air France Constellation
"PARISIAN"

Wire, Write or Phone
Mr. Amory, 1374 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge 38, Mass.
or your own travel agent

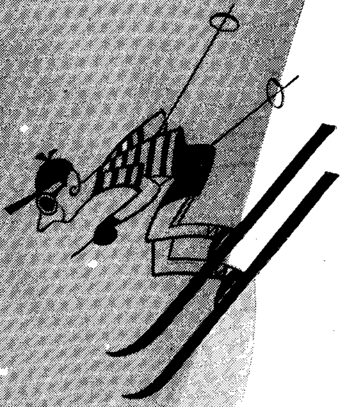
"OVERWHELMING!"
—N. Y. TIMES

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON

TRANS-LUX
52nd on LEXINGTON
PL. 3-2434

called *frittura di pesce*. On summer afternoons, old women from the south-shore villages come to the fringes of the marshes. They pick herbs, they pick wild flowers, they pick wild grapes for jelly, and in the fresh-water creeks that empty into the salt-water creeks they pick watercress. In the fall, truck farmers come with scythes and cut salt hay. When the hay dries, they pack it around their cold frames to keep the frost out. Bird watchers and Indian-relic collectors come in all seasons. The relic collectors sift the mud on the banks of the tide ditches. Mr. Zimmer himself sometimes finds arrowheads and stone net-sinkers on the ditchbanks. Once, he found several old English coins. In September or October, the rabbis and elders come. On Hoshanna Rabbah, the seventh day of the Festival of Succoth, an ancient rain rite is still observed in many orthodox synagogues in the city. The worshippers who take part in the rite are given bunches of willow twigs; each bunch has seven twigs and each twig has seven leaves. After marching in procession seven times around the altar, chanting a litany, the worshippers shake the bunches or strike them against the altar until the leaves fall to the floor. The twigs must be cut from willows that grow beside water, the buds on the ends of the twigs must be unblemished, and the leaves must be green and flawless. For generations, most of the willow bunches have come from weeping willows in the Staten Island tide marshes. In the two or three days preceding Hoshanna Rabbah—it usually falls in the last week of September or the first or second week of October—rabbis and trusted elders go up and down the ditchbanks, most often in pairs, the rabbi scrutinizing twigs and cutting those that pass the test, and the elder trimming and bunching them and stowing them gently in brown-paper shopping bags. There is much resident and migratory wildlife in the marshes. The most plentiful resident species are pheasants, crows, marsh hawks, black snakes, muskrats, opossums, rabbits, rats, and field mice. There is no open season on the pheasants, and they have become so bold that the truck farmers look upon them as pests. One can walk through the pokeweed and sumac and blue-bent grass on any of the meadow islands at any time and put up pair after pair of pheasants. At the head of a snaky creek in one of the loneliest of the marshes, there is an old rickamarack of a dock that was built by rum-runners during prohibition. One morning, hiding behind this dock, waiting for some soft-shell-clam poachers to appear,

Charley skis in all weather...



...now that his wife has stocked her linen closet with those super-smooth, Fine Combed Percales! (*"Over 200 combed threads per inch."*)

Yes, Pequot Fine Combed Percales are as smooth as a ski-jump, so soft, a kitten's ear would rate second best in a blindfold test, and they are so sturdy withal, they will stand up under the "ski-run" pummelings of many, many launderings!

Send for the "Do's and Don'ts of Sheet Care"—it's free.
PEQUOT MILLS
Dept.N1, Salem, Mass.

PEQUOT
Fine-Combed
PERCALE
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
OVER 200 COMBED THREADS PER INCH

More than 40 million PEQUOT SHEETS are continuously in use.

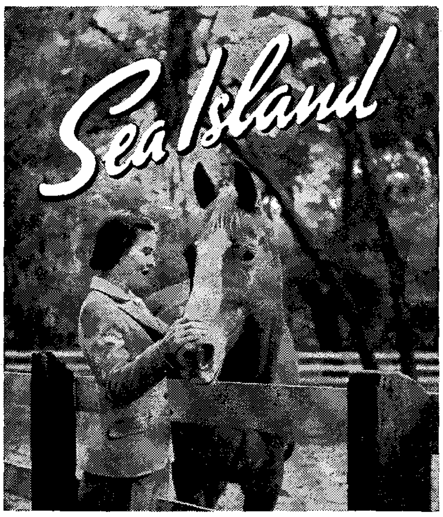
Mr. Zimmer saw a hen pheasant walk across a strip of tide flat, followed by a brood of seventeen. At times, out in the marshes, Mr. Zimmer becomes depressed. The marshes are doomed. The city has begun to dump garbage on them. It has already filled in hundreds of acres with garbage. Eventually, it will fill in the whole area, and then the Department of Parks will undoubtedly build some proper parks out there, and put in some concrete highways and scatter some concrete benches about. The old south-shore secessionists—they want Staten Island to secede from New York and join New Jersey, and there are many of them—can sit on these benches and meditate and store up bile.

MR. ZIMMER is a friend of mine, and I sometimes go out on patrols with him. One cold, windy, spitty morning recently, we made a patrol of the polluted skimmer-clam beds in the ocean off Rockaway Beach. On the way back to Staten Island, he suggested that we stop in Sheepshead Bay and get some oyster stew to warm us up. We turned in to the bay and tied the skiff to the Harbor Police float and went across the street to Lundy's, the biggest and best of the Emmons Avenue sea-food restaurants. We went into the oyster-bar side and took a table, and each of us ordered a double stew. Mr. Zimmer caught sight of a bayman named Leroy Poole, who was standing at the bar, bent over some oysters on the half shell. Mr. Poole is captain and owner of the party boat Chinquapin. Mr. Zimmer went over to the bar, and he and Mr. Poole shook hands and talked for a minute or two. When he returned, he said that Mr. Poole would join us as soon as he'd finished his oysters. He told the waiter to set another place and add another double stew to the order. "Do you know Roy?" Mr. Zimmer asked me. I said that I had often seen him around the party-boat piers but that I knew him only to speak to.

"Roy's a south-shore boy," Mr. Zimmer said. "His father was one of the biggest oyster-bedders in Prince's Bay—lost everything when they condemned the beds, and took a bookkeeping job in Fulton Market and died of a stroke in less than a year; died on the Staten Island ferry, on the way to work. After Roy finished grade school, one of his father's friends got him a job in the market, and he became a fish butcher. When the carcass of a three- or four-hundred-pound swordfish is cut into pieces that the retail trade can handle, it's about the same as dressing a steer, and Roy had a knack for that type of work. He got to be an expert. When he cut up a swordfish, or a tuna, or a sturgeon, or a big West Coast halibut, he didn't waste a pound. Also, he was a good fillet man, and he could bone a shad quicker and cleaner than any man in the market. He made good money, but he wasn't happy. Every now and then, he'd quit the market for a year or so and work on one of the government dredges that dredge the sludge out of the ship channels in the harbor. He generally worked on a dredge named the Goethals. He made better pay in the market, but he liked to be out in the harbor. He switched back and forth between the market and the Goethals for years and years. Somewhere along the line, he got himself tattooed. He's got an oyster tattooed on the muscle of his right arm. That is, an oyster shell. On his left arm, he's got one of those tombstone tattoos—a tombstone with his initials on it and under his initials the date of his birth and under that a big blue question mark. Six or seven years ago, he turned up in Sheepshead Bay and bought the Chinquapin. Roy's a good captain, and a good man, but he's a little odd. He says so himself. He's a harbor nut. Most of the baymen, when they're standing around talking, they often talk about the bottom of the harbor, what's down there, but that's *all* Roy talks about. He's got the bottom of the harbor on the brain."

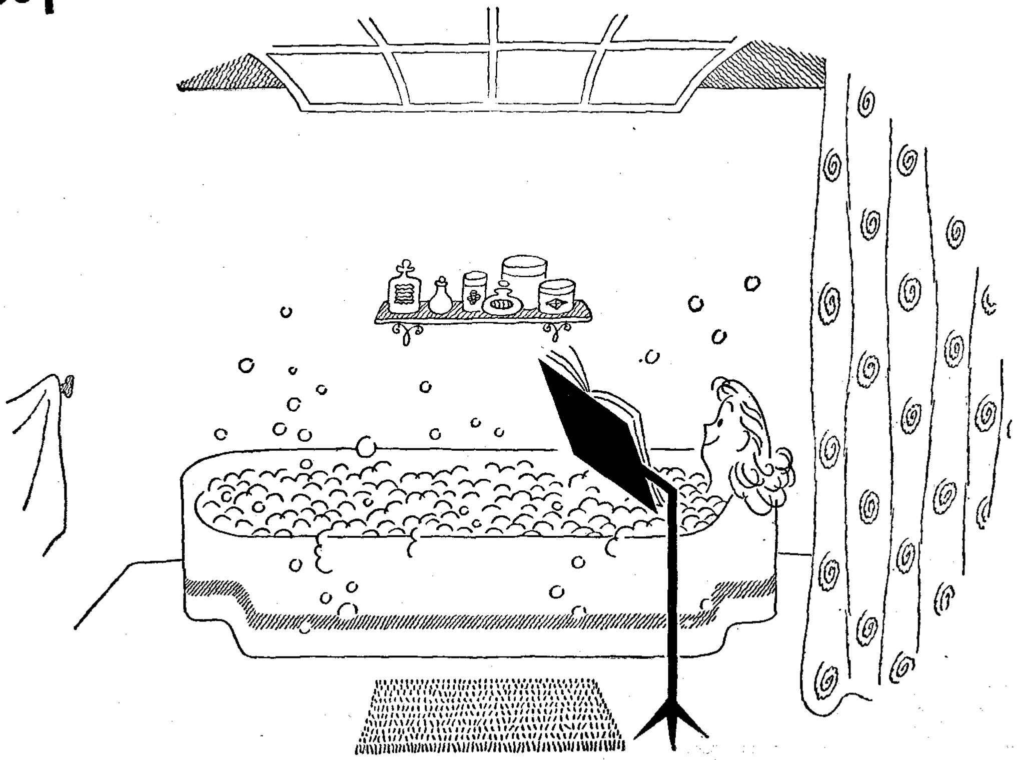
The waiter brought in the stews, and a moment later Mr. Poole came over and sat down. He is a paunchy, red-haired freckled man. His hair is thinning and the freckles on his scalp show through. He has drooping eyelids; they make his eyes look sleepy and sad. He remarked on the weather; he said he expected snow. Then he tasted his stew. It was too hot for him, and he put his spoon down. "I didn't rest so good last night," he said. "I had a dream. In this dream, a great earthquake had shook the world and had upset the sea level, and New York Harbor had been drained as dry as a bathtub when the plug is pulled. I was down on the bottom, poking around, looking things over. There were hundreds of ships of all kinds lying on their sides in the mud, and among them were some wormy old wrecks that went down long years ago, and there were rusty anchors down there and dunnage and driftwood

PLUMMER'S
ANNUAL
SALE
Now in
Progress
Substantial Reductions on
CHINA, GLASS,
SILVER,
ANTIQUES, LEATHER,
ETC.
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street,
New York 19 New York



Riding-Tennis-Skeet
The superb sports facilities include 6 Teniko tennis courts . . . a 2 field skeet layout . . . miles of woodland and beach bridle paths. Also year-round golf, Beach Club activities, fishing, cycling—everything for your enjoyment. Sea Island's fame is your assurance of congenial fellow guests. Reasonable American Plan rates.
Well appointed homes for rent.
THE CLOISTER
Sea Island, Georgia
Write direct for Booklet W, see travel agent or call New York Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Ave., CIrcle 5-8055.

Some people can't think of anything but home!



. . . and for 2,800,000 of them it's a red-letter day when American Home Magazine arrives each month. They give it hours and hours of their time. Because it gives them dozens and dozens of stimulating, useful homemaking ideas. And they find their urge to action in both the features and the ads. That's why, if you sell a product for the home—a food or furnishing, drug, building material or kitchen appliance—you can't match American Home for *results!*

The AMERICAN HOME Magazine

and old hawsers and tugboat bumpers and baling wire and tin cans and bottles and stranded eels and a skeleton standing waist-deep in a barrel of cement that the barrel had rotted off of. The rats had left the piers and were down on the bottom, eating the eels, and the gulls were flopping about, jerking eels away from the rats. I came across an old wooden wreck all grown over with seaweed, an old, old Dutch wreck. She had a hole in her, and I pulled the seaweed away and looked in and I saw some chests in there that had money spilling out of them, and I tried my best to crawl in. The dream was so strong that I crawled up under the headboard of the bed, trying to get my hands on the Dutch money, and I damn near scraped an ear off."

"Eat your stew, Roy," Mr. Zimmer said, "before it gets cold."

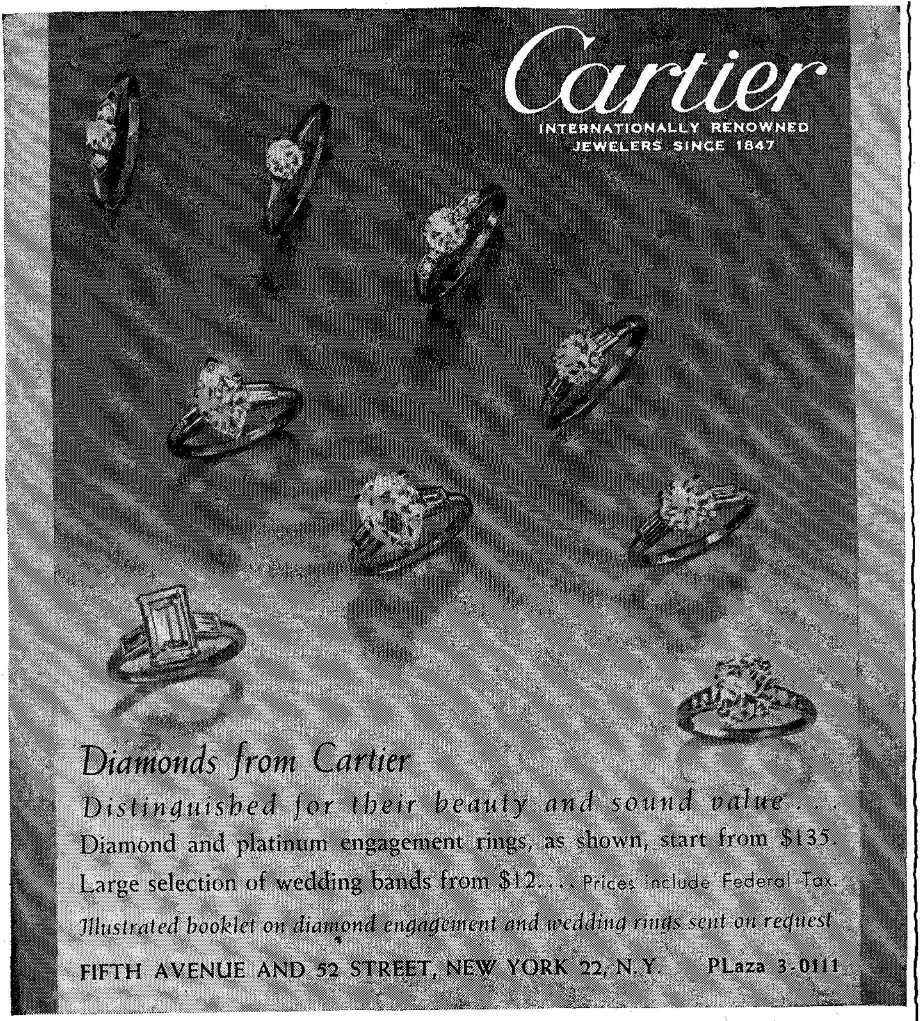
"Pass me the salt," said Mr. Poole. We ate in silence. It isn't easy to carry on a conversation while eating oyster stew. Mr. Poole finished first. He tilted his bowl and worked the last spoonful of the stew into his spoon. He swallowed it, and then he said, "Happy, you've studied the harbor charts a lot in your time. Where would you say is the deepest spot in the harbor?"

"Offhand," said Mr. Zimmer, "I just don't know."

"One of the deepest spots I know is a hole in the bed of the Hudson a little bit south of the George Washington Bridge," said Mr. Poole. "On the dredges, we called it the Gut. It's half full of miscellaneous junk. The city used to dump bargeloads of boulders in there, and any kind of heavy junk that wasn't worth salvaging. Private concerns dumped in there, too, years back, but it's against the harbor regulations now. During the worst part of the last war, when the dredges cleaned sludge out of the ship channel in the Hudson, they had the right to dump it in the Gut—save them from taking it out to sea. The old-timers say the Gut used to go down a hundred and eighty feet. The last sounding I heard, it was around ninety feet. I know where the shallowest spot in the harbor is. I've sounded it myself with a boat hook. It's a spot on Romer Shoal, out in the middle of the Lower Bay, that's only four feet deep at low tide."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Zimmer. "I've seen it on the charts. It's called a lump."

"It's right on the edge of Ambrose Channel, the channel that the big liners use," continued Mr. Poole. "I told my mate I want him to take me out there someday when the Queen Mary is due to come upchannel, and leave me


Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELERS SINCE 1847

Diamonds from Cartier
Distinguished for their beauty and sound value . . .
Diamond and platinum engagement rings, as shown, start from $135.
Large selection of wedding bands from $12. . . . Prices include Federal Tax.
Illustrated booklet on diamond engagement and wedding rings sent on request
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0111

BEA
British European Airways have frequent flights to your favorite European capital and to many other lovely cities. Every hour on the hour a BEA airplane leaves London for Paris. You are flown in the famous Vickers Viking, selected for its steadiness for the King and Queen of England. A well-stocked bar is at your service. Information and reservations from travel agents throughout the U. S. A. and Canada and from British Overseas Airways Corporation, general agents.
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
in EUROPE fly BEA

standing there with a flag in my hand."

"What in hell would you do that for?" asked Mr. Zimmer.

"I'd just like to," said Mr. Poole. "I'd like to wave the flag and make the people on the Queen Mary wonder what I was standing on—shoulder-deep, out there in the middle of the Lower Bay. I'd wear a top hat, and I'd smoke a big cigar. I'd like to see what would happen."

"I'll tell you what would happen," said Mr. Zimmer. "The wash from the Queen Mary would drown you. Did you think of that?"

"I thought of it," said Mr. Poole. "I didn't do it, did I?" He crumpled up his napkin and tossed it on the table. "Another queer spot in the harbor," he said, "is Potter's Field. It's in the East River, in between Williamsburg Bridge and Manhattan Bridge. The river makes a sharp bend there, an elbow. On an ebb tide, there's an eddy in the elbow that picks up anything loose coming downriver, afloat or submerged, and sweeps it into a stretch of backwater on the Brooklyn side. This backwater is called Wallabout Bay on charts; the men on the dredges call it Potter's Field. The eddy sweeps driftwood into the backwater. Also, it sweeps drowned bodies into there. As a rule, people that drown in the harbor in winter stay down until spring. When the water begins to get warm, gas forms in them and that makes them buoyant and they rise to the surface. Every year, without fail, on or about the fifteenth of April, bodies start showing up, and more of them show up in Potter's Field than any other place. In a couple of weeks or so, the Harbor Police always finds ten to two dozen over there—suicides, bastard babies, old barge captains that lost their balance out on a sleety night attending to tow-ropes, now and then some gangster or other. The police launch that runs out of Pier A on the Battery—Launch One—goes over and takes them out of the water with a kind of dip-net contraption that the Police Department blacksmith made out of tire chains. I ride the Staten Island ferry a good deal, and I'm forever hearing the tourists remark how beautiful the harbor is, and I always wish they could see Potter's Field some mornings in April—either that or the Gowanus Canal in August, when the sludge bubbles are popping like whips; they'd get a brand-new idea how beautiful the harbor is."

"Oh, I don't know, Roy," said Mr. Zimmer. "They've stopped dumping garbage out in the harbor approaches, where the tide washes it right back, and they're putting in a lot of sewage-disposal plants. The water's getting cleaner every year."

"I've read that," said Mr. Poole, "and I've heard it. Only I don't believe it. Did you eat any shad last spring—Staten Island shad *or* Hudson River shad? They've still got that kerosene taste. It was worse last spring than it ever was. Also, have you been up the Gowanus Canal lately? On the dredges, they used to say that the smell in the Gowanus would make the flag on a mast hang limp in a high wind. They used to tell about a tug that was freshly painted yellow and made a run up the Gowanus and came out painted green. I was up there last summer, and I didn't notice any change."

"Seriously, Roy," said Mr. Zimmer, "don't you think the water's getting cleaner?"

"Of course it isn't," said Mr. Poole. "It's getting worse and worse. *Every*thing is getting worse *every*where. When I was young, I used to dream the time would come when we could bed oysters in the harbor again. Now I'm satisfied that that time will never come. I don't even worry about the pollution any more. My only hope, I hope they don't pollute the harbor with something a million times worse than pollution."

"Let's don't get on that subject," said Mr. Zimmer.

"Sometimes I'm walking along the street," continued Mr. Poole, "and I wonder why the people don't just stand still and throw their heads back and open their mouths and howl."

"Why?" asked Mr. Zimmer.

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Poole. "On account of the God-damned craziness of everything."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Zimmer, glancing at the empty stew bowls, "we can still eat."

Mr. Poole grunted. He looked at his wristwatch. "Well," he said, "this ain't making me any money." He got up and put on his hat. "Thanks for the stew," he said. "I enjoyed it. My treat next time. Take care, all."

"That's right, Roy," said Mr. Zimmer. "You take care of yourself."

"Thanks again," said Mr. Poole. "Give my regards home. Take care. Take care." —JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

Ending on a serious note, Caldwell said: "I do hope the international situation will clear up so we can have more great football next year."—*The Mirror.*

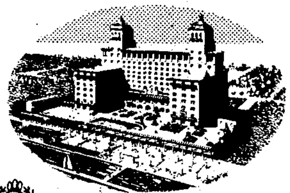
It's just simply *got* to.

Florida's finest golf on nearby courses

CENTER OF THE WINTERTIME WORLD

Florida's largest hotel, so lavish, varied, complete and *right* there's nothing more to wish for...

Cabana Colony, Pool, Sun Deck, Yacht Basin. Private Beach Club, Tennis, Park Sports. Air-conditioned Cafes for dining-dancing-cocktails. Celebrated cuisine.



PALM BEACH Biltmore

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

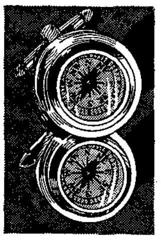
NEW COLOR BOOKLET ON REQUEST

ATTRACTIVE RATES:

Modified American Plan, to April 15.

Daniel E. Taylor, Pres. James J. Farrell, Mng. Dir.

COMPASS CUFF LINKS (ALSO TIE CLASPS)



Compasses with free-swinging needles under glass crystals. Set in gold-plated cases measuring ⅝" in diameter. Gold-plated fittings throughout. An ideal gift for sportsmen. Cuff Links, $5. Tie Clasp, $5. Set, $10. Plus 20% Fed. Tax.

Mail Orders Invited

Rogers Peet Company

NEW YORK • BOSTON

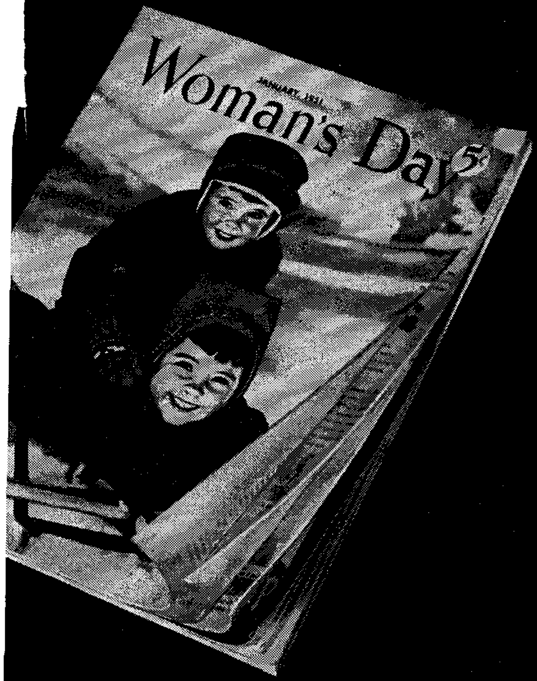
Write: Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.

CANDIDS BY... Bachrach

84 E. 52ND ST., NEW YORK—PL 5-6233

More women go ou
than any othe

*3,750,000 average single-copy sales per issue . . . the world's largest single-c


Woman's Day 5¢
JANUARY

and buy Woman's Day

magazine in the world*

Woman's Day 5¢
JANUARY

rculation

on sale at A&P stores

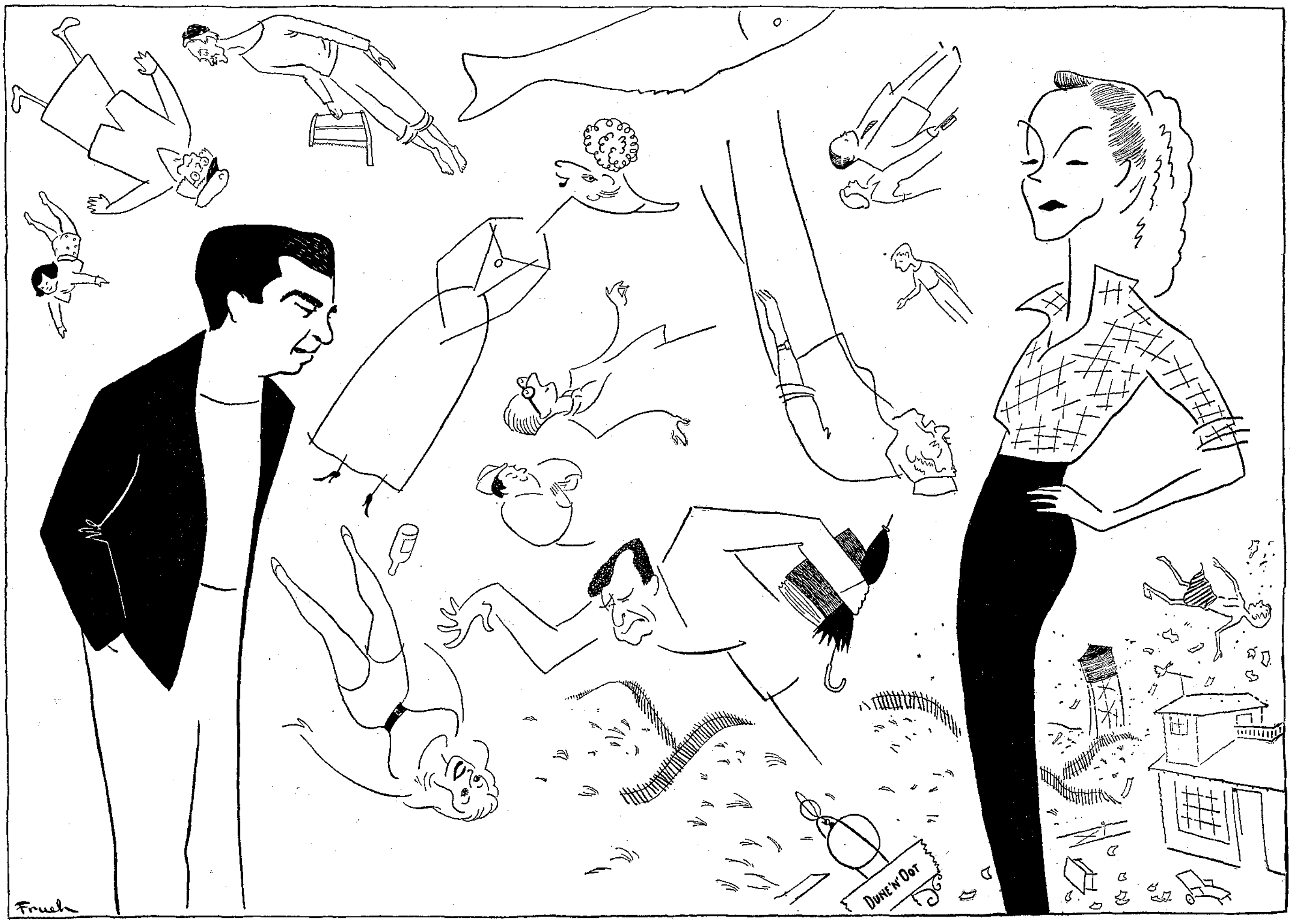
THE THEATRE

TWO OLD FRIENDS

IT seems to me that the funniest, the technically most expert, and altogether the most satisfactory comedy I have seen this year was the revival of "Twentieth Century" that turned up last week at the ANTA Playhouse. This piece, the work of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, was first produced here in 1932, or long enough ago to have been forgotten by most of us, and A.N.T.A.'s decision to do it again is one of the happiest things that could have happened to Broadway. Like any really good farce comedy, "Twentieth Century" is so wayward in its methods, so crammed with seemingly unconnected incident, and so crowded with wonderful but generally inexplicable characters that any rational synopsis of it is very difficult. The action takes place on a famous train, on its way from Chicago to New York, and when the play begins we are shown Drawing Room A, occupied by an apprehensive little man and his blond companion, who are genially described as "Romeo and Juliet, hacking away at the Mann Act." Presently, they are dispossessed and their quarters are taken over by a famous producer, once widely acclaimed as a boy genius but now just a bit down on his luck. He is accompanied by his business manager and his press agent, a somewhat florid personality in the habit of addressing people as "vile Aztecs" and otherwise comporting himself very much in the manner of another member of his profession still current in the night life of this metropolis. Naturally, the producer is anxious to recoup his fortunes, and his plans for doing so involve an almost equally celebrated actress, who chances to be occupying the adjoining room.

This is what might be called the groundwork for "Twentieth Century." From then on, the plot sets in, and I don't think I'll go into it, except to say that it has something to do with a fugitive from a lunatic asylum who likes to decorate his surroundings with stickers of a religious nature, a female physician of an alarmingly masculine aspect, and two men with beards who turn out to be former members of a Passion Play company. By some magic, perhaps not unlike that which they previously applied to "The Front Page," the authors managed to force all these strangely various people into a pattern of wild but strictly controlled lunacy, and the result is just about as witty a play as you ever saw.

Never having seen the original pro-



"SEASON IN THE SUN"

Scattered about in the group above—perhaps being tossed around in a high wind—are the lively people who populate this comedy of Fire Island life. Most conspicuous among them are Richard Whorf, who can't make up his mind whether he wants to write for the ages or for a magazine, and Nancy Kelly, who shares his dilemma. Also visible here and there are Paula Laurence, Joan Diener, King Calder, Grace Valentine, and Anthony Ross. At the Cort.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN

Typewriters TOO, SHOULD BE SEEN

...NOT HEARD!

A noisy, energetic youngster can "break up" a sermon for sure! And an old, noisy clack-and-clattery typewriter can wreak equal havoc with office work, telephone conversations and employee morale.

That's why more and more progressive business organizations are equipping their offices with new Remington Noiseless Typewriters when situations demand silent typing. The freedom from typing clatter at its very source allows for greater concentration on work . . . results in a marked increase in typing output, accuracy and efficiency — so essential in offices *today*.

REMINGTON RAND
REMINGTON NOISELESS

The Remington Noiseless Typewriter

Remington Rand INC.

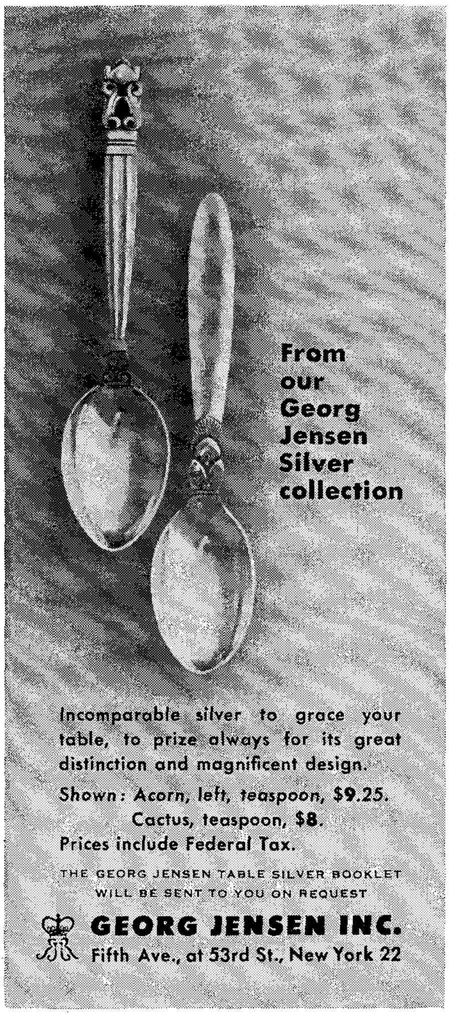
The first name in Typewriters

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY FOR FREE LITERATURE

Remington Rand Inc., Room 2593,
315 Fourth Ave., New York 10.

Yes, I would like—a FREE copy of "Typing Perfection with Quiet" (RN 8435)

Name__________
Company__________
Address__________
City__________ **Zone**____ **State**____



From our Georg Jensen Silver collection

Incomparable silver to grace your table, to prize always for its great distinction and magnificent design.

Shown: Acorn, left, teaspoon, $9.25.
Cactus, teaspoon, $8.
Prices include Federal Tax.

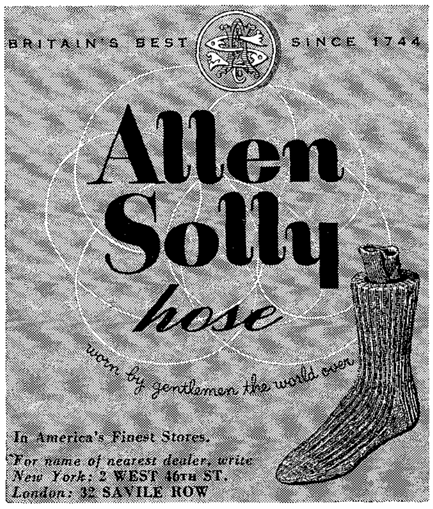
THE GEORG JENSEN TABLE SILVER BOOKLET WILL BE SENT TO YOU ON REQUEST

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., New York 22

GOLD MEDAL AWARD
INTERNATIONAL WINE SHOW
CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER, 1950

Angelo Petri SIGNATURE WINES

ANGELO PETRI VINEYARDS • ESCALON, CALIF.



BRITAIN'S BEST SINCE 1744

Allen Solly *hose*

worn by gentlemen the world over

In America's Finest Stores.
For name of nearest dealer, write
New York: 2 WEST 46TH ST.
London: 32 SAVILE ROW

duction, I can't compare it with the present one, but it is hard to imagine how things could have been done any better. The leading roles, those of the producer and the maturing but still remarkably bouncy star, are played by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson, and there is a quality of bogus majesty, of the essentially second-rate masquerading as the great, about both their performances that is comic acting of the highest possible order. Among the others are Robert Strauss, as the grandiloquent publicist; William Lynn, as the religious maniac; Paula Bauersmith, as the lady doctor; and Werner Klemperer and Leon Askin, who are advertised in the program as "First Beard (Cristus)" and "Second Beard (Judas)." They all seem fine to me, and so, to an only slightly lesser degree, does everybody else in the company. Mr. Ferrer's direction is, of course, responsible for much of the extraordinary joviality of the proceedings, but a cheerful and ingeniously lighted set by Wolfgang Roth makes an important contribution, too. If I have any complaint, it is that now and then the performers, especially Miss Swanson, have a tendency to fade off into inaudibility, but this, I suspect, can be charged to the acoustical properties of the house, and I'm sure it will be eliminated when "Twentieth Century" moves to the Fulton, for what I hope will be an even longer run than it had in the first place.

AS a fellow-critic of mine has pointed out, Charles Lamb was always of the opinion that a successful production of "King Lear" was impossible. My colleague quoted this remark as evidence that even a man like Lamb could be mistaken, since in *his* opinion the version starring Louis Calhern, now visible at the National, proves that "Lear" can be a brilliant success, an ornament to the theatre, and, except perhaps for a scene here and there, a reasonably coherent play. Without more ado, I would like to say that I am with Mr. Lamb all the way in this matter, adding the further note that, though it contains several touching and beautiful scenes, "Lear" has always struck me as one of the most muddled and preposterous melodramas ever conceived by the human mind, and that there isn't a character in it, not omitting the virtuous Cordelia, who arouses in me any permanent emotion more exalted than hilarity. I have never believed—to carry this heresy to still more outrageous lengths—that Lear was really much of a king, even in the days before senility got him; that Regan,

Wedding Bells
ring merrily for the happy bride in our imported chantilly lace flounced in nylon tulle, $175.
Juliet Cap of matching lace...fingertip silk illusion veil, $95.

From our collection for
BRIDES AND
BRIDESMAIDS,
FIFTH FLOOR.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Loomed in the United Kingdom

Our cloths, exclusive in pattern, are worn by gentlemen throughout the world

British Character Fabrics, Ltd.

205 Gt. Portland St.
London W 1
England

1407 Broadway
New York, N. Y.
BRyant 9-9344

SERVING BROWNED KASHE with Stewed Mushroom Sauce

DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS

Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030
OPEN EVERY DAY

THE **Newport**
Superlative French Cuisine
18 EAST 60th STREET • EL.5-8427

Goneril, and the bastard, Edmund, with their demented plots and wholesale butcheries, can be seriously regarded as much more than villains in a comic strip; that Lear's Fool, in spite of his loyalty to his addled master, is any less tedious than many similar specimens in Shakespeare; that greater heights of structural absurdity have ever been achieved than the theoretically baffling disguises assumed by Kent and Edgar; and, finally, that Cordelia isn't a terribly dull girl, who deserves just about the fate that overtakes her in the end. From all this, it is surely obvious that I am incompetent to criticize the offering at the National, so we will move on to that.

Mr. Calhern, whom we will consider first, does his best to subordinate himself to the play—to give the impression, that is, that he is only part of an enterprise that involves a good many other people of nearly equal importance. It is a modest and valiant attempt, but it doesn't altogether work out, since "Lear" is basically the story of one man's madness and ruin. The central figure remains central and predominant, and any suggestion that the caricatures surrounding him have any interest except in their relation to him operates almost fatally, I think, against the basic intention of the author. It is hard to define, but I have an idea that Mr. Calhern and John Houseman, who directed the production, have permitted too many characters too much separate life and identity, so that "Lear," in their hands, loses whatever continuity of mood it might have had and becomes only a sequence of more or less isolated happenings in the madhouse and the abattoir. Along with Mr. Lamb, I strongly suspect that the script offered very little for the stage, but I doubt whether the effect had to be quite as confused and wildly episodic as it is in the production at the National.

As I've noted, it seems to me that almost all the subordinate roles are played too high, but I admired the performances given by Arnold Moss, as Gloucester; Joseph Wiseman, as Edmund; Martin Gabel, as Kent; Wesley Addy, as Edgar; Norman Lloyd, as the Fool; and, with certain reservations, Edith Atwater and Nina Foch, as Goneril and Cordelia, respectively. Ralph Alswang's settings are effective in their stylized way, as are the costumes designed by Dorothy Jeakins; and the sound effects produced by Marc Blitzstein, though sometimes a little overpercussive, are useful in suggesting the direful atmosphere that I'm sure the Master had in mind.

—Wolcott Gibbs

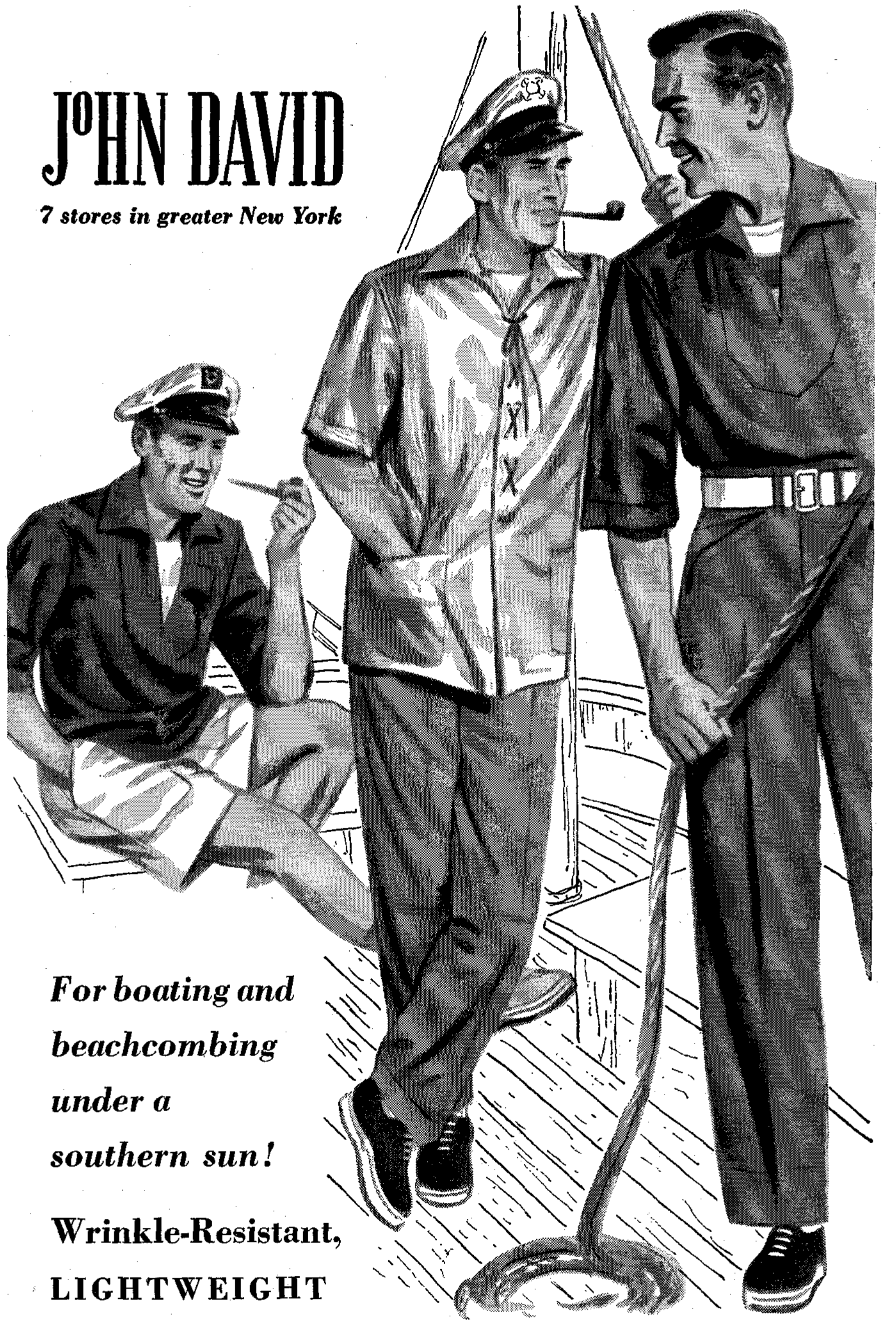
go Carribean with*
Catalina

Catalina's exciting new Carribean Collection features fabric designs by Jim Tillett of Mexico City. Exotic, exclusive, hand-screened patterns in glorious sun-ripened colors, all imaginatively created.*

"Dragon Fly" hand-printed on 100% Nylon taffeta suit with matching skirt . . . to be worn with a Rebozo, a three yard woven terry cloth Caribbean shawl.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

*REGISTERED
Write for folder of other Catalina styles and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 204, Los Angeles 13, California



JOHN DAVID

7 stores in greater New York

For boating and beachcombing under a southern sun!

Wrinkle-Resistant,

LIGHTWEIGHT

SAILCLOTH

These relaxables, made by "Alfred of New York" of washable "Everglaze" cloth, have a wonderful 'handle', drape beautifully, breathe freely because of the porous weave. All items come in Topside White, Sailing Blue and St. Tropez Red, and they're standouts whether you mix 'em or match 'em.

(sketched front to back)

Breton Sailing Pants	**$9.50**
Breton Sailing Shirt	**$6.95**
White Web Belt	**$2.00**
Bosun Slacks	**$9.50**
Pullover Deck Shirt	**$9.50**
Starboard Boxer Shorts	**$6.95**

(not sketched)

Walking Shorts	**$8.50**

Sizes:

Bosun Slacks	waist 30 to 42
Deck Shirt	small, medium, large, extra large
Breton Sailing Pants	waist 30 to 42
Breton Sailing Shirt	small, medium, large, extra large
Shorts	waist 30 to 42

JOHN DAVID, INC., Mail Service Department, 1271 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.
Please send me Wrinkle-Resistant Sailcloth as indicated below, (Postpaid U. S.)
☐ **Charge my acct.** ☐ **Check or M. O. encl.** **None sent C.O.D.**

QUANTITY	ITEM	COLOR	SIZE	AMOUNT

(If delivery is to be made in New York City include 2% City Sales Tax.)

Name (PRINT) ....

Address ....

OF ALL THINGS

Governor Dewey thinks we are not doing enough in our preparations to meet the threat of war, but Herbert Hoover fears we are doing too much. Somewhere between them is Honest Harry, the difference splitter.

•

The question of whether or not the Chinese Communists should be admitted to the United Nations has become slightly academic. Everybody seems to agree that they cannot be allowed to shoot their way in.

•

It is widely conceded that the lame-duck session of Congress did a lot more work than was expected. The members seemed especially enthusiastic about spending money.

•

Our English friends are justifiably worried about the theft of the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey. The one thing the British Empire needs least is a return of that old Scotland trouble.

•

We have reason to assume that the new Congress will be a treat to the eye. There will be new paint, new decorations, new furniture, and shining new Republican faces.

•

The Federal Reserve Board has reported that our people are pretty well provided with assets. These days, it comes as a surprise to learn that nine out of ten families own more than they owe.

•

On the labor front, things are fairly quiet at the year's beginning, except in Washington. There are no immediate hopes of ending the long, bitter Republican strike against Secretary Acheson.

•

A British mathematician declares that it is possible to make a machine that can play an excellent game of chess. If so, this will mark another victory in the age-old struggle to free mankind from drudgery.

•

The United Nations has been moving into its handsome New York skyscraper home. All we need now is a Miracle at Turtle Bay. —Howard Brubaker

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Visit to Windsor

NEXT
'RDAY
ANTIC
Y

"THE MUDLARK," an adaptation of a novel by Theodore Bonnet, is concerned with a dockside waif who decides, after seeing a cameo of Queen Victoria, to visit Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Victoria at this time is brooding so heavily over the death of Albert that she's neglecting her regal chores, and even as cunning a hand as Disraeli's cannot dispel the vapors that enshroud her. The arrival of the small fry, however, turns the trick, and soon the widow is back in the empire business again.

As Nunnally Johnson has contrived affairs in the script, "The Mudlark," which was filmed in England, frequently seems so unnerved by the presence of royalty that it freezes into awkward attitudes; it's too bad that he didn't follow the line taken by Lytton Strachey, who seasoned his appreciation of the Queen with a good deal of irreverent wit. Fortunately, there is none of this uneasiness in the performance of eleven-year-old Andrew Ray, who, in the role of the Cockney lad, is always self-assured and notably entertaining. The same cannot be said for Irene Dunne and Alec Guinness, the Victoria and Disraeli of the piece. The makeup man has converted Miss Dunne into a reasonable likeness of the Queen, but the actress conveys none of the stubborn vitality that made Victoria such a handful. There was a lot of foolish whoop-de-do in England when it was announced that an American was going to portray royalty in this film, so it may be pertinent to remark that Miss Dunne not only abandoned her native Doric for the job but even assumed a bit of the German brogue that faulted Victoria's speech. On the other hand, Mr. Guinness plays Disraeli, for the most part, as if that formidable character were of no more substance than the juvenile lead in a musical comedy. In only one scene, in the House of Commons, does Mr. Guinness give us a hint of the worth of the Prime Minister.

When Jean Negulesco, who directed "The Mudlark," is following the young hero through the impressive expanses of Windsor Castle, he succeeds admirably in making his camera register the boy's astonishment and awe, and he also does pretty well with Finlay Currie, who turns in a fine performance as Victoria's gruff, alcoholic gillie. Occasionally the picture manages to stick a pin or two into the stuffy customs of Victoria's times, but with such a broad target it is odd that this happens so seldom. I suppose it's just as well for international relations that Americans refrain from getting too sardonic about the lares and penates of their British cousins, but it ought to be possible to relax enough in a movie to put more meat and less wax on noble bones than has been done here. For all these strictures, though, I don't think you should overlook the picture. Whatever the shortcomings of his elders, Andrew Ray is practically impeccable.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

●

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION
(HOLY BERKELEY-I DIVISION)

[*Letter in the California Monthly, and reply thereto*]

DEAR SIR:

Watching Oski at the Pennsylvania game, I was impelled to ask various people whether they could tell me how he originated and how he is chosen. None of them knew any more about it than I did. Then, just a couple of days later, I received your October issue with the article by Dorothy Slate which answers all my questions about Oski to my complete satisfaction. On the other hand, something else in it really intrigues me. The California yell is given as "Oski, Wah! Wah! Whiskey! Wee! Wee! Holy Mackle-i! Holy Berkeley-i! California, Rah! California, Rah!" For a number of years after I came to California, I used to see the yell printed in football programs, song books and elsewhere; and it was as follows: "Oski, wow wow! Wiski, wee, wee! Olio-mucke-i! Olio-Berkeley-i! California! Wow!" This is quite different from the version given in the article, the "Holy mackle-i" part being particularly startling to me. Has the California yell actually been changed, or are there two or more admissible versions of it?

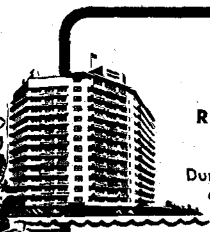
Yours truly,
CLIFFORD H. BISSELL '25,
Berkeley, California

(A quick check with University archives indicates that reader Bissell is technically more correct than we are. However, officially the phrase is "Ole-i mucke-i! Ole-i Berkeley-i!" Bob Kinkead '51, the ASUC head yell leader, will go along with this version of the same troublesome phrase, while he teaches freshmen to say Holy Macke-i! Holy Berkeley-i! Time seems to have modified it somewhat. We suggest that our alumni yell it the way they know it—but yell it nevertheless loudly when the proper time comes.—Ed.)

MIAMI BEACH
COLOR BROCHURE
on request!

Clip and mail this advertisement, or write for your FREE copy of prizewinning color brochure... your introduction to a new Miami Beach, and the most luxurious living ever conceived.

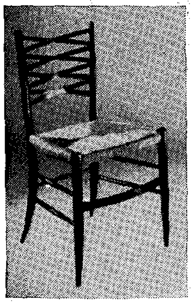
Fatio Dunham, Mgr.



RATES
REDUCED
50%
During Dec.
and April

Sea View
ON THE OCEAN
BAL HARBOUR, MIAMI BEACH

PRIVATE BEACH, CABANAS
OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL
AMPLE FREE PARKING



For traditional or contemporary settings

Italian handmade black lacquered fruitwood chair. Light yet strong, with comfortable natural rush seat. Seat height 18 inches. $22. each, packed for delivery express collect. No C.O.D.'s please.

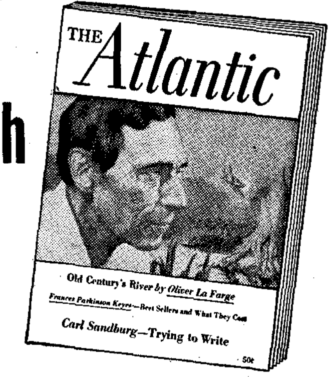
Piazza

Open Saturday 10 to 5

HOUSE OF ITALIAN HANDICRAFTS
217 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y. PL 9-6510

Incomparable Food

IMPERIAL HOUSE
50 E. WALTON PLACE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
WHitehall 4-5300


THE Atlantic
Old Century's River by Oliver La Farge
Frances Parkinson Keyes—Best Sellers and What They Cost
Carl Sandburg—Trying to Write
50¢

Invite the world's best writers into your home each month

A trial subscription for HALF PRICE

For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" and enjoy America's most distinctive magazine. The world's best writers, and great thinkers and doers make The ATLANTIC America's most fascinating and informative periodical. Thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere today. Invite The ATLANTIC into *your* home for a few months at a spectacular saving, and see for yourself how much real reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue.

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Barbara Ward
Walter Lippmann
Sir Osbert Sitwell
Sumner H. Slichter
Archibald MacLeish
Agnes Newton Keith
Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.
Frances Parkinson Keyes
Catherine Drinker Bowen
John Hersey
David L. Cohn
Louis Bromfield
James B. Conant
Hanson Baldwin
Robert Moses
Al Capp
F. P. Adams
John Marquand
James Norman Hall
and Many Others

The regular price of The Atlantic is 50¢ per copy, or $6.00 per year. By accepting this offer now you will receive:

1. A 5-month trial subscription—regularly $2.50—for $2 (you save 50¢);
2. *PLUS* two free complimentary copies (regular price $1.00);
3. And, if you enclose the $2 *with* your order, which saves us bookkeeping and billing, we will return the favor by giving you an ADDITIONAL copy free—making a total of *eight* copies for $2—which gives you each copy for only 25¢, or HALF PRICE, and saves you a total of $2.00.

Because of its unusual nature this offer can be kept open for only 20 days. It is, therefore, to your advantage to return the attached coupon to us TODAY!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY • Offer Expires in 20 Days

The ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.
Please enter my trial subscription to The ATLANTIC ☐ for 8 months (I enclose $2.00) ☐ for 7 months and please send bill.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

____________________Z-16

I HATED TO SEE THAT EVENING SUN GO DOWN

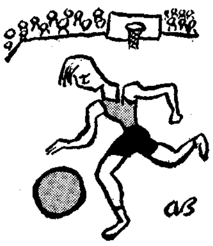
IN a recent issue of *Equity Magazine*, a professional journal that comes into my home every now and then, I read that a couple of performers' unions have been engaged in a jurisdictional dispute over a patriotic revue called "Red, White and Blue," which the American Legion is sponsoring. I was sorry to hear that the Legion had got itself involved in this kind of squabble, but not surprised, for I learned just last summer how nerve-racking it can be to try to devote oneself concurrently to Old Glory and the legitimate theatre.

My wife and I and our two young sons were spending a holiday in a rented house at Truro, Cape Cod, an hour's drive from a summer theatre she'd worked at before we were married. The manager of the company, on discovering that she was back in the neighborhood, asked her if she would appear in one play, for old times' sake. At first, I was opposed to this proposition. I pointed out to my wife that she had enough responsibilities as it was, without taking on any additional ones. She said in rebuttal that perhaps the trouble with our household wasn't so much that she had too many responsibilities as that I had too few.

"Don't be silly," I said. "What about the flag?"

We had rented the house sight unseen, and upon moving into it had found in front of it a lofty flagpole, at least fifty feet tall. Inside the house we had found a handsome flag of sufficiently ample size to fit the pole. I resolved at once to hang it there. I was excited at the prospect, partly because the Fourth of July was only a few days off and partly because I had never presided over a flagpole before. But on examining the pole closely I discovered that there wasn't any rope attached to it. Fortunately, the caretaker of our place came by to ask if everything was satisfactory. Everything was, I replied, with a single exception—no rope for the flag. He received this news sympathetically, and the next day a man with the agility of an acrobat showed up, shinnied to the summit of the pole, coaxed a rope over a pulley affixed there, and, after he had descended, knotted the two dangling rope ends together with an accomplished flourish. After he'd departed, I realized that he hadn't put any clamps on the rope, to be attached to the metal grommets sewn into one end of our flag. I set off in our car and tried to buy a pair of clamps at every hardware store within twenty miles of Truro. No flag clamps anywhere. (This is not to insinuate that Cape Cod is unpatriotic. Indeed, it was my deduction at the time that the shortage of flag clamps was the result of an overabundance of flagpoles; the supply of clamps had been exhausted, that was all.) Consequently, I had to resort to a rather inefficient method of flag-flying. Before breakfast—I recalled enough of my Army training to realize that the flag may be flown only between sunrise and sundown—I would untie the rope, thread one end through the grommets, retie it, and then secure the flag with diaper pins to prevent it from sliding down. It took me quite a while to perform this operation every morning and to perform its reverse every evening, but the spectacle of my own flag fluttering proudly in the breeze off the dunes was reward enough for my expenditure of time and effort. Besides, our children seemed to approve highly of the flag, and I was anxious not to inhibit this precocious manifestation of allegiance.

My wife finally convinced me that, despite the demands the flag was making on me, I could manage without her during a week of rehearsals and a week of performances, and she took the job. She was a trifle distressed, and so was I, when we looked over the script of the play. I had hoped to take the children to see her in it, but it was patently unsuitable for them, since it had their mummy cast as an alcoholic dope fiend of sensationally wanton habits. It seemed potentially hard, moreover, on my wife's best evening dress, which she had agreed to wear as her costume, for during one scene she was called upon, after a vigorous scuffle with a gentleman friend, to stab herself, fall to the stage in a heap, and then be picked up bodily by her vis-à-vis and flung into a wooden chest. The producer had provided the chest with a mattress, but nonetheless she suffered some painful bruises during rehearsals. The actor who had been assigned to manhandle her was a puny fellow, and he kept dropping her against the unpadded edges of the chest, rather than into its cushioned depths.



BY opening night, my wife's co-player had learned fairly well the knack of disposing of her humanely,

Milliken

100% virgin wool worsted . . . small checks designed to see you squarely into Spring '51. Donnybrook's classic suit, with dramatic accent of huge revers, is in Milliken worsted, and is the perfect background for your smartest accessories. Altman's, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago.

MILLIKEN Woolens,
1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

PARADISE BEACH, NASSAU

NOW EASIER TO GET TO THAN EVER BEFORE...

Nassau IN THE BAHAMAS

You'll find cosmopolitan gaiety in a leisurely old-world setting . . . a gentle, kindly climate . . . magnificent beaches and a crystal-clear sea that averages 70° . . . wonderful golf, fishing, riding, sailing, polo and other sports. Why not enjoy it all this winter? Remember—*pound devaluation now makes your money go so much further, too!* Wide choice of excellent hotels and guest houses.

DIRECT SERVICE

From New York: Wednesdays and Saturdays from Idlewild Airport by British Overseas Airways (4½ hours). One way $95.70, round trip $172.30, *plus taxes.* Fortnightly sailings by S. S. Queen of Bermuda. One way from $95, round trip from $160, *plus taxes.*

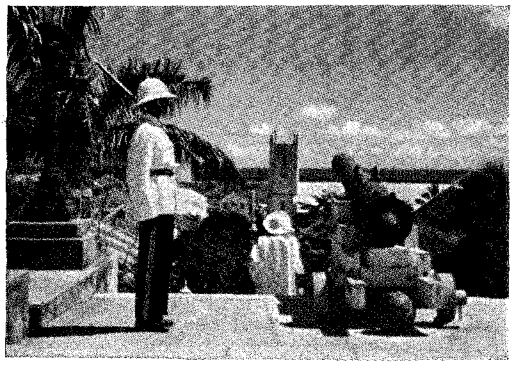
From Miami: Frequent daily flights by Pan American World Airways (55 minutes) and British Overseas Airways (BSAA). Overnight by S. S. Nuevo Dominicano—weekly sailings.

From Canada: Frequent direct flights by Trans-Canada Air Lines.

For information and reservations see your Travel Agent

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Bay St., Nassau, Bahamas—Cable: Devboard
1633 DuPont Bldg., Miami, Fla.—3-6150
247 Park Ave., New York 17—PLaza 3-5215
634 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.



and as a result her spirits were relatively high. So were mine; three people I had met at the beach that morning had complimented me on the fine appearance of our flag. My wife was due at the theatre at seven o'clock, in order to have plenty of time to make up. We were just about to drive away from our house when I realized that it would be dark long before we got back home and that I'd better lower the colors right then. My wife told me to hurry; we were late as it was, she said. I ran to the flagpole and gave one strand of rope a sharp tug. To my horror, instead of the rope's sliding over the pulley and bringing the flag with it, the knotted ends flew apart, leaving the flag still firmly moored to the top of the pole, and on the short-rope-end side of the pulley. There was obviously no way of getting the flag down except to climb the pole.

"Hurry!" my wife yelled from the car.

"The flag's stuck!" I yelled back.

"Then leave it," she said.

"I can't," I said. "The flag's got to come down."

"The curtain's got to go up," she retorted.

What does one do, even in the most smoothly adjusted of domiciles, when two such inviolable traditions crash head on? I took one last, mournful look at the flag, crawled despairingly into the car, and drove off toward the theatre. Maybe, I thought, it will be an uncommonly dark night—so dark that anyone passing our house won't be able to see the flagpole, much less the huge emblem of my dishonor being brazenly flaunted at its peak. But this rosy hypothesis was quickly superseded by another: The moon would be full and bright, the flag would be visible for miles around (as it was on a clear day), and within an hour after sunset a posse of vigilantes would gather at my house, waiting grimly to teach proper respect to the heretic in residence there. I didn't mention any of this to my wife, however; I figured she had enough on her mind.

I was in a bad way by the time we reached the theatre. My ebbing morale wasn't improved any, either, by a chat I had backstage with the actor who was scheduled to wrestle with my wife an hour later. He had appeared in the same role once before, he told me, and on that occasion the knife in use had accidentally pinned his fellow-player's dress to the floor, obliging him, in order to dislodge her preparatory to crating her, to rip a couple of yards of material off her frock. I thought fleetingly of my wife's gown, a gossamer and dreadfully expensive number, and then I remarked that I didn't understand how a situation like that could occur, as I assumed they were going to employ a rubber dagger.

"Oh, no, we've got a real one," he said airily.

MY wife gave an excellent performance. She played her part with such realism and verve, and so much ketchup, that I was sure she had actually been nicked, if not pierced clean through. She was impressively limp when the actor hauled her up from the floor (I was delighted to see that her entire dress came up with her) and dumped her into her repository. It was a good, clean shot, without recourse to any backboards. As soon as the play ended, I dashed backstage to make certain she was all right and, upon ascertaining she was, to congratulate her.

"I'm afraid I was too preoccupied to give much of a performance," she said. "I was so worried about you and the flag."

When we got home, the night was clear and the moon was brilliant. In its shimmering light, I saw one of the loveliest sights imaginable—our towering flagpole standing straight and firm without a scrap of flag appended to it, as bare as the Cape Cod dunes themselves.

My wife sighed with relief. "I didn't dare mention it before now," she said, "because I didn't want to arouse any false hopes in you, but the acrobat must have made it all right."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Just before the curtain went up, I telephoned the caretaker and asked him to get his man over right away," she said. "I explained that it was an emergency. I guess he found him, all right."

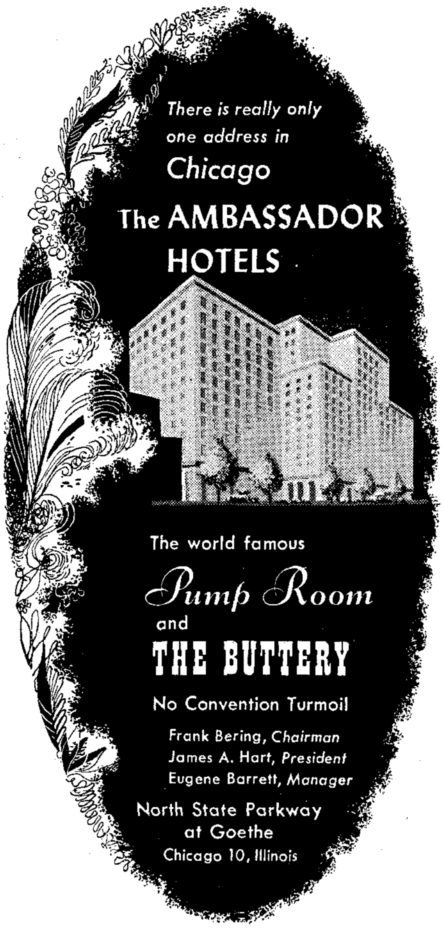
I had a wonderful, peaceful night's sleep, and I don't ever again want to hear anybody suggest that a woman can't successfully combine marriage and a career. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

OUR GENTEEL WIRE SERVICES

[*A. P. dispatch received by the Arkansas Gazette*]

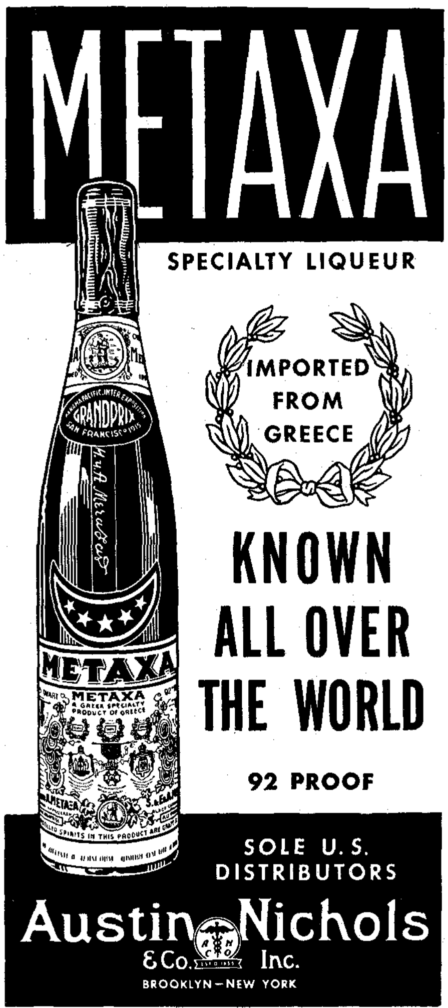
CORRECTION
HOLLYWOOD—COHEN, THIRD GRAF (A28 LA), PLEASE READ IT HE BORROWED THE MONEY FROM BROWN, ETC. (INSTEAD OF "PUT THE BITE ON").
THE AP
EV655APS NM



There is really only one address in Chicago
The AMBASSADOR HOTELS
The world famous
Pump Room
and
THE BUTTERY
No Convention Turmoil
Frank Bering, Chairman
James A. Hart, President
Eugene Barrett, Manager
North State Parkway
at Goethe
Chicago 10, Illinois

"Let's string this Baltimore case out as long as we can. After all, we're living high ad finem litis, at the LORD BALTIMORE HOTEL"
Teletype: BA263

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters.
PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read


METAXA

SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

IMPORTED FROM GREECE

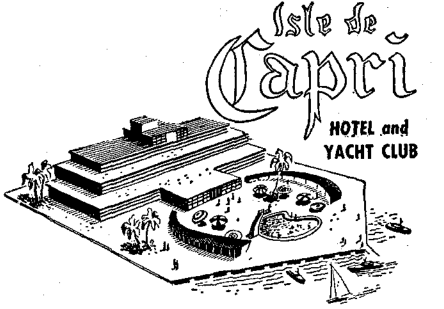
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

92 PROOF

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS

Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.

BROOKLYN–NEW YORK


Isle de Capri HOTEL and YACHT CLUB

FIRST MAJOR RESORT HOTEL
ON THE FABULOUS MAN-MADE
ISLANDS IN BISCAYNE BAY
INAUGURAL SEASON
7900 Harbor Island
MIAMI BEACH

Under direction of
G. SIDNEY PICKARD

The Drake Room
71 East 56th Street
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Cy Walter
and his piano rhythms
during dinner and supper
except Sunday
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Ave., at 56th St.

TELEVISION

Good News

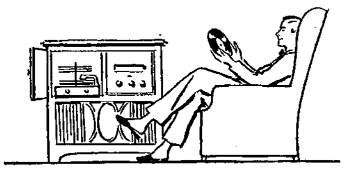
JIMMY DURANTE appears every fourth Wednesday evening over N.B.C. in a full hour of comedy, starting at eight o'clock, and the results so far have been nothing short of spectacular. Along with many other people, I have known for years that Durante is a great man, but it has taken his television appearances to make me aware of the extent of his greatness. He seems to have an uncanny instinct for this new and baffling medium. He knows, for example, that the television camera picks up the slightest gesture and the faintest expression, and gives each gesture and expression a strange, special emphasis by reducing it, on the tiny screen, to something bigger than life. Durante has caught on to the fact that when a television performer blinks, that blink is the equivalent of a toss of the head on the orthodox stage. He not only makes every motion count but he is in constant motion. He glides, crouches, turns, whips his head back, leans forward, takes off his hat, scratches his head, puts his hat back on, wiggles his mighty nose, sits down at a piano, bangs out a few notes, slams his hand down on top of the piano, crouches, glides, wiggles his nose some more, and so on. Through some magic, each motion is kept within range of the camera, and no motion is out of proportion to any other. As a result, Durante's personality emerges in all its barbarous and frenzied glory.

In addition to keeping active physically, Durante rarely stops talking. He is onstage almost continuously, and I cannot recall more than a moment or two during which he was not huskily making some remark or other. ("I'm going to play one of Choppin's études," "I've created a Frankenfurter monster," "I must have an inferiority duplex," "Look at the Leaning Tower of Pizza" are representative.) Durante performs solo a good deal of the time, but his hour also contains sketches. Most of those I have seen are of a pretty high order, as television sketches go. I remember with particular delight one in which Durante, sitting up in bed and mortally ill, was visited by a doctor, who put on his stethoscope. He was interrupted by a coarse yell from the patient. "Just my luck to get a doctor who's hard of hearing!" shouted Durante. This episode followed a mad search through the bed for a hot-water bottle. "Where's the top?" his valet asked. "Never mind the top," said Durante, extracting the bottle from beneath the sheets. "Where's the water?"

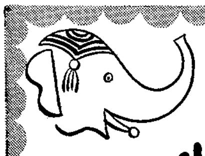
From time to time, a guest star turns up and tries to slip in a word or two. Of all the guests so far, I should say that Helen Traubel was not only the most unexpected but by far the most winning. She more than held her own with Durante—a formidable task, even for a diva. Miss Traubel arrived in the armor of Brünnhilde, complete with metal breastplate and spear. "Holy smoke! She's been drafted!" cried Durante. Toward the close of the program, Durante brings on his old partner, Eddie Jackson, who, as in the past, wears his high hat, swings his cane, and dances and sings with uncommon skill. To watch Jackson and Durante clowning together in their wonderful old style is a heart-warming sight and provides just about the perfect ending to an astonishing hour of fun.

THE Armstrong's Circle Theatre, over N.B.C., came along a week ago Tuesday with an unusually agreeable half-hour comedy by Leslie Scott, entitled "Christopher Beach." One reason Mr. Scott's effort pleased me is that his central figure, a writer, was a pleasant, personable young man with no eccentricities. Most of the time on television, a writer is depicted as a long-haired zany, an incipient alcoholic, or a fellow who mumbles phrases more esoteric than the cantos of Ezra Pound. Mr. Scott's writer, Christopher Beach, is just a hard-working novelist who turns up at a small-town bookstore, Ye Booke Nook, to autograph copies of his novel "The Light in Heart." Prior to his arrival, a salesgirl, Sarah, remarks to the proprietress of the shop that, years back, she had known Christopher Beach, and that they had spent a glorious summer afternoon together, during which he confessed that he wanted to be a writer and she told him that she wanted to be Edna St. Vincent Millay. Sarah doubts whether Mr. Beach will remember her, but the proprietress, overcome by the fact that her salesgirl actually knows a real, live writer, spreads the report through the village that Sarah and Mr. Beach are in love. Mr. Beach

FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE



Magnificent New Performances on Columbia ⓛⓟ Records



Saint-Saëns:

The CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS

New Verses by OGDEN NASH
NOEL COWARD
with ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
and his Orchestra

33⅓ ⓛⓟ Record ML 4355
or 78 rpm Set MM-966

MARY MARTIN
In Brilliant Broadway Musicals

"ANYTHING GOES"
by Cole Porter
33⅓ ⓛⓟ Record ML 2159 or 78 rpm Set MM-967

"THE BANDWAGON"
by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz
33⅓ ⓛⓟ Record ML 2160 or 78 rpm Set MM-968

Mendelssohn: CONCERTO IN E Minor, Op. 64

ISAAC STERN, Violin, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. 33⅓ ⓛⓟ Record ML 4363 or 78 rpm Set MM-973

SAMMY KAYE

"SUNDAY SERENADE" 1951 Edition
Famous Hit Selections by the Maestro of "Swing and Sway."
33⅓ ⓛⓟ Record CL 6155 or 78 rpm Set C-219

Don't Miss These Outstanding Musical Events
Your Dealer is Featuring Them Now!

COLUMBIA ⓛⓟ RECORDS

First, Finest, Foremost in Recorded Music

arrives and Sarah explains her predicament. Being a gentleman, he acts as though she were the light of his life. Needless to say, Mr. Scott's story, which, when you come right down to it, isn't much, ends on a happy note. Christopher Beach, it seems, has been pining for Sarah ever since that long afternoon years back, and has made her the protagonist of "The Light in Heart." His only regret is that she has not read his novel—a valid complaint. The story was unfolded with intelligence and dispatch. Barbara Britton, as Sarah, and Tyler Carpenter, as the courteous novelist, were outstanding in a capable cast.

"THE HANGING ACROBAT," presented not long ago on "The Adventures of Ellery Queen," over Du Mont, was just my meat. I loved every minute of this absurd and gaudy tale, from the discovery of the murder of Amy Muller, of the Flying Mullers, a trapeze act in a small-time carnival, to the final scene, in which Mr. Muller, a chap who enjoys strangling women whilst soaring about with them under the big top, is preparing to squeeze the life out of his new partner, a kootch dancer turned acrobat. I have no idea how Don Richardson, its director, managed to compress so many characters into a half hour and make them all plausibly suspect, but he did it. Ellery Queen, casually dressed in a sports jacket, moved about the carnival grounds with the quiet competence of a master sleuth, except for a period during which he was bound and gagged. It is Ellery, of course, who discovers the identity of the murderer—and not a minute to spare. Richard Hart, as Ellery, was more than ably assisted by Sono Osato, who was splendidly enticing as the kootch dancer; Kurt Katch, who was properly repulsive as the mad aerialist; and three fine actors named Raymond Bramley, Don Kennedy, and Frank Tweddell.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

> Take first the case of a newly formed corporation Suppose all it does is to get a charter and then stops right there. It transacts no business and has no income. Such a corporation need not make income to tell its story once to the collector its inert status. All it has to do is tax returns as long as it remains in of internal revenue.
>
> Now let us take the situation in reverse . . .—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Let's not.

make a date with the SUN

Follow it south to gay Caribbean ports aboard one of the world's great luxury liners. Good food, sparkling entertainment, healthful relaxation. Zestful days afloat and ashore.

"See you aboard a **MAURETANIA** *Sunshine Cruise* . . . still time to catch the first one!"

JAN. 18
13 DAYS
5 PORTS • $355 up

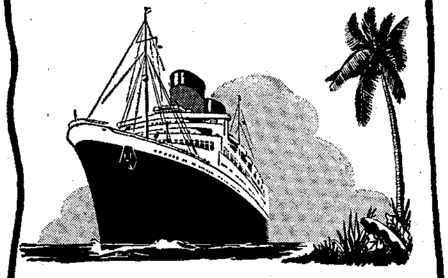
or see you later!

FEB. 3
18 DAYS
9 PORTS • $495 up

FEB. 24
18 DAYS
9 PORTS • $495 up

MAR. 17
14 DAYS
5 PORTS • $385 up

WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA



Consult your Travel Agent or
CUNARD LINE

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY,
DECEMBER 17, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

I READ with sympathetic interest Dr. Gustav Eckstein's account, in the December 2nd issue, of his disappointments while trying to gather material in Russia for a biography of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov. If Dr. Eckstein should find it possible to finish the biography, I hope he won't neglect to tell of Pavlov's equally frustrating first trip to the United States.

In June, 1923, Pavlov and one of his sons, Dr. Vladimir Pavlov, arrived in New York to visit friends here and in New Haven. On their second morning in town, the Pavlovs were robbed of two thousand dollars, which was every cent they had with them. The seventy-three-year-old scientist and his son were sitting in a coach of the New Haven Railroad, in Grand Central Station. Pavlov had in his hand his wallet, containing their tickets and money, when three men walking through the car jostled him. One man snatched the wallet, and the three robbers dashed from the train. Pavlov's son and a porter ran after them, but they escaped. The money was never recovered. The Pavlovs returned to the concourse, where, according to an item that appeared in a New York newspaper, the scientist remarked—presumably in Russian or German, since he spoke no English—that he was going back to Russia, where there was law and order. The police were notified of the robbery, and Pavlov's son, who did speak English, telephoned a friend, a chemist with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The chemist arranged for the bewildered foreign visitors to be guests of the Rockefeller Foundation during their stay. Within a day or two, the board of directors of the Foundation voted to give Pavlov a thousand dollars "for the purpose of studying physiology in American institutions."

A second unpleasant experience followed almost immediately. Pavlov had been invited to address the International Physiological Congress, which was to meet that summer in Edinburgh, and he had booked passage for Southampton on the Majestic, sailing the middle of July. When he and his son took their passports to the British Consulate in New York to apply for visas, they were told that the British government had not recognized the Soviet Union and would not give a visa to any Soviet citizen, even one who was a Nobel Prize winner and one of the outstanding scientists of the day. The French government, however, did not feel that the Pavlovs were such a dangerous risk; Pavlov had attended the Pasteur anniversary celebration in Paris before coming to America, and the French Consulate in New York gave him and his son permission to reënter France. They left the ship at Cherbourg.

Recently, I had occasion to look up the accounts of the Pavlovs' visit in the New York newspapers, and was surprised to find that not one of them mentioned Pavlov's arrival or the incident of the robbery until the day, three weeks later, when they boarded the ship for their return journey. Evidently, Pavlov had not seemed a newsworthy figure. Besides, his visit had obliterating competition from other events. President Harding was touring the country, for the last time, on his way to Alaska, and his daily oratory was reported in minute detail. New York was enduring a record-breaking heat wave. Two nights before the Pavlovs sailed, Firpo knocked out Jess Willard.

On July 14th, the *World* finally printed a story on the Pavlovs' visit, in half a column on page 5. Vladimir Pavlov was quoted as saying, "It is queer that my father should be invited to the Congress and then refused permission to attend. But he does not care." At a reporter's request, the son asked his father his impressions of America. Pavlov's eyes flashed and he smiled as he answered the question. " 'My trip was too short. I had a fine time,' " Vladimir translated.

Very truly yours,
WESLEY S. GRISWOLD

BERKELEY, CALIF.,
DECEMBER 23, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

CAREFUL reading of Dr. Gustav Eckstein's account of Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, in *The New Yorker* a few weeks ago, leads me to think that Dr. Eckstein probably wasn't present when a small group of rash American physiologists performed their own experiment on the neurotic dog of Pavlov's colleague, the formidable Mme. Petrova. During the 1935 International Physiological Congress, in Leningrad, I was conducted, along with a good many other visiting scientists, on a tour of the

OPENING JANUARY 9th
DENISE DARCEL
"Interpreter of Song"
BOB FOSSE and MARY ANN NILES
Dynamic young dance team
STANLEY MELBA
and his Society Orchestra
CHICO-RELLI
and his Rhumba Orchestra
Closed Mondays
Cotillion room
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

ENGLISH NORMANDY HOUSE
A superb 18 acre estate in Greenfield Hill, Fairfield, Conn. for sale. Immediate occupancy.
ENGLISH NORMANDY type house built 1938.
First Floor: Guest room, sitting room and bath, Library, Music room, Informal living room, Formal living room, Dining room, Kitchen, Pantries, Servants quarters.
Second Floor: 6 master bedrooms, 6 baths, sun porches. Reinforced concrete basement, recreation rooms, fireplaces, laundry rooms.
Garage: capacity 6 cars, steam heated, 2 apartments, 2 baths.
Superbly landscaped: 3 green houses, rolling land, stream, ponds, petit pavillion, formal gardens, tennis courts, etc.
Partly furnished; attractively priced.
Contact owner:
H. A. SMITH
305 Railroad Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Phone 4-5125 Brokers invited.

YEAR 'ROUND IN Phoenix ...in the heart of COLORFUL ARIZONA
Convenient downtown location, resort atmosphere, a beautiful pool for swimming. Ideal climate summer and winter.
John B. Mills, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Hotel Westward Ho
AND PATIO SUITES

Floor Lamps with Reflectors
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

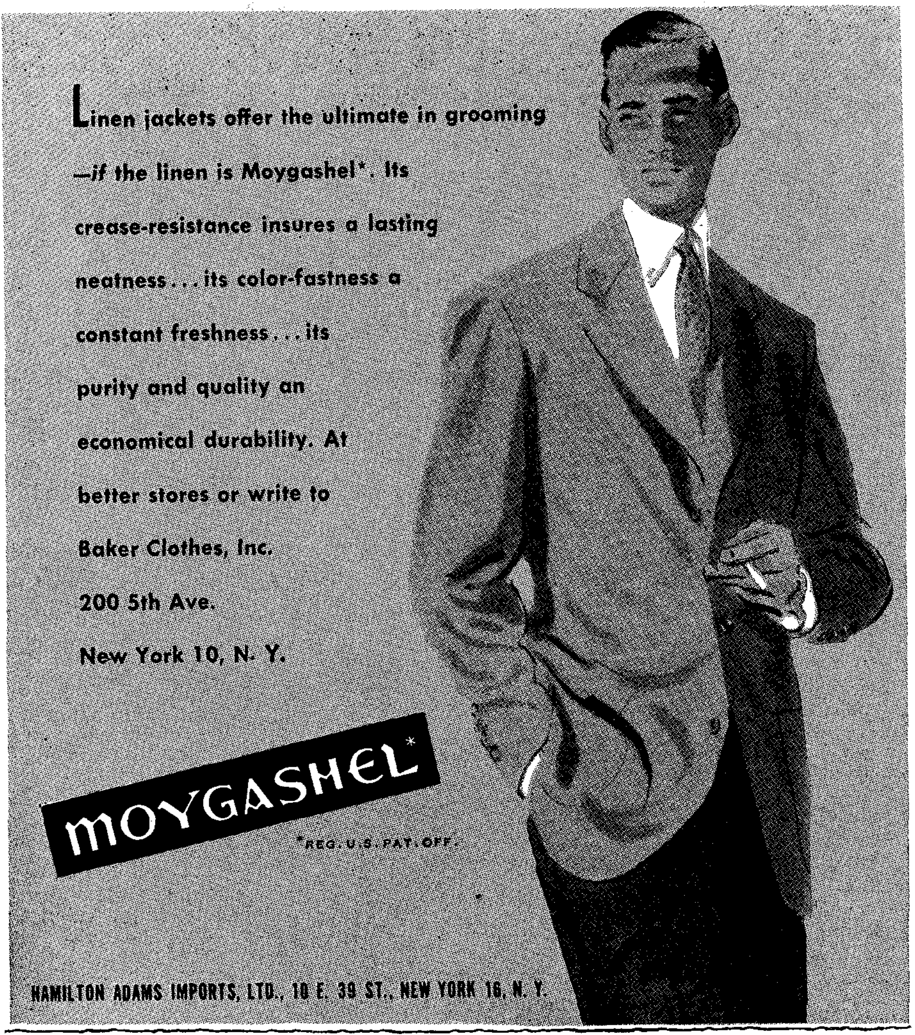
Reflex Tower of the Institute of Experimental Medicine. Like Dr. Eckstein, we were shown the dog—his name was John—whose neurosis, we were told, was associated with fear of heights. When Mme. Petrova led him from her laboratory out to the stair landing, the dog refused to approach the spiral stairway and crouched in a pitiful manner close to the outer wall of the building. Mme. Petrova produced from her pocket bits of raw meat and dropped them on the floor near the stairs. John would not go near them. But when she placed the pieces of meat near the wall, he eagerly gobbled them up.

Mme. Petrova took the dog back into her laboratory and then, leaving John unattended, went into an inner room to demonstrate some specially designed apparatus. Most of the crowd of visiting scientists followed her, but three of us, all Americans, stayed in the outer room. We looked at each other, then at the dog. Two of us nodded and the third, whom I shall call, for the purposes of this account, Dr. Stirling, approached John. The dog appeared very docile, so the physiologist picked up the rope attached to John's collar and moved toward the stairway, with John contentedly following. Dr. Stirling went to the head of the stairs. John followed, looked over the edge toward the bottom of the Tower, then up at us in a friendly manner, and wagged his tail. Now came the crucial test. Dr. Stirling led John down the circular stair in such a way that the dog, without the slightest sign of mental perturbation, actually brushed against the supporting rods of the handrail. We could detect no evidence of fear of heights.

Suddenly, we heard a shriek from the laboratory. It was Mme. Petrova. "Vare iss Tchon?" she cried, and came running out of the laboratory in great excitement.

In the Institute, Americans had a bad reputation as thieves, because of an unfortunate experience that Pavlov had had in New York a few years before. (Thinking that he would be more certain of a seat if he could board his train, in the Continental manner, an hour or so before the scheduled time of departure, he had persuaded a ticket taker in Grand Central Station to let him enter the train long before it was to start, and he and his son, sitting alone in the coach, were robbed.) Hence Mme. Petrova's dismay at the disappearance of so extraordinary a dog as John with Americans about.

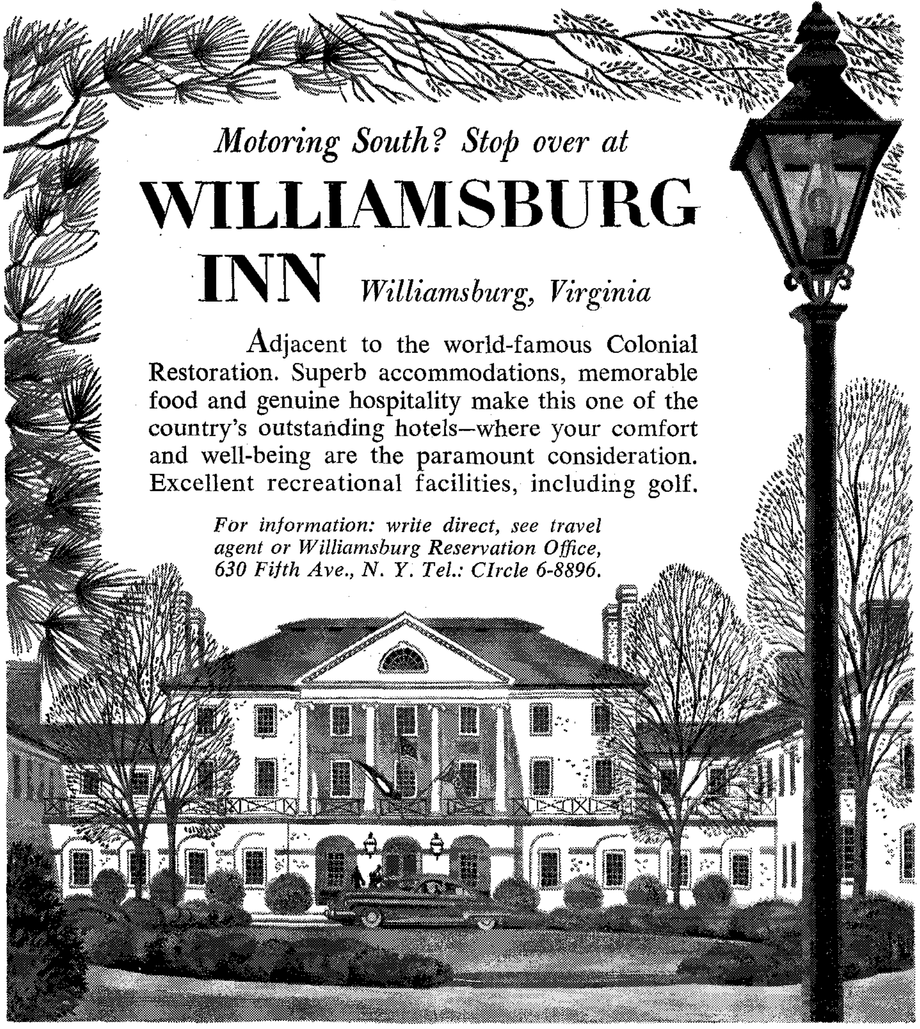
Dr. Stirling called reassuringly from the bottom of the stairs that John was


Linen jackets offer the ultimate in grooming —*if* the linen is Moygashel*. Its crease-resistance insures a lasting neatness . . . its color-fastness a constant freshness . . . its purity and quality an economical durability. At better stores or write to

Baker Clothes, Inc.
200 5th Ave.
New York 10, N. Y.

MOYGASHEL*
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HAMILTON ADAMS IMPORTS, LTD., 10 E. 39 ST., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.


Motoring South? Stop over at
WILLIAMSBURG INN *Williamsburg, Virginia*

Adjacent to the world-famous Colonial Restoration. Superb accommodations, memorable food and genuine hospitality make this one of the country's outstanding hotels—where your comfort and well-being are the paramount consideration. Excellent recreational facilities, including golf.

For information: write direct, see travel agent or Williamsburg Reservation Office, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Tel.: CIrcle 6-8896.

25¢

A unique new digest-magazine for informed readers

Preselected articles

Outstanding book excerpts

Illustrated throughout

√ **Do you know how bookmakers fix horse-betting odds to suit themselves?**

√ **Russia is waiting for *1* thing! What is it?**

√ **Destroyer? Airplane? Helicopter? Dog-teams? Which of these rescued 12 icecap-bound men in a 120-mile-per-hour blizzard?**

√ **Know how *you* can "crash" any Washington cocktail party?**

Find out in CHECK

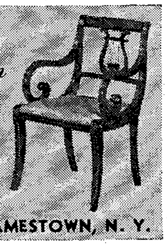
First issue on newsstands now

Buy CHECK today—You'll endorse it!

For a limited number of travelers in search of new adventure...

here's a unique opportunity to make an exciting *African Safari* ... to stalk rare big game with gun or camera... to explore a vast unspoiled paradise and observe primitive tribal life... under escort by professional hunters. Everything arranged before departure.

Consult Walter McCormick, Farrell Lines, 26 Beaver St., New York 4, N. Y.


BROWNLEY *dining room*

Send one cent stamp to department N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Learn How to TRAVEL RIGHT THROUGHOUT EUROPE

Complete Program of 1951 Tours Now Ready. File your application for steamship space **now**. Also Package Tours Mexico and California.

ARNOLD TOURS 236 Clarendon St. Boston 16, Mass.

down there. Mme. Petrova rushed down. We said we were merely doing an experiment and had found that John was not so neurotic after all, and apparently had no fear of heights.

"No! He iss afraid!" screamed Mme. Petrova, and seized John's leading rope. John slunk back, and as she led him up the stairs, could he be persuaded to approach the edge? No, indeed! He crouched and cowered and clung to the wall. Mme. Petrova was fierce in her denunciation of Americans who dared question facts. We three American scientists quietly melted into the crowd, and the incident was closed.

As a physiologist who has done some work on conditioned reflexes, it seems to me that John was conditioned to Mme. Petrova herself, and in that way only might be considered a neurotic.

Sincerely,
J. M. D. OLMSTED
Professor of Physiology,
University of California

•

THE WALTZER IN THE HOUSE

A sweet, a delicate white mouse,
A little blossom of a beast,
Is waltzing in the house
Among the crackers and the yeast.

O the swaying of his legs!
O the bobbing of his head!
The lady, beautiful and kind,
The blue-eyed mistress, lately wed,
Has almost laughed away her wits
To see the pretty mouse that sits
On his tiny pink behind
And swaying, bobbing, begs.

She feeds him tarts and curds,
Seed packaged for the birds,
And figs, and nuts, and cheese;
Polite as Pompadour to please
The dainty waltzer of her house,
The sweet, the delicate, the innocent
  white mouse.

As in a dream, as in a trance,
She loves his rhythmic elegance,
She laughs to see his bobbing dance.

—STANLEY KUNITZ

•

In the Rams' dressing room no one said much and Head Coach Joe Stydahar, mumbling through stiff lips and blurred eyes, said:

"The Browns are a great team."

—*The Times.*

Try *that* through your eyes!

Exquis!

Authentically French is Hormel Onion Soup. Hormel's own chef, Jean Vernet, cocks a critical Gallic eye as great mild onions are sliced paper-thin, browned gently in good butter, then simmered slowly in rich and lusty beef stock. Seasonings are deft, and aged Parmesan provides the final glory.

Here is a gourmet's soup... to evoke memories of France. Try it! Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL ONION SOUP

HORMEL GOOD FOOD

EVERY DAY A FAMOUS NATIONAL DISH

Monday, Hungarian
BUDA-PESTH GOULASH TARHONYA
Tuesday, Spanish
ARROZ CON POLLO
Wednesday, Swedish
KOTTBULLAR OCH POTATIS MED GURKA OCH LINGON
Thursday, Turkish
OUSEN-KEBAD
Friday, French
BOUILLABAISSE
Saturday, British
OLDE ENGLAND BEEF AND KIDNEY PIE
11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Cocktails

16 W. 51 RESTAURANT MAYAN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

for the perfect DINNER

Enjoy the superb food, excellent service and refreshing atmosphere which is yours at the *Town House*

Carl C. Masson, Manager

38th Street East of Park Avenue, New York

CHAPEAU The exciting new perfume

Mr. John, INC.

53 E. 57th STREET

MUSICAL EVENTS

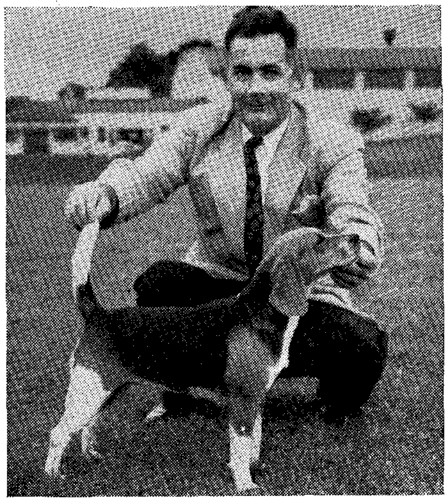
Popular Records

A FORGOTTEN recording of the jazz concert presented by Benny Goodman at Carnegie Hall on the night of January 16, 1938, was discovered not long ago, and it has been issued by Columbia on two long-playing records. It is as immediate and as stimulating as if the concert had been given yesterday and something new and wonderful had just taken place in jazz. It seems too bad, considering the wealth of talent spread out here, that the whole performance hasn't been repeated at Carnegie Hall, for all the musicians heard in this set are, as far as I know, still pursuing their art hereabouts. The chances are, though, that few of them could recapture that bright moment in the past or attain again such joyous heights. We are given by this recording, whose curious history I'll go into later, the opportunity to hear what was unquestionably a major event in popular music, its core the skyrocketing Goodman band of that period and its ornaments such guest soloists as the pianists Count Basie and Teddy Wilson, the vibraphonist Lionel Hampton, the cornettist Bobby Hackett, the saxophonists Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney, and Lester Young, and the trumpeter Cootie Williams. In the band proper, there were, besides the incomparable leader and several other fine musicians, dedicated performers like Gene Krupa, the drummer; Jess Stacy, the pianist; and Harry James and Ziggy Elman, trumpets. They were inspired that night, and were all master interpreters of the bursting new musical form known as swing.

The Goodman band opened the concert with Edgar Sampson's irresistible arrangement of "Don't Be That Way." "Sometimes I'm Happy" was the second number. (It has been deleted from the recording because of mechanical imperfections, and is the only piece missing.) "One O'Clock Jump" followed, and after this Hackett, Hodges, Carney, and Williams joined the band for a cursory, but enlivening, lesson in jazz history, illustrated by six representative works and leading up to a breathtaking performance by the Goodman band of an instrumental display called "Life Goes to a Party." Next came a long jam session, with "Honeysuckle Rose" as its basis and with Goodman, Basie, Krupa, Hodges, Carney, James, Young, Vernon Brown (trombone), Walter Page (bass), Freddy Green (guitar), and Buck Clayton (trumpet) taking part. Goodman, Krupa, and Wilson then played "Body and Soul," after which, with the assistance of Hampton's scintillating and often unbelievable vibraphone work, the combination offered "Avalon," "The Man I Love," and "I Got Rhythm."

Fletcher Henderson's zestful arrangement of "Blue Skies," played by the band, opened the second half of the program, and was followed by Claude Thornhill's swing version of "Loch Lomond" and Henderson's sleek reworking of "Blue Room," both also band numbers. In the next two offerings—a relentless Jimmy Mundy arrangement of "Swingtime in the Rockies," and "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön"—Ziggy Elman's trumpet was heard to handsome advantage. The Goodman-Krupa-Wilson trio, in "China Boy" and, again joined by Hampton, in "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Dizzy Spells," came along then, and after that the pièce de résistance of the evening—that unparalleled invention known as "Sing, Sing, Sing," with its astonishingly apt and suspenseful interpolation of Henderson's "Christopher Columbus." Lasting over ten minutes, this is more nearly complete than any of Goodman's other recorded versions of the number; after the long and exciting bandwork in the first part, and the brilliant solos by James and Goodman in the second, Jess Stacy takes over with an extended, subdued, and lyrical piano solo, so beautifully handled that the whole passage seems to hang in the air in anticipation of the finish. For an encore, the band offered "Big John's Special," a rousing endpiece.

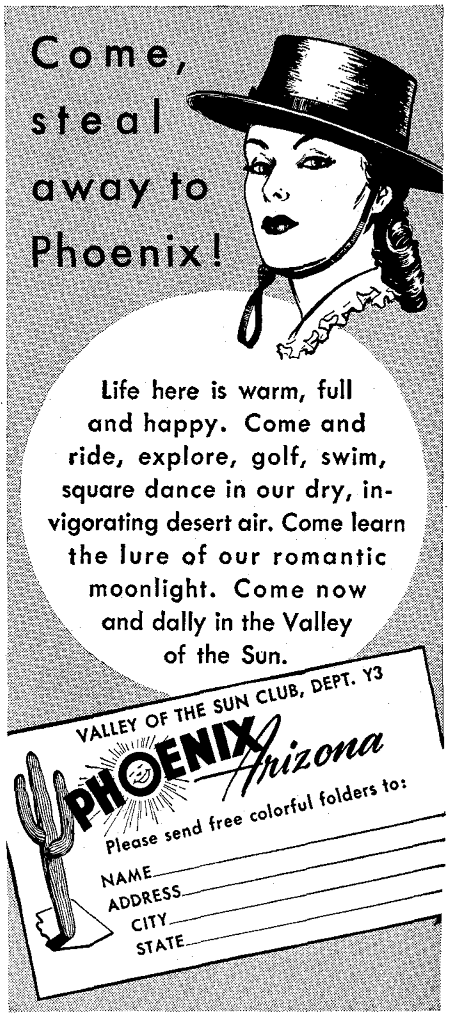
"Well, that was all yesterday," as Irving Kolodin remarks in the affectionate notations he wrote for the set. Two recordings were made of the concert, the music being picked up by a single overhead microphone and transmitted to a nearby broadcasting studio. One recording went to the Library of Congress, and the other one Goodman took home with him and forgot about. Several months ago, according to Kolodin, Goodman's small daughter, rum-



Wins top Beagle honors at Springfield Dog Show!

Posing for handler Johnny Murphy, *Champion Miss Judy of Wyckoff* shows the Beagle Hound perfection that won her the best of breed award at Springfield, Mass., dog show. Says Murphy, "Picking the winning dog isn't always easy, especially when the competition's tough. But picking the best dog food is never a problem. I always choose Dash, the Armour dog food, because it's fortified with liver. That's a difference that counts. Dash is a complete dog food—does wonders for looks, appetite and disposition!" Get Dash for *your* dog today!

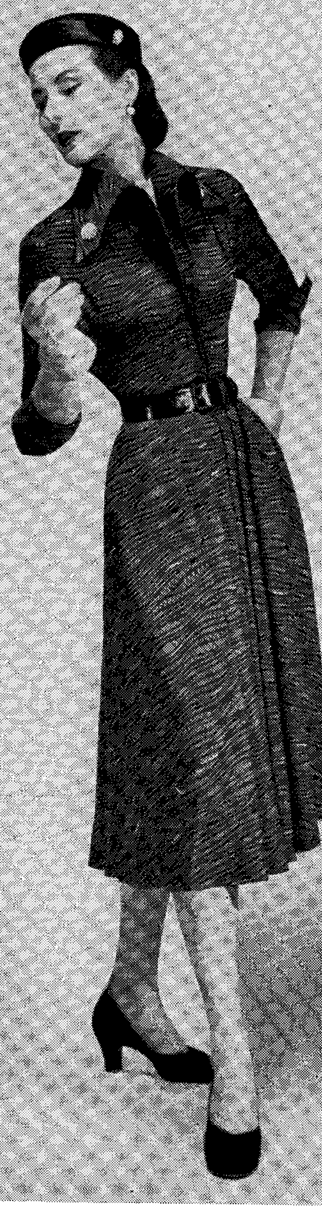
Dash—fortified with liver!


Come, steal away to Phoenix!
VALLEY OF THE SUN CLUB, DEPT. Y3
PHOENIX Arizona

Life here is warm, full and happy. Come and ride, explore, golf, swim, square dance in our dry, invigorating desert air. Come learn the lure of our romantic moonlight. Come now and dally in the Valley of the Sun.

Please send free colorful folders to:
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

jay Thorpe
24 WEST 57
NEW YORK



A FRESH
NEW FEELING IN SILK

Designed By Sheila Lynn

Like seeing the first crocus . . . your first Spring print is bound to be your favorite . . . and here it is. A subtle silk print in a dress that's sleek but flowing, cinched with a patent leather belt. In royal or ginger with black.

Sizes 10 to 18. 49.95

Young Second Floor

Mail and phone orders filled

maging around in a closet, came across it and asked her father what it was. Out of curiosity, Goodman played it, and then he had it transferred to tape, edited, and published. High time, too.

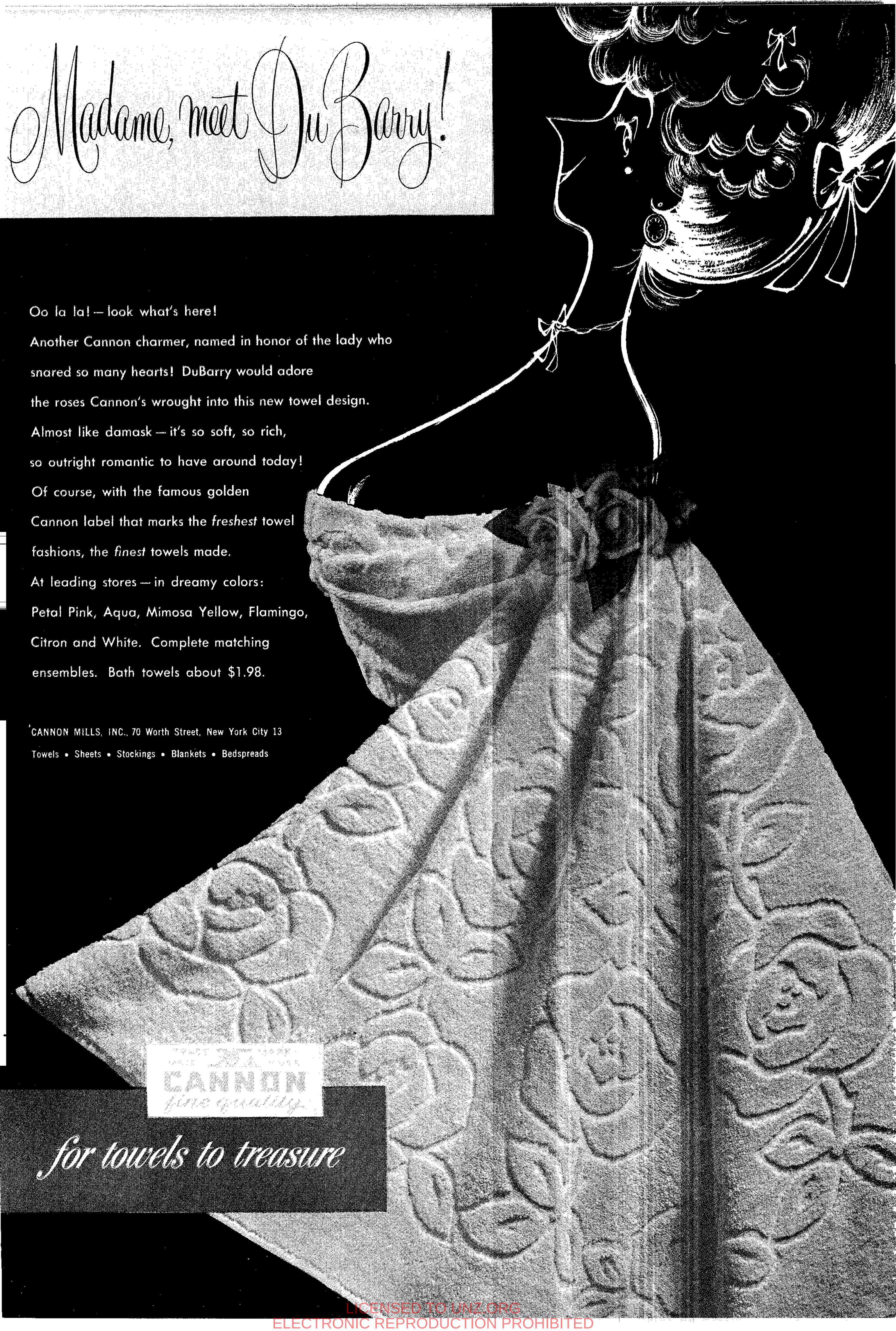
DESPITE the rather severe vocal limitations of most of the singing soloists involved, the "Guys and Dolls" album, recorded by the cast and orchestra of the current Broadway success and issued by Decca, is a delightful package. What the stars and featured players lack in pure singing accomplishment, they make up for in expressiveness. Except for one or two fairly standard love songs, the score, by Frank Loesser, consists of ingenious character numbers. They are not especially distinguished musically, but they are all sprightly, and the best thing about them is the appropriateness of the lyrics, which invariably conform to the thinking habits and speaking idioms of the characters for whom they were written. In this album, the most persuasive and captivating performer of all is Vivian Blaine, who, in such triumphant works as "Adelaide's Lament" and "Take Back Your Mink," reveals an unerring instinct for the pinched and mannered speech of a Brooklyn doll, and a grand ability to put over a song. Robert Alda is obviously no singer, but he has a manly voice and employs it with great confidence, with the result that his labors in "My Time of Day" and "Luck Be a Lady," and a couple of things in which he is joined by Isabel Bigley, carry conviction. Miss Bigley, the only one who sounds as if she had had a bit of vocal training, does the enchanting "If I Were a Bell" and a few other numbers in a sweet, wavering soprano. Sam Levene's voice, a hoarse parody of a singer's, is raised in solo only once, in a tailor-made piece entitled "Sue Me." The echoes of melodiousness in the old, fading voice of Pat Rooney, Sr., invest with charm a sentimental piece called "More I Cannot Wish You." Stubby Kaye gives an energetic rendition of "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat," a mock spiritual, and, paired with Johnny Silver, delivers the rhythmic title song with fine verve. Other alert musical observations by Loesser include the opening "Fugue for Tinhorns," the mealymouthed but agreeable "Follow the Fold," a satirical night-club piece called "A Bushel and a Peck," and an amusingly determined duet, "Marry the Man Today." I found immense pleasure in almost everything, but I was most cheered

Cannon
shopping guide

You'll find Cannon's "DuBarry" towel—shown opposite—featured at better stores, including:

ATLANTA—Rich's
BALTIMORE—HUTZLER'S
BIRMINGHAM—Burger-Phillips
BOSTON—Filene's
BUFFALO—J. N. Adam & Co.
CHICAGO—Mandel Brothers
CINCINNATI—Alms & Doepke
CLEVELAND—Halle Bros. Co.
COLUMBUS—F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
DALLAS—A. Harris & Co.
DAYTON—Rike-Kumler Co.
DENVER—The May Co.
DETROIT—J. L. Hudson Co.
FT. WORTH—W. C. Stripling Co.
HARTFORD—G. Fox & Company
HOUSTON—Foley Bros.
INDIANAPOLIS—The Wm. H. Block Co.
LOS ANGELES—J. W. Robinson Co.
LOUISVILLE—Stewart's
MIAMI—Burdine's
MILWAUKEE—Boston Store
MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
NEWARK—Bamberger's
NEW ORLEANS—D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
NEW YORK—R. H. Macy & Co.
OAKLAND—H. C. Capwell Co.
PHILADELPHIA—Strawbridge & Clothier
PORTLAND—Meier & Frank
RICHMOND—Miller & Rhoads
ROCHESTER—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
SAN ANTONIO—Joske's of Texas
SAN DIEGO—Marston Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—The Emporium
SEATTLE—The Bon Marche
ST. LOUIS—Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Inc.
SYRACUSE—Dey Brothers
TOLEDO—LaSalle & Koch
WASHINGTON—Woodward & Lothrop

Madame, meet DuBarry!



Oo la la! — look what's here!

Another Cannon charmer, named in honor of the lady who snared so many hearts! DuBarry would adore the roses Cannon's wrought into this new towel design. Almost like damask — it's so soft, so rich, so outright romantic to have around today! Of course, with the famous golden Cannon label that marks the *freshest* towel fashions, the *finest* towels made.

At leading stores — in dreamy colors: Petal Pink, Aqua, Mimosa Yellow, Flamingo, Citron and White. Complete matching ensembles. Bath towels about $1.98.

CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 Worth Street, New York City 13

Towels • Sheets • Stockings • Blankets • Bedspreads

CANNON

fine quality

for towels to treasure

"The bonds I bought for our country's defense —will see my twins through college!"

"Back in 1942 I joined the Payroll Savings Plan at the U. S. Naval Ordnance Plant where I work as an executive secretary. I put 10% of my salary into bonds to help win the war. And I still buy bonds."

"Through careful managing, the twins and I have lived comfortably and saved too. This fall the twins will enter Butler University—thanks to U. S. Savings Bonds, the best way to save I know!"

HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE PAYING OFF FOR MRS. MARY CALLON OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"Meet Janet and Jack, my *twin* reasons for buying bonds," says Mary Callon. "Even though I'm a widow, these children are going to have a college education. The U. S. Savings Bonds I bought will see them through!"

Mrs. Callon's story can be your story, too!

What Mary Callon did, you can do, too—and just as easily! Just take these three simple steps—*today:*

1. *Make one big decision—to put saving* first, *before you even touch your income.*

2. *Decide to save a regular amount* systematically, *week after week, or month after month.*

3. *Start saving automatically by signing up* today *in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!*

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family but for the free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, your plans will turn into reality, just as Mary Callon's are doing.

FOR YOUR SECURITY, AND YOUR COUNTRY'S TOO, *SAVE NOW*—THROUGH REGULAR PURCHASE OF U. S. SAVINGS BONDS!

The Maisonette

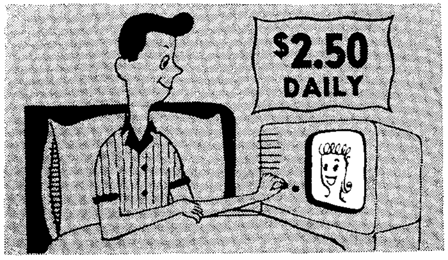
Jane Morgan

The American Chanteuse from Paris

MILT SHAW • HORACE DIAZ
and his Orchestra and his Ensemble

Special Theatre Dinner until 8 p.m.—$4.00
(No Entertainment Tax)

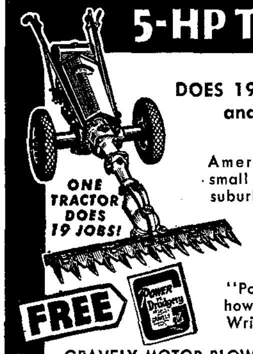
HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th St., N.Y.



BRIGHT SPOT FOR SHUT-INS

Your convalescing friend in hospital or home will enjoy brighter hours when you present him with a GUEST TELEVISION gift certificate. Renting for as little as $15 a week, a television set is the perfect gift for shut-ins.

GUEST TELEVISION & RADIO, INC.
381 Fourth Ave. • LE. 2-1985



GRAVELY
5-HP TRACTOR

DOES 19 LAWN, GARDEN and FIELD JOBS— QUICK and EASY!

America's most practical small tractor for small farms, suburban homes.

- ALL GEAR DRIVE
- POWER REVERSE
- A QUALITY TRACTOR

"Power vs. Drudgery" tells how to put POWER to work! Write today!

GRAVELY MOTOR PLOW & CULTIVATOR CO.
BOX 185 DUNBAR, W. VA.

FIELD-TESTED FOR 28 YEARS

by a chorus number—the proud musical proclamation called "The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York." I guess it created a fresh sense of the enduring values in an inconstant world.

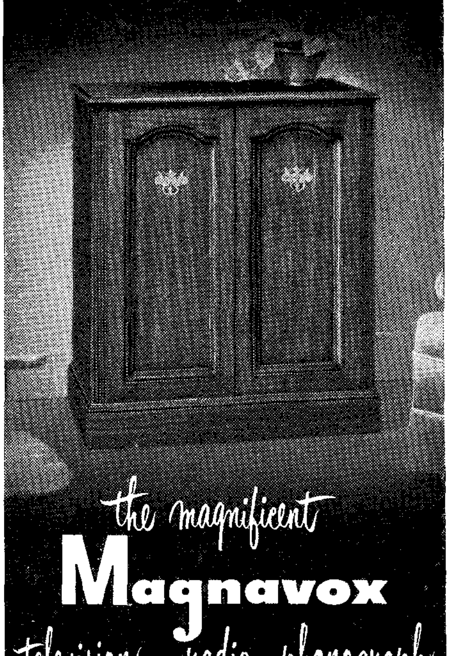
A PAIR of Columbia albums, each on a long-playing single, devoted to the scores of two of the worthier musical-comedy expressions of the thirties—"The Band Wagon" and "Anything Goes"—miss the mark. Mary Martin does all the solo singing in both sets, and, proficient as she is, her style proves a trifle wearing in each assignment. Cole Porter's score for "Anything Goes" is his brightest work, and Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz have never turned out a better collection of songs than those they collaborated on for "The Band Wagon," but the singers and the instrumentalists, directed by Lehman Engel, are too few to give the performances the lively, sturdy atmosphere they require. On the whole, I think the "Band Wagon" album is the more entertaining, since most of the songs in this one yield more easily to Miss Martin's methods than do the Porter numbers.

While on the subject of Porter, I'd like to point out that two rather attractive songs written for his latest musical, "Out of This World," but dropped from the show before it opened here, are now available. Jo Stafford, smartly assisted by Paul Weston's orchestra, sings "You Don't Remind Me" engagingly on one side of a Columbia single, turning her attention to Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust"—a piece I dislike intensely, by the way—on the other. A crude but vigorous presentation of the other excised song, "From This Moment On," is offered on a King record by the band of Gene Williams, with the leader doing the singing. On the opposite side, Williams devotes himself to one of those movie theme songs, this specimen called "Margot" and stickier than most. —D. W.

•

The Carnival held at the Peace and Harmony School on Wednesday night of last week, cleared $155.34. The crowd that packed the building caused the floor to settle several inches away from the walls, and major repairs will be required. The teacher, Miss Martha Kay Medsker, and the patrons thank the business people of Skidmore, and all others who contributed in any way toward the success of the event.—*Skidmore (Mo.) News.*

Special thanks go to the heavyweights—people weighing two hundred or better.


Beauty that outlasts the years

the magnificent Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph
Better sight... better sound... better buy

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S

A famous Sea Food house for 70 years

Closed on Sunday

Established 1879

374 Fulton St., Brooklyn

Lum Fong

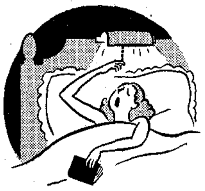
New York's Favorite Chinese Restaurant

150 West 52 St.
220 Canal St.

authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies

BOOKS

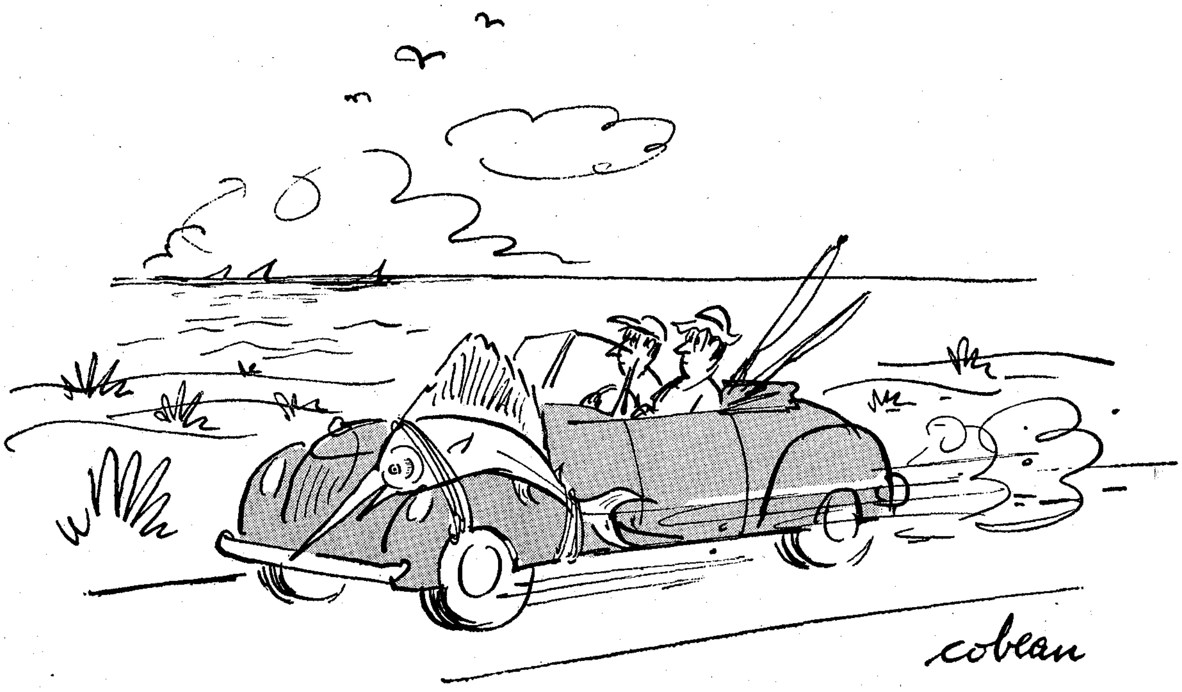
Stephen Crane—Hannah Whitall Smith



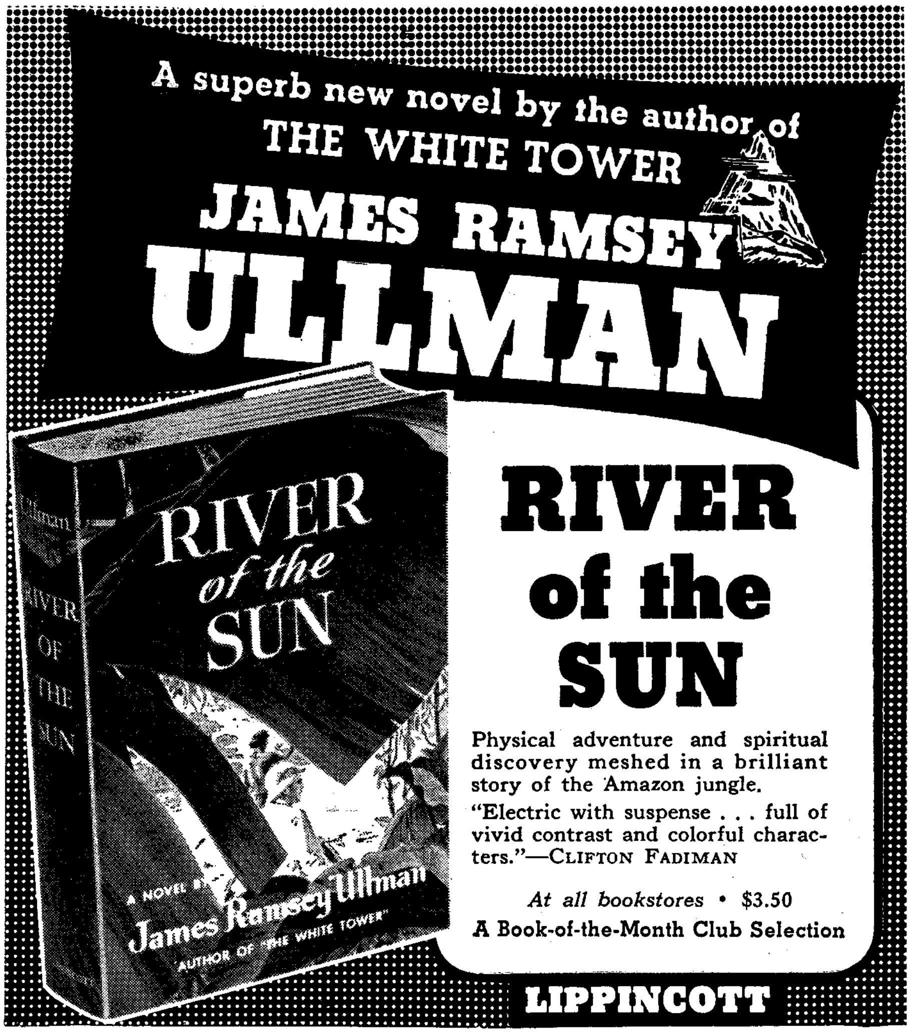
Mr. John Berryman, the poet, undertook several years ago to do a volume on Stephen Crane for the new American Men of Letters series. When he addressed himself to the task, he discovered that biographical materials were mainly limited to the scattered memoirs written by Crane's friends and to the slight and sentimental study published by Thomas Beer in 1923. He found also that this book of Beer's was inaccurate in the extreme, and that the author, in his chivalrous solicitude to clear away the atmosphere of scandal that hung about Crane's reputation, had suppressed some important facts and left some misleading impressions. In the meantime, a number of other people had attempted the subject and given it up. "Book after book on the man," Mr. Berryman says in his preface, "has been announced, labored at, and laid by in despair." But why? Because Crane, it seems, is baffling. He refused to belong to the literary world of comfortable family men that was presided over by Howells, and he found himself as little at home in the American newspaper world of pushing and glib reporters. He had the knack of evading institutions and detaching himself from milieux, of taking up with unconventional companions and embarking on disastrous exploits. In his time—the eighteen-nineties—he aroused moral indignation through his work and his habits both, and from the moment he became successful, with "The Red Badge of Courage," he was hounded by the envy of all the hacks. He also got on the wrong side of the New York police by appearing in court to testify in behalf of a chorus girl whom he had seen mistreated by a policeman, that Charles Becker who was later convicted of murder, and the city was made uninhabitable for him. He was reputed to be a drug addict, a drunkard, and a conscienceless seducer of women—for none of which charges, it seems, can the smallest justification be found. But when one tries to arrive at the truth, one is balked, Mr. Berryman says, by conflicting or incomplete evidence, and tantalized by hearing of documents that the possessors persist in withholding.

Mr. Berryman has not been discouraged; he has brought together and checked the materials already in print, and he has tracked down unpublished papers—though, he says (it is characteristic of the secrecy that still surrounds Crane), he has not been allowed to name three of his most valuable sources—and, in "Stephen Crane" (William Sloane Associates), he has produced a full-length biography, as well as a critical study that is also a pioneering work. For our strangely unadventurous criticism, which has lately been rather overdoing such subjects as Hawthorne and Melville and James, has completely ignored Stephen Crane. Mr. Berryman's book is an important one, and not merely because at the moment it happens to stand alone. Though many of the facts of Crane's life are here for the first time assembled, so much is still but half understood that one hopes it may someday be possible for somebody to write a biography that will for fullness be as far beyond Berryman as Berryman is beyond Beer. (Crane's letters should be collected; the fragments of his correspondence that appear in this book and elsewhere, often couched in sardonic slang, are incisive comment on books and life.) But we are not likely soon to get anything better on the critical and psychological sides. The book has some faults of style. The more elliptic kind of poet is sometimes not quite at home in expository or narrative prose. But Mr. Berryman clears up as he goes along. Though his phrases are not always clean-cut, his writing has a density that compresses much matter, and there is always thought behind it. It may be said of Mr. Berryman's book that it has put Stephen Crane on the map in the sense that he is the first critic who has thoroughly explored and surveyed this peak and established its altitude.

One of the most striking features of Crane's career, which his biographer throws into relief, is the development at a very early age of a mature point of view toward his work. This point of view seems always to have been conscious, and it was often stated by Crane in the most explicit way. Truth in art for the author of "The Open Boat" was an accurate report of impressions, and he aimed at a vividness and sharpness that would render one's physical sensations and the ups and downs of one's morale as well as the sounds and images that reached one from an alien external world. His very first printed sketches—of 1892, when he was not yet twenty-one—achieved this. The first version of "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets" was written the previous year. In the version that was published in February, 1893, this ignoble little tale of the slums is as detached, as implicitly contemptuous of ordinary moral atti-



tudes, as firmly engraved on the page, as fastidious in its literary phrasing, and as studied in its use of low language as the work of any of the writers of the more aesthetic division of the French naturalistic movement—say the Huysmans of the somewhat similar "Marthe" and "Les Sœurs Vatard," written in the late seventies—of whom Crane seems to have had no knowledge. And the characteristic irony is also there, as it had been in the earlier sketches. Crane knew exactly his line, which he trusted because it was his own and not learned from someone else, and he was not to be diverted from it. He pursued it with a directness and consistency and an indifference to other interests that make him a unique phenomenon among the Americans of his period. He pursued it through his juvenile camping trips, through his early frequentation of the Bowery, through his bohemian days in Manhattan, through his wanderings in the Southwest, through his shipwreck on the way to Cuba, through the campaigns of the Greek and the Spanish wars, through his awkward adolescent love affairs and his boldly outrageous marriage, through his fame that brought with it calumny and his success that kept him impoverished, through his cluttered and fatiguing final days as the master of Brede Place, in England. Nothing among all these vicissitudes ever seemed to Crane so important as the feat of pinning down on paper his vision of human experience, and for this reason his life itself, so restless, so bizarre, so varied, can never seem so real as his work. The man, in his actual history, his arrangements, his relationships, his "periods," is likely to prove elusive, but we always know where to find him—in his work. He stuck by it through all his adventures, and the story it tells is straight. He avoided the common fate of the serious artist in America—common, that is, since the Civil War—of selling out or cracking up, by dying of tuberculosis before he was twenty-nine (unless this itself represented a form of cracking up). He was never a prolific writer, but he had been forced to turn out in his later years more journalism than he liked, and the "Whilomville Stories," relentless though they are in their insistence on the barbarities of boyhood, do show a certain fading out. Mr. Berryman seems to imply that "The O'Ruddy," a full-length novel that Crane left unfinished at his death, was a compromise with popular rubbish. "I get a little tired," Crane told someone, "of saying, 'Is this true?' " Yet he wrote in the very last months of his life, as Mr. Berryman


A superb new novel by the author of
THE WHITE TOWER
JAMES RAMSEY
ULLMAN

RIVER
of the
SUN

Physical adventure and spiritual discovery meshed in a brilliant story of the Amazon jungle.
"Electric with suspense . . . full of vivid contrast and colorful characters."—CLIFTON FADIMAN

At all bookstores • $3.50
A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

LIPPINCOTT

For the sheer delight of a fine wine...

...ENJOY CRESTA BLANCA CALIFORNIA SAUTERNE, fragrant, light-bodied, delicately dry. Luscious grapes from famed Livermore Valley—unhurried aging in cool limestone caves—give this pale golden wine its magnificent flavor and bouquet. Serve it soon, delight your guests. ANOTHER FINE WINE FROM CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY AT LIVERMORE, CALIFORNIA.

Cresta Blanca Sauternes alone have won nine major awards in the last four California State Wine Judgings

CRESTA BLANCA
Consistent Winner of Major Wine Awards Since 1889

says, two of his greatest stories, which express one the pride of desperate courage, the other the tragic resistance to death: "The Clan of No Name" and "The Upturned Face."

Mr. Berryman, with brilliant insight, has traced every step of the progress that leads to this culmination, showing how the remorseless antagonist against which Crane's heroes are pitted exchanges the aspect of an obdurate Nature for that of a mob-minded humanity, and indicating the narrow sphere within which a moral victory is possible for men at the mercy of chance. He is equally good in differentiating the varying levels of Crane's work and in scrutinizing his style, line by line and stroke by stroke. Crane's writing has never before been subjected to so searching an examination. His terse little poems, for example, which do not easily fall into place in anthologies or histories of poetry, have usually been treated by his critics as a more or less casual by-product, but Mr. Berryman deals with them separately and gives them expert and extensive attention. If one is not always so certain of the sureness of his Freudian interpretation of Crane's writing as a key to his emotional life, it is only for the reasons that Freud's formulas can rarely quite satisfactorily be applied in any given case and that there must always be an element of the arbitrary in choosing among the images struck off by so rich a writer as Crane. There can be no doubt that Mr. Berryman has succeeded in getting hold of certain of the crucial factors—the influence, especially, of Crane's mother, a strong-minded Methodist moralist, which must have dominated his boyhood and youth. Mr. Berryman believes that this accounts for Crane's habit of forming attachments for women much older than himself, and also for the special fascination, a queer kind of moral prestige rather than a sexual attraction, that prostitutes always had for him. "My mother," he quotes Crane as saying, "was a very religious woman, but . . . my brothers tell me that she got herself into trouble before I was old enough to follow proceedings by taking care of a girl who had an accidental baby." It is true that the subject of "Maggie" is not to be accounted for by mere youthful curiosity or bravado. Crane never got over his passion for prostitutes: he was always trying to defend or protect them, and he seems to have achieved satisfaction of a deep and inveterate appetite when he finally married (if the marriage was real; Mr. Berryman thinks it was not) a woman who—though this, to be sure, was not her only claim to his admiration—was running, when Crane first met her, a brothel in Jacksonville, Florida. Is it quite credible that the story of the unmarried mother—about which at the time it occurred Crane himself knew nothing—is enough to explain all this? And one is even less certain of the accuracy of the effects of the father relationship suggested by Mr. Berryman. The elder Crane died, after all, before Stephen was nine, and it is hard to be sure of his role in the development of his son's personality. It ought to be remembered that both parents were fervent and active Methodists, the father an elder of the church, the mother a popular preacher. The queer combination in Stephen of the outlaw and the devotee seems something like a transposition of the dedicated purpose, the unquestioning faith, and the spiritual purity of his parents into terms of an unworldly rejection of the puritanical side of Methodism and a cult of fidelity through art to sensual and moral experience.

Mr. Berryman has also brought to light some elements, hitherto unperceived, of what is probably a Freudian pattern, in revealing Crane's favorite images, the recurrent obsessional symbols that figure all through his work—the Negro with the knife, the Teutonic hero or victim, the horses that trample on things. One cannot be sure, again, that Mr. Berryman has fitted them together correctly. Yet one cannot be offhand in judging any aspect or detail of a study so original and so probing as this. One would have to have been over the ground as thoroughly as Mr. Berryman, and it is certain that no such excursion can ever be attempted in the future without Mr. Berryman's book in hand.

THE essayist and author of "Trivia," the late Logan Pearsall Smith, also had parents who were both preachers—not Methodists but Quakers—and in his case as well as in Crane's, the mother outlived the father and seems to have been the stronger of the two. The able evangelical woman was an American type of that time, and Hannah Whitall Smith was one of the more attractive examples of it. Her husband lost standing when he became involved in a scandal with a female disciple, and afterward lost his faith and died disillusioned and bitter. But Hannah, having visited England in connection with her husband's ministry and made friends with some titled ladies who came under the spell of his eloquence, eventually settled there and enjoyed a

ABRAHAM MYERSON'S
SPEAKING OF MAN

". . . in its best parts reflects a wise man of fine-grained sensibilities, who, though probably more disenchanted with the human scene than most, made almost a religion out of intellectual honesty and his belief in the value of life. . . . one might almost compare him to Montaigne for his quiet skepticism, his humanism and his lack of fakery." —*The New Yorker*

$3.00 wherever books are sold

ALFRED · A · KNOPF
Publisher

MIAMI

A distinguished hotel in a quiet, park-like setting . . . convenient to beaches and all attractions. Season December to May.

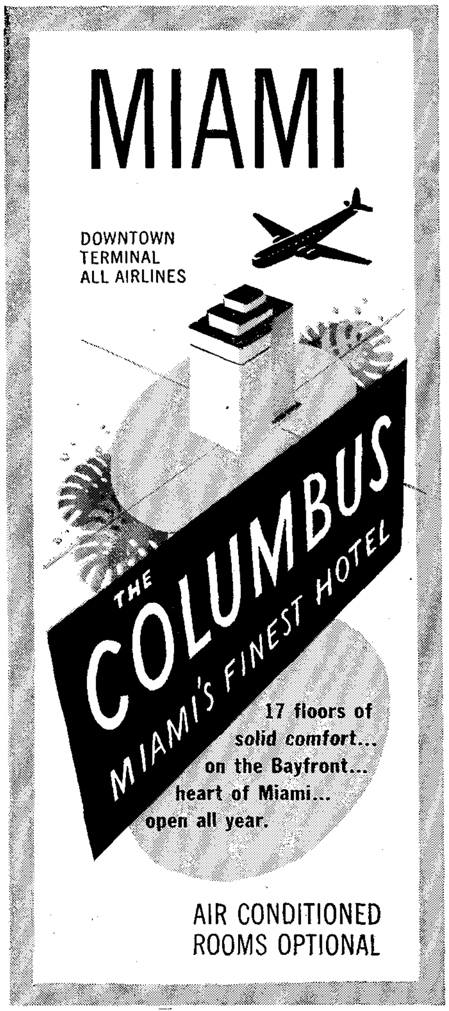
ATTRACTIVE RATES
Single: $8 to $14
Double: $12 to $18

THE VENETIAN ON THE BAYFRONT

Reservations Advised

ON THROUGH ROUTES TO ALL ATTRACTIONS · AMPLE PARKING
WRITE FOR FOLDER

A charming hotel awaits you in BUFFALO
HOTEL STUYVESANT Buffalo, N.Y.



Jack Eigen

Open Daily for
DINNER
COCKTAILS • SUPPER
•
Broadcasting Nitely
from 1 to 4 A.M.
on WMGM

Guest Room
51 E. 54 ST. Res.: BRUNO EL 5-3647

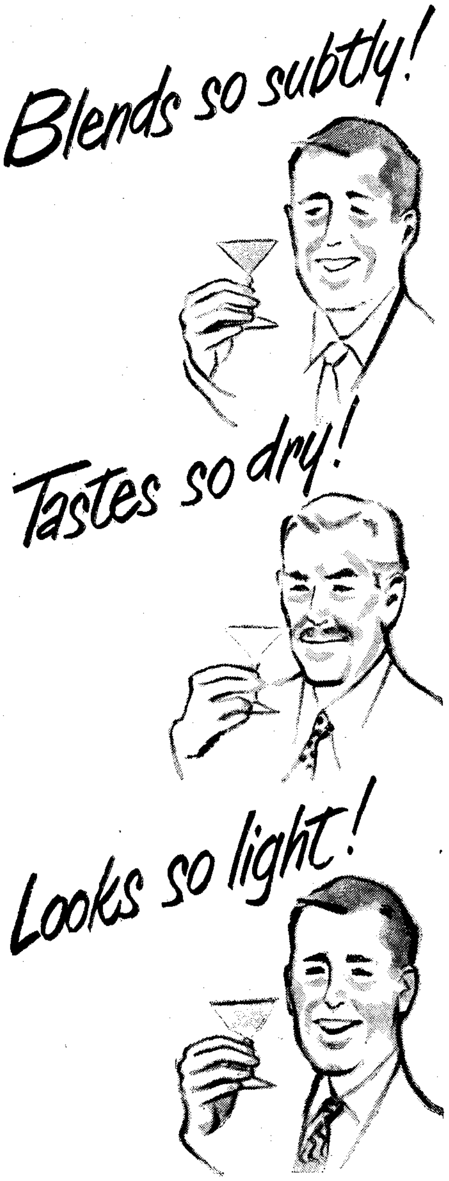
Nick and Arnold
present
Florence Desmond
AND
Teresa Brewer
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

Recent Water Colors
DWIGHT SHEPLER
GALLERIES OF KENNEDY & CO.
JAN. 5-27 785 FIFTH AVENUE

sort of social success as well as a reputation as the author of Quaker tracts. Her son Logan, when he was writing his memoirs, went over his mother's papers and decided that she was "a most remarkable and brilliant letterwriter." He prepared a selection from her correspondence and wrote a brief introduction for it, but he did not live to bring it out. This has now been done by Robert Gathorne-Hardy, who has contributed a biographical preface (rather deficient in exact information), in a book called "Philadelphia Quaker: The Letters of Hannah Whitall Smith" (Harcourt, Brace).

One's feeling on beginning this volume is that Smith overrated his mother's letters. They at first seem the kind of thing that may be worth while to print for the family but that are hardly of general interest. The mind of Hannah Smith was limited; she was neither particularly intelligent nor remarkably cultivated. She was unable to appreciate painting and does not seem to have cared much for literature. Of the distinguished people whom she met she has little that is vivid to report. Some of her comments on England and America are amusing and throw light on the state of mind of Americans like the Smiths, who took great pride in their native heritage but found it pleasanter to live in Europe. (Camping trips in the Rockies and the Adirondacks discommoded and bored her.) Yet she is not very sharply observing.

But as one follows the course of these letters into the cheerful old age of the English years, one finds a personality emerging of unexpected charm and humanity. The prudery of Hannah's upbringing—"When I was young," she writes, "it was considered indecent to have a baby, and I myself was made to feel as if I was a prostitute"—becomes tempered by an amiable worldliness that produces little anticlimaxes not unlike those of her son in the deliberate ironies of "Trivia." The dear friend of Frances Willard and crusader for the W.C.T.U. deplores the debauched habits of the English aristocracy, but makes a point of going to Ascot. "There certainly *is* a charm," she writes, "about the English upper classes that is indescribable, and I confess I *do* enjoy them exceedingly. For one thing they are far more like Americans than the classes below them." In one letter, she will write to her daughter, Mrs. Bernard Berenson, "I am afraid Willie's continued smoking has so undermined his moral nature that he really does not know right from wrong, poor fellow,"


Blends so subtly!
Tastes so dry!
Looks so light!

That's why you'll call
LEJON THE
PERFECT
VERMOUTH

VERMOUTH
LEJON

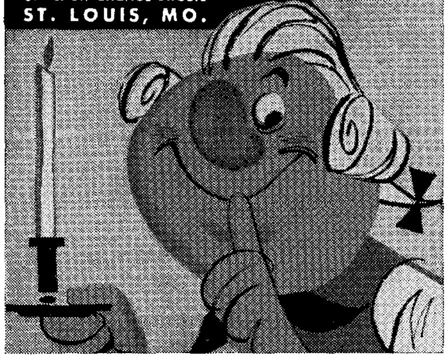
Compare the color and taste of Lejon with any other vermouth. You'll see it's lightest of all. That's why Lejon gives you the driest, smoothest cocktail you've ever tasted. Sip and see!

LEJON
Vermouth

DRY OR SWEET • A PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
National Distillers Products Corporation
New York, N. Y.

The Waldorf
PRESENTS
JACK CATHCART'S
CONTINENTALS
NELLE FISHER
& JERRY ROSS
in "Dance Ballads"
WITH EARL REDDING
EMIL
COLEMAN
and his orchestra
MISCHA BORR
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
WEDGWOOD
ROOM
TWO SHOWS: 9:15 and 12:15 weekdays. Cover after 9:15. THEATRE DINNER —no entertainment tax —served 6 to 8 daily including Sunday.
WALDORF
ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE & 50TH STREET

Sh-h-h-h
sleep in quiet comfort
HOTEL
Mayfair
8th & St. Charles Streets
ST. LOUIS, MO.
TELETYPE SL 139



Giant Artichokes
Giant artichokes from California's Carmel-by-the-sea. Matchless for size, freshness, and flavor. Outstanding treat for party luncheons or dinner. Unique gift for friends. Eight recipes tell how to prepare and serve. Box of 12 Giants, prepaid in U.S., for only $3.95. Please send check or money order to
TOM JONES
P. O. Box 356 Carmel, California

FISHERMEN'S NET
"HOME OF SEAFOOD DELICACIES"
LIQUOR Nicholas G. Chroneon, Dir.
493 THIRD AVE. NEW YORK MU 4-8911

and in the next will announce that she is sending her "a belated birthday present—a telescope cigarette holder. Thee need not advertise that it is a present from the author of the 'Christian's Secret of a Happy Life'! But I think it may save thee from a little of the poison of thy cigarettes, of which I have a few fears."

Her principles of Quaker non-resistance do not prevent her from rejoicing when the Grand Duke Sergius is assassinated, just as her Protestantism does not prevent her from accepting the education of her grandchildren as Catholics or of confessing that for some kinds of people, who cannot rely on themselves, it is better to go to the priest. Since her instincts have been always humane, her tolerance grows greater and greater. It is all very sweet and droll. Married at nineteen, never in love with her husband, and a champion of women's rights, she does not think much of marriage, but, congratulating her daughter Mary—though evidently with a slight incredulity—on the happiness of her life with Berenson, she advises her to humor and pet him, though not beyond a certain point. She looks forward to death with an eagerness that cannot be insincere. "I had a prophecy from a 'Palmist' the other day, that I am to die at sixty-seven. Of course I place no faith in it, but I cannot tell thee what a real inward spring of joy it gives me every now and then to think—'Suppose it should be true!' " And she later expresses herself as follows: "My sprees are really over at last. My next spree will be Heaven, and that *will* be a spree worth having!" In her old age, she takes sometimes a humorous turn when she speaks of her relations with God. "I really began to feel," she writes in connection with an importunate admirer, "a sympathy with God for the worship He has to put up with so often." God had meant to her her own sense of life, which had escaped from constraints and conventions and even from the pieties of her cult, to which she did not attach much importance. The most touching passage of these letters is in one of her appeals to her daughter, and the cadences with which it closes again recall the prose of her son: "Thy letter about Carlyle and Emerson interests me very much. It shows that after all your 'top eyes' are not entirely closed, and your spirits are not altogether earthbound. I often and often wonder how it is that people so fundamentally good as you are can be so content without any real link with God, and even, I fear, without any certainty that there is a God to be linked to. My soul was always so full of aspirations, that a God was a necessity to me. I was like a bird with an instinct of migration upon me, and a country to migrate to was as essential as it is to the bird. But you have seemed content to sit on a branch and merely flap the wings that were meant for flying, and to let your horizon be bounded by the fences of one little field, with no longings for the great spaces of the eternities." —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RIVERS PARTING, by Shirley Barker (Crown). A sonorous and romantic account of the early English settlers in New Hampshire, and their immediate descendants. John Scarlock, of Nottingham, whose story starts the book, immigrates in 1628 and has a happy married life and many children. His son Will's affairs are more complicated, since he finds himself married to one woman and in love with another, but all ends well. A visit Will makes to London allows for an account of the fire of London and the great plague, to fill out that part of the book not taken up with descriptions of Early American customs and costumes. The Literary Guild selection for January.

EARLY STORIES, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf). Miss Bowen's early stories—small-scaled, feminine, sensuous, and exceedingly civilized—flow from character into well-defined situations, eddy a little, and end. Some make a statement, others leave the reader up in the air. Although the twenty-five stories in this collection were written in her early twenties, very few deal with the young; Miss Bowen concerned herself mostly with middle-aged respectable people of a certain sensitivity or polish. Her writing—rich, perfectly assured, and almost immoderately fastidious—seems baffled quite often by the slightness of the material on which it spends itself. If the stories, which never rend the heart, are a trifle neat, it is the natural and appealing neatness of a very young, kind person who is so pleased at having been granted a glimpse of the world and at having the ability to record what she has seen that she is a bit ruthless in her haste to declare the encounter at an end.

SUCH DARLING DODOS, by Angus Wilson (Morrow). Mr. Wilson is a very smart, malicious writer with a gift, or an inclination, for dealing with conniving human beings. His dialogue—bright, accurate, and flippant—is by far the most successful part of his work, and the stories that depend on a prolonged interchange of insult, innuendo, and snide suggestion come off very well. Among these, "Learning's Little Tribute," a gruesome study of office charity, and the title story, in which a tragic middle-aged couple endure unmerciful disillusionment, are the best. The stories of solitude—"Necessity's Child" and "A Little Companion," for example—in which we get tricks instead of writing, are clumsy and ineffectual, although they have the merit of showing Mr. Wilson in direct contact with human pain, even if he finds himself out of his depth in trying to contend with it or convey it.

No High Adobe, by Dorothy L. Pillsbury (University of New Mexico Press). A collection of short, warm-hearted sketches, written in a pleasant, temperate style, about the daily lives of some poor but apparently quite contented New Mexican families.

GENERAL

Blunder in Asia, by Harrison Forman (Didier). It is the author's contention that although China has been conquered by the Communists, it remains to be seen whether she has been conquered by Communism. He believes that the United States, by abandoning Chiang Kai-shek as a lost cause, could insure that Communism would not engulf China. We must, he says, give the Chinese something better, and he offers quite a bit of evidence that China's people and her present leaders, who, he maintains, do not feel in the least indebted to the Soviet Union, would listen to us if they were convinced of our good faith. This book, which underwent its final revision last July, is not a polemic; it is mostly personal observations by a veteran Far East reporter who was present in Shanghai last year when thousands of Red Army men (many of them bearing American arms) paraded victoriously through the streets, and who bases his opinions and conclusions on what he saw and what people on the scene said. As such, it is good, but some of the conclusions are pretty dubious.

Measure of the Year, by Roderick L. Haig-Brown (Morrow). A literary calendar, tracing, month by

"A pretty girl and a voice to match" writes Russel Crouse about Patrice Munsel

"The idea that a beautiful face makes the song sound sweeter may not be the most logical in the world . . . but it is impossible not to believe it when Patrice Munsel is doing the singing. The freshness, simplicity and directness of her personality seem genuinely to flow into her art; and the most florid opera aria or the simplest melody carries with it a unique warmth and complete sincerity."—*Russel Crouse.*

Have you heard Patrice Munsel sing Adele, in: Johann Strauss, Jr.'s "DIE FLEDERMAUS"

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 44 famous authors. If you would like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 203, Camden, N. J.

BOTTLED IN BOND
1810
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

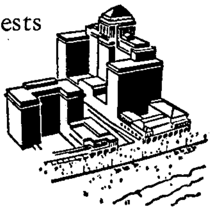
Heartiness you can really taste

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT BOTTLED IN BOND

Old Overholt
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

100 PROOF

A. Overholt & Company, Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.



REMEDY

Our remarkable record of relieving guests of their colds is nothing to sneeze at.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 61 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(Advertisement)

THE NEW
Persian Room

KYLE
MAC DONNELL SINGS
BEATRICE KRAFT
AND HER DANCERS
DICK LA SALLE
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MARK MONTE AND HIS CONTINENTALS
Two shows nightly...9:30 and 12:15.
Cover after 9:30—$2. Saturdays—$2.50.
Closed Sundays. SOMETHING NEW—a special
PERSIAN ROOM LUNCHEON at $2.50.
THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
HAS THE
GLAMOUR • ROMANCE
TRADITION
OF OLD NEW YORK
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
PARTIES & BANQUETS arranged

640
MADISON AVENUE
comes winter...
Time to highlight those bare walls. It's smart to rent a painting! And it costs so little . . . from $3 through $80 a month.
N. Y. CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS, INC.
640 Madison Avenue • New York • Plaza 9-7754

month, one year in the lives of the Haig-Browns of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The author, as he has shown in his previous books, is a nature writer, but, like all the best nature writers, he is a good deal more than that. There is much in this book to interest those who are curious about the private lives of fish and fowl (Mr. Haig-Brown is a leading authority on fishing), and there are also brief and random essays on such things as Eskimos, the writer's life, the national peculiarities of the Canadian, and the vagaries of human behavior as they appear to a country magistrate, which the author happens to be. Above all, it is the writing that counts, and that is something Mr. Haig-Brown does very well indeed.

F. D. R.: A Pictorial Biography, by Stefan Lorant (Simon & Schuster). A well-thought-out and well-laid-out album of photographs tracing the late President's progress through life. Starting with his days in swaddling clothes, Roosevelt seems never to have been very far away from a camera, so there is scarcely a year of his life that is not pictorially accounted for in this book. He is seen in a school play at Groton, with the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, sailing his boat, clowning for some girls at a lawn party, campaigning for state senator, posing as a most patrician-looking Assistant Secretary of the Navy, taking office as Governor, and, frequently, as President. Both his great moments and his small ones are recorded, through the depression and the last war to his burial at Hyde Park. Mr. Lorant, who did a similar book on Lincoln, has supplied a text and detailed captions, so the reader always knows exactly what he is looking at.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Daisy Chain for Satan, by Joan Fleming (Doubleday). Beautiful and unscrupulous Sigtuna does her best to make life disagreeable for everyone around her, and especially her husband's uncle, who has the misfortune to live with her. After her rich old father's death (his wheelchair somehow rolls into the river), she sets out to convince her household that Uncle Tom isn't quite right in the head and is not to be depended upon as a witness, and she has pretty well succeeded in discrediting him when she is knocked out and drowned, leaving no mourners but a plethora of suspects. Pleasantly told and very, very English.

Never Fight a Lady, by Seldon Truss (Doubleday). At first, there doesn't seem to be any connection between the beatings administered to a series of female tramps in London's West End and the machinations of the Communist Party, but soon, with the murder of a mysterious blonde and the disappearance of a millionaire's son, a pattern begins to appear. It is a complex one, involving ore deposits in the Near East, homicidal mania in fashionable circles, and quite a bit of cryptic violence all around, and the chances are the police would have got nowhere with it if it hadn't been for the assistance of two determined ladies in the cast. A little disorganized, but livelier than most.

The Silent Partner, by Kathleen Moore Knight (Doubleday). The big villain in a tradition-soaked Florida town is the owner of the Silver Sands Development Company, which specializes in juke joints and motels, but unfortunately he operates under cover and no one knows who he is. A *nouveau-riche* Georgia cracker is a likely candidate, as is a French restaurateur who seems vaguely familiar to the older inhabitants. A secret agent of this mystery man is brutally murdered, and later another man meets an even more shocking death. Eventually, the police manage to corner the crazy killer. Plenty of atmosphere, but still not one of Miss Knight's best.

•

We are now Smoking & Curing Hams and Bacon, also cutting up at my home 25 Leavenworth St., Cattaraugus, N. Y. Across from the Milk Plant.—*Adv. in the Cattaraugus* (*N.Y.*) *Times.*

Settle down! The holidays are over.

•

Q. I am suffering from pernicious anemia, high blood pressure, and my blood sugar gets too low sometimes. My head hurts and I have dizzy spells and blurring of vision. Should I go to see a doctor at once? Mrs. E. D. A.—*The World-Telegram.*

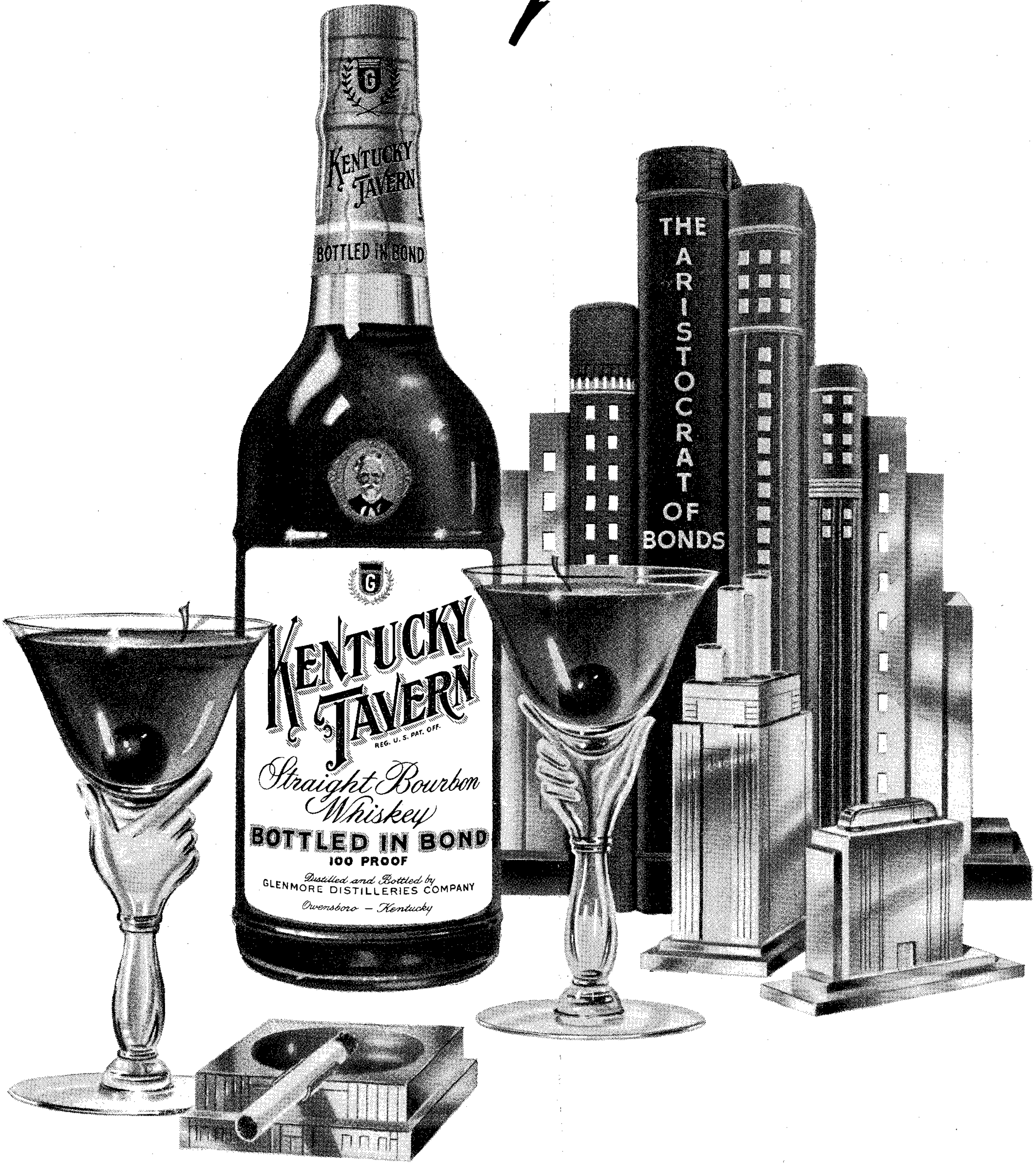
Not if your doctor can still walk.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Wroten Lettering, Inc., 331 Madison Ave.
Cobrin the Appetizing King, 202 Seventh Ave.
Lady Godiva Undergarment Corporation, 4 West 31st Street.
Refining, Unincorporated, 70 West 40th Street.
Brrr, Inc., 1785 First Ave.

The Toast of the Town


G
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
G
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
Owensboro – Kentucky
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

No other Bond can match that Kentucky Tavern taste

Distilled and Bottled in Bond Under Supervision of the U. S. Government—©Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A Harmony of Great Straight Whiskies

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
OVER 100 YEARS OF QUALITY
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
MIDWAY, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Gentle in taste
–for Gentlemen
of Taste

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

P&T

Founded 1840

CUSTOM-MADE

—for those whose tastes go *beyond* the ordinary . . .

• Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a *custom-made* combination of Park & Tilford's finest straight whiskies . . . carefully selected, then skillfully wedded together for *better* flavor, *finer* bouquet, *gentler* taste and *richer* body. It is *all* whiskey—every drop.

• Park & Tilford has never been more proud of a whiskey . . . nor more certain that once you savor it you'll join the growing number of gentlemen of good taste who order and re-order Park & Tilford *Private Stock* . . .

America's Luxury Whiskey*

* *A luxury in taste, not in price.*